

THE
Female QUIXOTE;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ARABELLA.

VOL. II.

The SECOND EDITION,
Revised and Corrected.

by Charlotte

Lennox



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VOLUME II



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THE
Female QUIXOTE!

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

A Dispute very learnedly handled by two Ladies, in which the Reader may take what Part he pleases.

MR. Glanville, who was too much in Love to pass the Night with any great Degree of Tranquillity, under the Apprehensions he felt; it being the Nature of that Passion, to magnify the most inconsiderable Trifles into Things of the greatest Importance, when they concern the beloved Object; did not fail to torment himself with a thousand different Fears, which the mysterious

VOL. II. B ous

ous Behaviour of his Father, and the more mysterious Words of his Mistress, gave rise to. Among many various Conjectures, all equally unreasonable, he fixed upon one, no way advantageous to Sir *Charles*; for, supposing that the Folly of *Arabella* had really disgusted him, and made him desirous of breaking off the designed Match between them; he was, as he thought, taking Measures to bring this about, knowing, that if Lady *Bella* refused to fulfil her Father's Desire in this Particular, a very considerable Estate would descend to him.

Upon any other Occasion, Mr. *Glanville* would not have suspected his Father of so ungenerous an Action; but Lovers think every thing possible, which they fear; and being prepossessed with this Opinion, he resolved the next Morning to sound his Father's Inclinations, by intreating him to endeavour to prevail upon Lady *Bella* to marry him before her Year of Mourning for the Marquis was expired.

Attending him, therefore, at Breakfast, in his own Chamber, he made his designed Request, not without heedfully observing his Countenance at the same time; and trembling, lest he should make him an Answer, that might confirm his uneasy Suspicion.

Sir *Charles*, however, agreeably surprised him, by promising to comply with his Desire that Day; for, added he, tho' my Niece has some odd Ways, yet upon the whole, she is a very accomplished Woman; and when you are her Husband, you may probably find the Means of curing her of those little Follies,
which

which at present are conspicuous enough; but being occasioned by a Country Education, and a perfect Ignorance of the World, the Instruction, which then you will not scruple to give her, and which, from a Husband, without any Offence to her Delicacy, she may receive, may reform her Conduct; and make her Behaviour as complete, as, it must be confessed, both her Person and Mind now are.

Mr. *Glanville* having acquiesced in the Justice of this Remark, as soon as Breakfast was over, went to visit the two Ladies, who generally drank their Chocolate together.

Miss *Glanville* being then in Lady *Bella's* Apartment, he was immediately admitted, where he found them engaged in a high Dispute; and, much against his Will, was obliged to be Arbitrator in the Affair, they having, upon his Entrance, both appealed to him.

But, in order to place this momentous Affair in a true Light, 'tis necessary to go back a little, and acquaint the Reader with what had passed in the Apartment; and also, following the Custom of the Romance and Novel-Writers, in the Heart of our Heroine.

No sooner were her fair Eyes open in the Morning, than the unfortunate Sir *George* presenting himself to her Imagination, her Thoughts, to use *Scudery's* Phrase, were at a cruel War with each other: She wished to prevent the Death of this obsequious Lover; but she could not resolve to preserve his Life, by giving him that Hope he required; and without which, she

feared, it would be impossible for him to live.

After pondering a few Hours upon the Necessity of his Case, and what a just Regard to her own Honour required of her, Decorum prevailed so much over Compassion, that she resolved to abandon the miserable Sir *George* to all the Rigour of his Destiny; when, happily for the disconsolate Lover, the History of the fair *Amalazontha* coming into her Mind, she remembered, that this haughty Princess, having refused to marry the Person, her Father recommended to her, because he had not a Crown upon his Head; nevertheless, when he was dying for Love of her, condescended to visit him, and even to give him a little Hope, in order to preserve his Life: She conceived it could be no Blemish to her Character, if she followed the Example of this most glorious Princess; and suffered herself to relax a little in her Severity, to prevent the Effects of her Lover's Despair.

Fear not, *Arabella*, said she to herself; fear not to obey the Dictates of thy Compassion, since the glorious *Amalazontha* justifies, by her Example, the Means thou wilt use to preserve a noble Life, which depends upon a few Words thou shalt utter.

When she had taken this Resolution, she rung her Bell for her Women; and as soon as she was dressed, she dismissed them all but *Lucy*, whom she ordered to bring her Paper and Pens, telling her, she would write an Answer to Sir *George's* Letter.

Lucy obeyed with great Joy; but by that
Time

Time she had brought her Lady all the Materials for Writing, her Mind was changed; she having reflected, that *Amalazontha*, whose Example, in order to avoid the Censure of future Ages, she was resolved exactly to follow, did not write to *Ambiomer*, but paid him a Visit, she resolved to do the like; and therefore bid *Lucy* take them away again, telling her: She had thought better of it, and would not write to him.

Lucy, extremely concerned at this Resolution, obeyed her very slowly, and with great seeming Regret.

I perceive, said *Arabella*, you are afraid, I shall abandon the unfortunate Man you solicit for, to the Violence of his Despair; but tho' I do not intend to write to him, yet I'll make use of a Method, perhaps as effectual; for, to speak truly, I mean to make him a Visit; his Fever I suppose being violent enough by this Time to make him keep his Bed.

And will you be so good, Madam, said *Lucy*, to go and see the poor Gentleman? I warrant you, he will be ready to die for Joy, when he sees you.

'Tis probable what you say may happen, replied *Arabella*, but there must be proper Precautions used to prevent those Consequences, which the sudden and unexpected Sight of me may produce. Those about him, I suppose, will have Discretion enough for that: Therefore give Orders for the Coach to be made ready, and tell my Women, they must attend me; and be sure you give them Directions, when I enter Sir George's Chamber, to stay at a convenient Distance, in order to leave me an Opportunity

of speaking to him, without being heard : As for you, you may approach the Bed-side with me ; since, being my Confident, you may hear all we have to say.

Arabella, having thus settled the Ceremonial of her Visit, according to the Rules prescribed by Romances, sat down to her Tea-table, having sent to know, if Miss *Glanville* was up, and received for Answer, that she would attend her at Breakfast.

Arabella, who had at first determined to say nothing of this Affair to her Cousin, could not resist the Desire she had of talking upon a Subject so interesting ; and, telling her with a Smile, that she was about to make a very charitable Visit that Morning, asked her, if she was disposed to bear her Company in it.

I know you Country Ladies, said Miss *Glanville*, are very fond of visiting your sick Neighbours : For my Part, I do not love such a grave kind of Amusement ; yet, for the sake of the Airing, I shall be very willing to attend you.

I think, said *Arabella*, with a more serious Air than before, it behoves every generous Person to compassionate the Misfortunes of their Acquaintance and Friends, and to relieve them as far as lies in their Power ; but those Miseries we ourselves occasion to others, demand, in a more particular Manner, our Pity ; and, if consistent with Honour, our Relief.

And pray, returned Miss *Glanville*, who is it you have done any Mischief to, which you are to repair by this charitable Visit, as you call it ?

The

The Mischief I have done, replied *Arabella*, blushing, and casting down her Eyes, was not voluntary, I assure you : Yet I will not scruple to repair it, if I can ; tho', since my Power is confined by certain unavoidable Laws, my Endeavours may not haply have all the Success I could wish.

Well, but, dear Cousin, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, tell me in plain *English*, what this Mischief is, which you have done ; and to what Purpose you are going out this Morning ?

I am going to pay a Visit to Sir *George Bellmour*, replied *Arabella* ; and I intreat you, fair Cousin, to pardon me for robbing you of so accomplished a Lover. I really always thought he was in Love with you, till I was undeceived by some Words he spoke Yesterday ; and a Letter I received from him last Night, in which he has been bold enough to declare his Passion to me, and, through the Apprehension of my Anger, is this Moment dying with Grief ; and 'tis to reconcile him to Life, that I have prevailed upon myself to make him a Visit ; in which charitable Design, as I said before, I should be glad of your Company.

Miss *Glanville*, who believed not a Word Lady *Bella* had said, burst out a laughing, at a Speech, that appeared to her so extremely false and ridiculous.

I see, said *Arabella*, you are of a Humour to divert yourself with the Miseries of a despairing Lover ; and in this Particular, you greatly resemble the fair and witty *Doralisa*, who always jested at such Maladies as are occasioned by Love : However, this Insensibility

does not become you so well as her, since all her Conduct was conformable to it, no Man in the World being bold enough to talk to her of Love ; but you, Cousin, are ready, even by your own Confession, to listen to such Discourses from any body ; and therefore this Behaviour, in you, may be with more Justice termed Levity, than Indifference.

I perceive, Cousin, said Miss *Glanville*, I have always the worst of those Comparisons you are pleased to make between me and other People ; but, I assure you, as free and indiscreet as you think me, I should very much scruple to visit a Man, upon any Occasion whatever.

I am quite astonished, Miss *Glanville*, resumed *Arabella*, to hear you assume a Character of so much Severity ; you, who have granted Favours of a Kind in a very great Degree criminal.

Favours ! interrupted Miss *Glanville*, criminal Favours ! Pray explain yourself, Madam.

Yes, Cousin, said *Arabella*, I repeat it again ; criminal Favours, such as allowing Persons to talk to you of Love ; not forbidding them to write to you ; giving them Opportunities of being alone with you for several Moments together ; and several other Civilities of the like Nature, which no Man can possibly merit, under many Years Services, Fidelity, and Pains : All these are criminal Favours, and highly blameable in a Lady, who has any Regard for her Reputation.

All these, replied Miss *Glanville*, are nothing in Comparison of making them Visits ; and

no

no Woman, who has any Reputation at all, will be guilty of taking such Liberties.

What! Miss, replied *Arabella*, will you dare, by this Insinuation, to cast any Censures upon the Virtue of the divine *Mandana*, the haughty *Amalazontha*, the fair *Statira*, the cold and rigid *Parisatis*, and many other illustrious Ladies, who did not scruple to visit their Lovers, when confined to their Beds, either by the Wounds they received in Battle, or the more cruel and dangerous ones they suffered from their Eyes? These chaste Ladies, who never granted a Kiss of their Hand to a Lover, till he was upon the Point of being their Husband, would nevertheless most charitably condescend to approach their Bed-side, and speak some compassionate Words to them, in order to promote their Cure, and make them submit to live; nay, these divine Beauties would not refuse to grant the same Favour to Persons whom they did not love, to prevent the fatal Consequences of their Despair.

Lord, Madam! interrupted Miss *Glanville*, I wonder you can talk so blasphemously, to call a Parcel of confident Creatures divine, and such terrible Words.

Do you know, Miss, said *Arabella*, with a stern Look, that 'tis of the greatest Princesses that ever were, whom you speak in this irreverent Manner! Is it possible, that you can be ignorant of the sublime Quality of *Mandana*, who was the Heiress of two powerful Kingdoms? Are you not sensible, that *Amalazontha* was Queen of *Turringia*? And will you pre-

tend to deny the glorious Extraction of *Statira* and *Parisatis*, Princesses of *Persia*?

I shall not trouble myself to deny any thing about them, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*; for I never heard of them before; and really I do not choose to be always talking of Queens and Princesses, as if I thought none but such great People were worthy my Notice: It looks so affected, I should imagine every one laughed at me, that heard me.

Since you are so very scrupulous, returned *Arabella*, that you dare not imitate the sublimest among Mortals, I can furnish you with many Examples, from the Conduct of Persons, whose Quality was not much superior to yours, which may reconcile you to an Action, you at present, with so little Reason, condemn: And, to name but One among some Thousands, the fair *Cleonice*, the most rigid and austere Beauty in all *Sardis*, paid several Visits to the passionate *Ligdamis*, when his Melancholy, at the ill Success of his Passion, threw him into a Fever, that confined him to his Bed.

And pray, Madam, who was that *Cleonice*? said Miss *Glanville*; and where did she live?

In *Sardis*, I tell you, said *Arabella*, in the Kingdom of *Lydia*.

Oh! then it is not in our Kingdom, said Miss *Glanville*: What signifies what Foreigners do? I shall never form my Conduct, upon the Example of Outlandish People; what is common enough in their Countries, would be very particular here; and you can never persuade me, that it is seemly for Ladies to pay Visits to Men in their Beds.

A Lady,

A Lady, said *Arabella*, extremely angry at her Cousin's Obstinacy, who will suffer Men to press her Hand, write to her, and talk to her of Love, ought to be ashamed of such an affected Niceness, as that you pretend to.

I insist upon it, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, that all those innocent Liberties you rail at, may be taken by any Woman, without giving the World room to censure her: But, without being very bold and impudent, she cannot go to see Men in their Beds; a Freedom that only becomes a Sister, or near Relation.

So then, replied *Arabella*, reddening with Vexation, you will persist in affirming the divine *Mandana* was impudent?

If she made such indiscreet Visits as those, she was, said Miss *Glanville*.

Oh Heavens! cried *Arabella*, have I lived to hear the most illustrious Princess that ever was in the World, so shamefully reflected on?

Bless me, Madam! said Miss *Glanville*, what Reason have you to defend the Character of this Princess so much? She will hardly thank you for your Pains, I fancy.

Were you acquainted with the Character of that most generous Princess, said *Arabella*, you would be convinced, that she was sensible of the smallest Benefits; but it is not with a View of acquiring her Favour, that I defend her against your inhuman Aspersions, since it is more than Two thousand Years since she died; yet common Justice obliges me to vindicate a Person so illustrious for her Birth and Virtue;

You are not, haply, so moderate as you pretend, said *Arabella*, (who would not have been displeased to have seen him in all the jealous Transports of an enraged *Orontes*); but whatever ensues, I can no longer keep from your Knowledge, a Truth your Sister has begun to discover; but in telling you what you desire to know, I expect you will suppress all Inclinations to Revenge, and trust the Care of your Interest to my Generosity.

You are to know then, that in the Person of your Friend Sir *George*, you have a Rival, haply the more to be feared, as his Passion is no less respectful than violent: I possibly tell you more than I ought, pursued she, blushing, and casting down her Eyes, when I confess, that for certain Considerations, wherein perhaps you are concerned, I have received the first Insinuation of this Passion with Disdain enough; and I assure myself, that you are too generous to desire any Revenge upon a miserable Rival, of whom Death is going to free you.

Then, taking Sir *George's* Letter out of her Cabinet, she presented it to Mr. *Glanville*.

Read this, added she; but read it without suffering yourself to be transported with any violent Motions of Anger: And as in Fight, I am persuaded you would not oppress a fallen and vanquished Foe; so in Love, I may hope, an unfortunate Rival will merit your Compassion.

Never doubt it, Madam, replied Mr. *Glanville*, receiving the Letter, which Miss *Glanville*, with a beating Heart, earnestly desired to hear read. Her Brother, after asking Permission of
Arabella,

Arabella, prepared to gratify her Curiosity; but he no sooner read the first Sentence, than, notwithstanding all his Endeavours, a Smile appeared in his Face; and Miss *Glanville*, less able, and indeed less concerned to restrain her Mirth at the uncommon Stile, burst out a laughing, with so much Violence, as obliged her Brother to stop, and counterfeited a terrible Fit of Coughing, in order to avoid giving *Arabella* the like Offence.

The Astonishment of this Lady, at the surprising and unexpected Effect her Lover's Letter produced on Miss *Glanville*, kept her in a profound Silence, her Eyes wandering from the Sister to the Brother; who, continuing his Cough, was not able, for some Moments, to go on with his Reading.

Arabella, during this Interval, having recovered herself a little, asked Miss *Glanville*, if she found any thing in a Lover's Despair, capable of diverting her so much, as she seemed to be with that of the unfortunate Sir *George*?

My Sister, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, preventing her Reply, knows so many of Sir *George's* Infidelities, that she cannot persuade herself he is really in such a dangerous Way as he insinuates: Therefore you ought not to be surpris'd, if she is rather disposed to laugh at this Epistle, than to be moved with any Concern for the Writer, who, though he is my Rival, I must say, appears to be in a deplorable Condition.

Pray, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, a little composed by those Words, finish the Letter: Your

Sister may possibly find more Cause for Pity than Contempt, in the latter Part of it.

Mr. *Glanville*, giving a Look to his Sister, sufficient to make her comprehend, that he would have her restrain her Mirth for the future, proceeded in his reading ; but every Line increasing his strong Inclination to laugh, when he came to the pathetic Wish, that her fair Eyes might shed some Tears upon his Tomb, no longer able to keep his assumed Gravity, he threw down the Letter in a counterfeited Rage.

Curse the stupid Fellow ! cried he, is he mad, to call the finest black Eyes in the Universe, fair. Ah ! Cousin, said he to *Arabella*, he must be little acquainted with the Influence of your Eyes, since he can so egregiously mistake their Colour.

And it is very plain, replied *Arabella*, that you are little acquainted with the sublime Language in which he writes, since you find Fault with an Epithet, which marks the Beauty, not the Colour, of those Eyes he praises; for, in fine, Fair is indifferently applied, as well to black and brown Eyes, as to light and blue ones, when they are either really lovely in themselves, or by the Lover's Imagination created so: And therefore, since Sir *George's* Prepossession has made him see Charms in my Eyes, which questionless are not there; by calling them fair, he has very happily expressed himself, since therein he has the Sanction of those great Historians, who wrote the Histories of Lovers he seems to imitate, as well in his Actions as Stile.

I find

I find my Rival is very happy in your Opinion, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*; and I am apt to believe, I shall have more Reason to envy than pity his Situation.

If you keep within the Bounds I prescribe you, replied *Arabella*, you shall have no Reason to envy his Situation; but, considering the Condition to which his Despair has by this Time certainly reduced him, Humanity requires that we should take some Care of him; and, to shew you how great my Opinion of your Generosity is, I will even entreat you to accompany me in the Visit I am going to make him.

Mr. *Glanville*, being determined, if possible, to prevent her exposing herself, affected to be extremely moved at this Request; and, rising from his Chair in great seeming Agitation, traversed the Room for some Moments, without speaking a Word: Then suddenly stopping;

And can you, Madam, said he, looking upon *Arabella*, suppose, that I will consent to your visiting my Rival; and that I will be mean enough to attend you myself to his House? Do you think, that *Orontes* you have often reproached me with, would act in such a Manner?

I don't know how *Orontes* would have acted in this Case, said *Arabella*, because it never happened that such a Proof of his Submission was ever desired of him; but, considering that he was of a very fiery and jealous Disposition, it is probable he might act as you do.

I always understood, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, that *Orontes* was a Favourite of yours, but it seems I was mistaken.

You

You will be very unjust, said *Arabella*, to draw any unfavourable Conclusion from what I have said, to the Prejudice of that valiant Prince, for whom I confess I have a great Esteem; and truly whoever reflects upon the great Actions he did in the Wars between the *Amazons* and the fierce *Naobarzanes* King of the *Cilicians*, must needs conceive a very high Idea of his Virtue; but if I cannot bring the Example of *Orontes* to influence you in the present Case, I can mention those of other Persons, no less illustrious for their Birth and Courage, than him. Did not the brave *Memnon*, when his Rival *Oxyatres* was sick, intreat the beautiful *Barsina* to favour him with a Visit? And the complaisant Husband of the divine *Parisatis* was not contented with barely desiring her to visit *Lyfimachus*, who was dying with Despair at their Marriage, but would many times bring her himself to the Bed-side of this unfortunate Lover, and, leaving her there, give him an Opportunity of telling her what he suffered for her Sake.

I am afraid, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, I shall never be capable of imitating either the brave *Memnon*, nor the complaisant *Lyfimachus*, in this Case, and the Humour of *Orontes* seems to me the most commendable.

Nevertheless, said *Arabella*, the Humour of *Orontes* cost him an infinite Number of Pains; and it may happen, you will as near resemble him in his Fortune as you do in his Disposition: But pray let us end this Dispute at present. If you are not generous enough to visit an unfortunate Rival, you shall not put a Stop to
the

the Charity of my Intentions ; and since Miss *Glanville* is all of a sudden become so severe, that she will not accompany me in this Visit, I shall be contented with the Attendance of my Women.

Saying this, she rose from her Seat, calling *Lucy*, and ordered her to bid her Companions attend.

Mr. *Glanville*, seeing her thus determined, was almost mad with Vexation.

Upon my Soul, Madam, said he, seizing her Hand, you must not go.

How, Sir ! said *Arabella*, sternly.

Not without seeing me die first, resumed he, in a languishing Tone.

You must not die, replied *Arabella*, gravely, nor must you pretend to hinder me from going.

Nay, Madam, said *Glanville*, one of these two Things will certainly happen : Either you must resolve not to visit Sir *George*, or else be contented to see me die at your Feet.

Was ever any Lady in so cruel a Dilemma ? said *Arabella*, throwing herself into the Chair in a languishing Posture : What can I do to prevent the Fate of two Persons, one of whom I infinitely pity, and the other, obstinate as he is, I cannot hate ? Shall I resolve to let the miserable *Bellmour* die, rather than grant him a Favour the most rigid Virtue would not refuse him ? or shall I, by opposing the impetuous Humour of a Lover, to whom I am somewhat obliged, make myself the Author of his Death ? Fatal Necessity ! which obliges me either to be cruel or unjust ; and, with a Disposition

fiction to neither, makes me, in some Degree, guilty of both.

CHAP. III.

In which our Heroine is in some little Confusion.

WHILE *Arabella* was uttering this pathetic Complaint, Mr. *Glanville*, with great Difficulty, kept himself from smiling; and, by some supplicating Looks to his Sister, prevented her laughing out; yet she giggled in secret behind her Fan: But *Arabella* was so lost in her melancholy Reflections, that she kept her Eyes immoveably fixed on the Ground for some Moments: At last, casting an upbraiding Glance at *Glanville*;

Is it possible, cruel Person that you are! said she to him, that you can, without Pity, see me suffer so much Uneasiness; and, knowing the Sensibility of my Temper, can expose me to the Grief of being accessory to the Death of an unfortunate Man, guilty indeed of a too violent Passion, which merits a gentler Punishment, than that you doom him to?

Don't be uneasy, dear Cousin, interrupted Miss *Glanville*; I dare assure you Sir *George* won't die.

It is impossible to think that, said *Arabella*, since he has not so much as received a Command from me to live; but tell me truly, pursued she, do you believe it probable, that he will obey me, and live?

Indeed,

Indeed, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, I could swear for him that he will.

Well, replied *Arabella*, I will content myself with sending him my Commands in Writing; but it is to be feared they will not have so much Efficacy upon his Spirit.

Mr. *Glanville*, extremely pleased that she had laid aside her Design of visiting Sir *George*, did not oppose her writing to him, though he was plotting how to prevent the Letter reaching his Hands; and while she went into her Closet to write, he conferred with his Sister upon the Means he should use, expressing, at the same Time, great Resentment against Sir *George*, for endeavouring to supplant him in his Cousin's Affection.

What then, said Miss *Glanville*, do you really imagine Sir *George* is in Love with Lady *Bella*?

He is either in Love with her Person or Estate, replied Mr. *Glanville*, or perhaps with both; for she is handsome enough to gain a Lover of his Merit, though she had no Fortune; and she has Fortune enough to do it, though she had no Beauty.

My Cousin is well enough, to be sure, said Miss *Glanville*; but I never could think her a Beauty.

If, replied Mr. *Glanville*, a most lovely Completion, regular Features, a fine Stature, an elegant Shape, and an inexpressible Grace in all her Motions, can form a Beauty, Lady *Bella* may pretend to that Character, without any Dispute.

Though

Though she was all that you say, returned Miss *Glanville*, I am certain Sir *George* is not in Love with her.

I wish I was certain of that, replied Mr. *Glanville*; for 'tis very probable you are mistaken.

You may see by his Letter, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, what a Jest he makes of her; and if you had heard how he talked to her the other Day in the Garden, you would have died with Laughing; yet my poor Cousin thought he was very serious, and was so foolishly pleased!

I assure you, *Charlotte*, said Mr. *Glanville*, gravely, I shall take it very ill, if you make so free with your Cousin's little Foibles; and if Sir *George* presumes to make a Jest of her, as you say, I shall teach him better Mannèrs.

You are the strangest Creature in the World! said Miss *Glanville*: A Minute or two ago, you was wishing to be sure he was not in Love with her; and now you are angry, when I assure you he is only in Jest.

Arabella, that Moment coming out of her Closet, broke off their Discourse. I have written to Sir *George*, said she, addressing herself to Mr. *Glanville*; and you are at Liberty, if you please, to read my Letter, which I propose to send away immediately.

Mr. *Glanville*, taking the Letter out of her Hand, with a low Bow, began to read it to himself; but *Arabella*, willing his Sister should also be acquainted with the Contents, obliged him, much against his Will, to read it aloud. It was as follows:

Arabella,

Arabella, To Bellmour.

W HATEVER Offence your presumptuous Declaration may have given me, yet my Resentment will be appeased with a less Punishment than Death: And that Grief and Submission you have testified in your Letter, may haply have already procured you Pardon for your Fault, provided you do not forfeit it by Disobedience.

I therefore command you to live, and command you by all that Power you have given me over you.

Remember I require no more of you, than *Parisatis* did of *Lyfimachus*, in a more cruel and insupportable Misfortune: Imitate then the Obedience and Submission of that illustrious Prince; and tho' you should be as unfortunate as he, let your Courage also be equal to his; and, like him, be contented with the Esteem that is offered you, since it is all that can be bestowed, by

Arabella.

Mr. *Glanville*, finding by this Epistle, that *Arabella* did not design to encourage the Addresses of Sir *George*, would not have been against his receiving it, had he not feared the Consequence of his having such a convincing Proof of the Peculiarity of her Temper in his Possession; and while he kept the Letter in his Hand, as if he wanted to consider it a little better, he meditated on the Means to prevent its ever being delivered; and had possibly fixed upon some successful Contrivance, when a
 Servant

Servant coming in, to inform the Ladies, that Sir *George* was come to wait on them, put an End to his Schemes; and he immediately ran down to receive him, not being willing to increase, by his Stay, the Astonishment and Confusion which appeared in the Countenance of *Arabella*, at hearing a Man, whom she had believed and represented to be dying, was come to pay her a Visit.

CHAP. IV.

Where the Lady extricates herself out of her former Confusion, to the great Astonishment, we will suppose, of the Reader.

MISS *Glanville*, not having so much Delicacy as her Brother, could not help exulting a little upon this Occasion.

After the terrible Fright you have been in, Madam, said she, upon Sir *George's* Account, I wonder you do not rather think it is his Ghost than himself that is come to see us.

There is no Question, but it is himself that is come, said *Arabella*, (who had already reconciled this Visit to her first Thoughts of him;) and it is, haply, to execute his fatal Design in my Presence, that has brought him here; and, like the unfortunate *Agilmond*, he means to convince me of his Fidelity and Love, by falling upon his Sword before my Eyes.

Bless

Bless me, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, what horrid Things come into your Head! I vow you terrify me out of my Wits, to hear you.

There is no Occasion for your Fears, interrupted *Arabella*: Since we already suspect his Designs, it will be very easy to prevent them: Had the Princess of the *Sarmatians* known the fatal Intentions of her despairing Lover, doubtless, she would have used some Precautions to hinder him from executing them; for want of which, she saw the miserable *Agilmond* weltering in his Blood at her Feet; and with Reason accused herself of being the Cause of so deplorable a Spectacle.

The Astonishment Miss *Glanville* was in, to hear her Cousin talk in this Manner, kept her from giving her any Interruption, while she related several other terrible Instances of Despair.

In the mean time, Sir *George*, who was impatient to go up to Lady *Bella's* Apartment, having flattered himself into a Belief, that his Letter was favourably received; and that he should be permitted to *hope* at least; made a short Visit to Sir *Charles* in his own Room; and, accompanied by Mr. *Glanville*, who was resolved to see in what Manner *Arabella* received him, went to her Apartment.

As he had taken Care, at his Entrance, to accommodate his Looks to the Character he had assumed of an humble despairing Lover, *Arabella* no sooner saw him, but her Countenance changed; and, making a Sign to Mr. *Glanville*, who could not comprehend what she meant, to seize upon the Guard of his Sword, she hastily stepped forward to meet him.

I am too well convinced, said she to Sir George, that the Intent of your coming hither To-day, is to commit some Violence against yourself before my Eyes : But listen not, I beseech you, to the Dictates of your Despair : Live ; I command you, live ; and since you say, I have the absolute Disposal of your Life, do not deprive yourself of it, without the Consent of her, on whom you profess to have bestowed it.

Sir George, who did not imagine *Arabella* would communicate his Letter to her Cousins, and only expected some distant Hints from her concerning it, was so confounded at this Reception before them, that he was not able to reply : he blushed, and turned pale alternately ; and, not daring to look, either upon Miss *Glanville*, or her Brother, or to meet the Eyes of the fair Visionary, who with great Impatience, expected his Answer, he hung down his Head in a very silly Posture ; and, by his Silence, confirmed *Arabella* in her Opinion.

As he did not want for Wit and Assurance, during that Interval of Silence, and Expectation from all Parties ; his Imagination suggested to him the Means of extricating himself out of the ridiculous Perplexity he was in ; and as it concerned him greatly to avoid any Quarrel with the Brother and Sister, he determined to turn the whole Matter into a Jest : but, if possible, to manage it so, that *Arabella* should not enter into his Meaning.

Raising therefore his Eyes, and looking upon *Arabella* with a melancholy Air ;

You

You are not deceived, Madam, said he : This Criminal, with whom you are so justly offend- ed, comes with an Intention to die at your Feet, and breath out his miserable Life, to ex- piate those Crimes of which you accuse him : But since your severe Compassion will oblige me to live, I obey, oh ! most divine, but cruel *Arabella* ! I obey your harsh Commands ; and, by endeavouring to live, give you a more con- vincing Proof of that Respect and Submission I shall always have for your Will.

I expected no less from your Courage and Generosity, said *Arabella*, with a Look of great Complacency ; and since you so well know how to imitate the great *Lyfimachus* in your Obedience, I shall be no less acknowleging than the fair *Parifatis* ; but will have for you an Esteem equal to that Virtue I have ob- served in you.

Sir *George*, having received this gracious Pro- mise, with a most profound Bow, turned to Mr. *Glanville*, with a kind of chastened Smile upon his Countenance.

And, you, fortunate and deserving Knight, said he, happy in the Affections of the fairest Person in the World ! grudge me not this small Alleviation of my Misfortunes ; and envy me not that Esteem, which alone is able to make me suffer Life, while you possess, in the Heart of the divine *Arabella*, a Felicity that might be envied by the greatest Monarchs in the World.

As diverting as this Scene was, Mr. *Glan- ville* was extremely uneasy : For though Sir *George's* Stratagem took, and he believed he

was only indulging the Gaiety of his Humour, by carrying on this Farce; yet he could not endure, he should divert himself at *Arabella's* Expence. The solemn Speech he had made him, did indeed force him to smile; but he soon assumed a graver Look, and told Sir *George*, in a low Voice, that when he had finished his Visit he should be glad to take a Turn with him in the Garden.

Sir *George* promised to follow him, and Mr. *Glanville* left the Room, and went into the Gardens; where the Baronet, having taken a respectful Leave of *Arabella*, and, by a fly Glance, convinced Miss *Glanville*, he had sacrificed her Cousin to her Mirth, went to join her Brother.

Mr. *Glanville*, as soon as he saw him, walked to meet him with a very reserved Air: Which Sir *George* observing, and being resolved to keep up his Humour;

What, inhuman, but too happy Lover, said he, what, am I to understand by that Cloud upon your Brow? Is it possible, that thou canst envy me the small Comfort I have received; and, not satisfied with the glorious Advantages thou possessest, wilt thou still deny me that Esteem, which the divine *Arabella* has been pleased to bestow upon me?

Pray, Sir *George*, said Mr. *Glanville*, lay aside this pompous Style: I am not disposed to be merry at present, and have not all the Relish for this kind of Wit, that you seem to expect. I desired to see you here, that I might tell you without Witnesses, I take it extremely ill, you should presume to make my Cousin

the Object of your Mirth. Lady *Bella*, Sir, is not a Person, with whom such Liberties ought to be taken; nor will I, in the double Character of her Lover and Relation, suffer it from any one whatever.

Cruel Fortune! said Sir *George*, stepping back a little, and lifting up his Eyes, shall I always be exposed to thy Persecutions? And must I, without any apparent Cause, behold an Enemy in the Person of my Friend; who, though, without murmuring, I resign to him the adorable *Arabella*, is yet resolved to dispute with me, a Satisfaction, which does not deprive him of any Part of that glorious Fortune to which he is destined? Since it is so, unjust and cruel Friend, pursued he, strike this Breast which carries the Image of the divine *Arabella*; but think not, that I will offer to defend myself, or lift my Sword, against a Man beloved by her.

This is all very fine, returned Mr. *Glanville*, hardly able to forbear laughing; but 'tis impossible, with all your Gaiety, to hinder me from being serious upon this Business.

Then be as serious as thou wilt, dear *Charles*, interrupted Sir *George*, provided you will allow me to be gay; and not pretend to infect me with thy unbecoming Gravity.

I have but a few Words to say to you, then, Sir, replied Mr. *Glanville*: Either behave with more Respect to my Cousin; or prepare to give me Satisfaction, for the Insults you offer her.

Oh! I understand you, Sir, said Sir *George*; and because you have taken it into your Head

to be offended at a Trifle of no Consequence in the World, I must give you a fair Chance to run me through the Body ! There is something very foolish, faith, in such an extravagant Expectation : But since Custom has made it necessary, that a Man must venture his Soul and Body upon these important Occasions; because I will not be out of the Fashion, you shall command me whenever you think fit ; though I shall fight with my Schoolfellow with a very ill Will, I assure you.

There is no Necessity for fighting, said Mr. *Glanville*, blushing at the ludicrous Light, in which the gay Baronet had placed his Challenge : The Concession I have required, is very small, and not worth the contesting for, on your Side. Lady *Bella's* Peculiarity, to which you contribute so much, can afford you, at best, but an ill-natured Diversion, while it gives me a real Pain ; and sure, you must acknowledge, you are doing me a very great Injury, when you endeavour to confirm a Lady, who is to be my Wife, in a Behaviour that excites your Mirth, and makes her a fit Object for your Ridicule, and Contempt.

You do Lady *Bella* a much greater Injury than I do, replied Sir *George*, by supposing, she can ever be an Object of Ridicule and Contempt : I think very highly of her Understanding ; and though the Bent of her Studies has given her Mind a romantic Turn, yet the Singularity of her Manners is far less disagreeable, than the lighter Follies of most of her Sex.

But

But to be absolutely perfect, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, I must cure her of that Singularity; and therefore I beg you will not persist in assuming a Behaviour conformable to her romantic Ideas; but rather help me to banish them from her Imagination.

Well, replied Sir *George*, since you no longer threaten, I'll do what I can to content you; but I must quit my Heroics by Degrees, and sink with Decency into my own Character; otherwise she will never endure me in her Presence.

Arabella and Miss *Glanville*, appearing in the Walk, broke off the Conversation. The Baronet and Mr. *Glanville* walked forward to meet them; but *Arabella*, who did not desire Company, struck into another Walk, whither Mr. *Glanville* following, proposed to join her; when he saw his Father, who had been taking a Turn there alone, make up to *Arabella*; and, supposing he would take that Opportunity to talk to her concerning him, he went back to his Sister and Sir *George*, whose Conversation he interrupted, to the great Regret of Miss *Glanville*.



C H A P. V.

In which will be found one of the former Mistakes pursued, and another cleared up, to the great Satisfaction of Two Persons; among whom, the Reader, we expect, will make a Third.

ARABELLA no sooner saw Sir Charles advancing towards her, when, sensible of the Consequence of being alone with a Person whom she did not doubt, would make use of that Advantage, to talk to her of Love, she endeavoured to avoid him, but in vain; for Sir Charles, guessing her Intentions, walked hastily up to her; and, taking hold of her Hand,

You must not go away, Lady Bella, said he: I have something to say to you.

Arabella, extremely discomposed at this Behaviour, struggled to free her Hand from her Uncle; and giving him a Look, on which Disdain and Fear were visibly painted,

Unhand me, Sir, said she, and force me not to forget the Respect I owe you, as my Uncle, by treating you with a Severity such uncommon Insolence demands.

Sir Charles, letting go her Hand in a great Surprize, at the Word Insolent, which she had used, asked her if she knew to whom she was speaking?

Questionless, I am speaking to my Uncle, replied she; and 'tis with great Regret I see myself obliged to make use of Expressions no way

way conformable to the Respect I bear that sacred Character.

And, pray, Madam, said Sir *Charles*, somewhat softened by this Speech, who is it that obliges you to lay aside that Respect you seem to acknowledge is due to your Uncle?

You do, Sir, replied she; and 'tis with infinite Sorrow, that I beheld you assuming a Character unbecoming the Brother of my Father.

This is pretty plain, indeed, interrupted Sir *Charles*: But pray, Madam, inform me, what it is you complain of.

You, questionless, know much better than I can tell you, replied *Arabella*, blushing, the Offence I accuse you of; nor is it proper for me to mention, what it would not become me to suffer.

Zounds! cried Sir *Charles*, no longer able to suppress his growing Anger, this is enough to make a Man mad.

Ah! I beseech you, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, suffer not an unfortunate and ill-judged Passion to be the Bane of all your Happiness and Virtue: Recall your wandering Thoughts; reflect upon the Dishonour you will bring upon yourself, by persisting in such unjustifiable Sentiments.

I do not know how it is possible to avoid it, said Sir *Charles*; and, notwithstanding all this fine Reasoning, there are few People but would fly into greater Extremities; but my Affection for you makes me ———

Hold, hold, I conjure you, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*; force me not to listen to such injurious Language;

Language; carry that odious Affection somewhere else; and do not persecute an unfortunate Maid, who has contributed nothing to thy Fault, and is only guilty of too much Compassion for thy Weakness.

Good God, cried Sir *Charles*, starting back, and looking upon *Arabella* with Astonishment; how I pity my Son! What would I not give, if he did not love this Girl?

Think not, replied *Arabella*, that the Passion your Son has for me, makes your Condition a bit the worse; for I would be such as I am, with respect to you, were there no Mr. *Glanville* in the World.

I never thought, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, after a little Pause, that any Part of my Behaviour could give you the Offence you complain of, or authorize that Hatred and Contempt you take the Liberty to express for me: But since it is so, I promise you, I will quit your House, and leave you to yourself; I have always been solicitous for your Welfare; and, ungrateful as you are——

Call me not ungrateful, interrupted *Arabella* again: Heaven is my Witness, that had you not forgot I was your Niece, I would have always remembered you was my Uncle; and not only have regarded you as such, but have looked upon you as another Father, under whose Direction Providence had placed me, since it had deprived me of my real Father; and whose Tenderness and Care, might have in some measure supplied the Loss I had of him: But Heaven has decreed it otherwise; and since it is its Will, that I should be deprived of the
1 Comfort

Comfort and Assistance my Orphan State requires, I must submit, without murmuring, to my Destiny. Go then, unfortunate and lamented Uncle, pursued she, wiping some Tears from her fine Eyes; go, and endeavour by Reason and Absence to recover thy Repose; and be assured, whenever you can convince me you have triumphed over these Sentiments which now cause both our Unhappiness, you shall have no Cause to complain of my Conduct towards you.

Finishing these Words, she left him with so much Speed, that would have been impossible for him to have stopped her, though he had intended it: But indeed, he was so lost in Wonder and Confusion at a Behaviour for which he was not able to assign any other Cause than Madness, that he remained fixed in the same Posture of Surprise, in which she had left him; and from which he was first interrupted by the Voice of his Son, who, seeing *Arabella* flying towards the House in great seeming Emotion, came to know the Result of their Conversation.

Sir, said Mr. *Glanville*, who had spoken to his Father before, but had no Answer, will you not inform me, what Success you have had with my Cousin? How did she receive your Proposal?

Speak of her no more, said Sir *Charles*, she is a proud ungrateful Girl, and unworthy the Affection you have for her.

Mr. *Glanville*, who trembled to hear so unfavourable an Answer to his Inquiries, was struck dumb with his Surprise and Grief; when

Sir *Charles* taking Notice of the Alteration in his Countenance ;

I am sorry, said he, to find you have set your Heart upon this fantastic Girl : If ever she be your Wife, which I very much doubt, she will make you very unhappy : But, *Charles*, pursued he, I would advise you to think no more of her ; content yourself with the Estate you gain by her Refusal of you : With that Addition to your own Fortune, you may pretend to any Lady whatever ; and you will find many that are full as agreeable as your Cousin, who will be proud of your Addresses.

Indeed, Sir, said Mr. *Glanville*, with a Sigh, there is no Woman upon Earth whom I would choose to marry, but Lady *Bella* : I flattered myself, I had been happy enough to have made some Progress in her Affection ; but it seems, I was mistaken ; however, I should be glad to know, if she gave you any Reasons for refusing me.

Reasons ! said Sir *Charles* : There is no making her hear Reason, or expecting Reason from her ; I never knew so strange a Woman in my Life : She would not allow me to speak what I intended concerning you ; but interrupted me, every Moment, with some high-flown Stuff or other.

Then I have not lost all Hopes of her, cried Mr. *Glanville* eagerly ; for since she did not hear what you had to say, she could not possibly deny you.

But she behaved in a very impertinent Manner to me, interrupted Sir *Charles* ; complained of my harsh Treatment of her ; and said several

ral other things, which, because of her uncommon Style, I could not perfectly understand; yet they seemed shocking; and, upon the Whole, treated me so rudely, that I am determined to leave her to herself, and trouble my Head no more about her.

For God's Sake, dear Sir, said Mr. *Glanville*, alarmed at this Resolution, suspend your Anger, till I have seen my Cousin: There is some Mistake, I am persuaded, in all this. I know she has some very odd Humours, which you are not so well acquainted with, as I am. I'll go to her, and prevail upon her to explain herself.

You may do so, if you please, replied Sir *Charles*; but I fear it will be to very little Purpose; for I really suspect her Head is a little turned: I do not know what to do with her: It is not fit she should have the Management of herself; and yet 'tis impossible to live upon easy Terms with her.

Mr. *Glanville*, who did not doubt but *Arabella* had been guilty of some very ridiculous Folly, offered nothing more in her Justification; but, having attended his Father to his own Chamber went to *Arabella's* Apartment.

He found the pensive Fair-one, in a melancholly Posture, her Head reclined upon one of her fair Hands; and though her Eyes were fixed upon a Book she held in the other, yet she did not seem to read, but rather to be wholly buried in Contemplation.

Mr. *Glanville* having so happily found her alone (for her Women were not then in her Chamber) seated himself near her; having first
asked

asked Pardon for the Interruption he had given to her Studies; and *Arabella*, throwing aside her Book, prepared to listen to his Discourse; which by the Agitation, which appeared in his Looks, she imagined, would be upon some extraordinary Subject.

I left my Father just now, said he, in a great deal of Uneasiness, on account of something you said to him, Lady *Bella*: He apprehends you are disobliged, and he would willingly know how.

Has your Father then acquainted you with the Subject of our Conversation? interrupted *Arabella*.

I know what would have been the Subject of your Conversation, replied Mr. *Glanville*, if you had been pleased to listen to what Sir *Charles* intended to say to you on my Behalf.

On your Behalf? interrupted *Arabella*: Ah poor deceived *Glanville*! how I pity thy blind Sincerity! But it is not for me to undeceive thee: only thus much I may say to you, Beware of committing your Interests to a Person, who will be a much better Advocate for another than for you.

Mr. *Glanville*, rejoiced to find by these Words, that her Resentment against his Father was occasioned by a Suspicion so favourable for him, assured her, that Sir *Charles* wished for nothing more earnestly, than that he might be able to merit her Esteem; and that it was to dispose her to listen to his Addresses, that he wanted to discourse with her that Morning.

Mr.

Mr. *Glanville*, being obliged, through his Knowledge of his Cousin's Temper, to speak to her in this distant Manner, went on with his Assurances of his Father's Candour in this Respect; and *Arabella*, who would not declare her Reasons for doubting it, only replied, that she wished Sir *Charles* meant all that he had said to him; but that she could not persuade herself to believe him sincere, till his future Actions had convinced her he was so.

Mr. *Glanville*, impatient to let his Father know, how greatly he had been mistaken in the Cause of *Arabella's* Behaviour, made his Visit shorter than he would otherwise have done, in order to undeceive him.

Is it possible, said Sir *Charles*, when his Son had repeated the Conversation he had just had with *Arabella*, that she could be so foolish, as to imagine, I had a Design to propose any one else to her but you? What Reason have I ever given her, to think I would not be glad to have her for my Daughter-in-law? Indeed, she has some odd Ways that are very disagreeable; but she is one of the best Matches in *England* for all that: Poor Girl! pursued he, she had Reason to be angry, if that was the Case; and now I remember, she cried, when I told her I would leave the House; yet her Spirit was so great, that she told me, I might go. Well, I'll go and make it up with her; but who could have imagined, she would have been so foolish? Sir *Charles*, at the Repetition of these Words, hurried away to *Arabella's* Apartment.

Niece,

Niece, said he at his Entrance, I am come to ask your Pardon, for having led you into a Belief, that I meant——

'Tis enough, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*; I grant you my Pardon for what is past; and as it does not become me to receive Submissions from my Uncle, while he remembers he is so, I will dispense with your Acknowledgments at present: Only to convince me, that this sudden Alteration is sincere, avoid, I beseech you, for the future, all Occasions of displeasing me.

I protest, cried Sir *Charles*, that I never intended——

I will not hear you say a Word more of your past Intentions, interrupted *Arabella* again; I have forgot them all; and, while you continue to regard me as your Niece, I will never remember them to your Disadvantage.

Then I may hope, said Sir *Charles*——

Oh! Heavens! cried *Arabella*, not suffering him to proceed; do you come to insult me thus, with a mock Repentance? And has my Easiness in being so ready to forget the Injury you would have done me, made you presumptuous enough to cherish an insolent Hope that I will ever change my Resolution?

How vexatious is this! replied Sir *Charles*, fretting to see her continually mistaking him. I swear to you, by all that is sacred, that 'tis my Son, for whom I would solicit your Consent.

How! said *Arabella*, astonished, Will you then be just at last? And can you resolve to plead for that Son, whose Interest, but a Moment ago, you would have destroyed?

I see,

Chap. 5. QUIXOTE. 41

I see, said Sir *Charles*, it is impossible to convince you.

No, no, interrupted *Arabella*, hastily; it is not impossible but my own ardent Wishes that it may be so, will help to convince me of the Truth of what you say: For, in fine, do you think, I shall not be as glad as yourself, to find you capable of acting honourably by your Son; and to see myself no longer the Cause of the most unjustifiable Conduct imaginable?

Sir *Charles* was opening his Mouth, to press her in Favour of Mr. *Glanville*; whom, notwithstanding her strange Behaviour, he was glad to find, she loved; when *Arabella* preventing him,

Seek not, I beseech you, said she, to destroy that Belief I am willing to give your Words, by any more Attempts at this Time to persuade me; for truly, I shall interpret your Sollicitude no way in your Favour; therefore, if you desire I should be convinced you are sincere, let the Silence I require of you, be one Proof of it.

Sir *Charles*, who looked excessively out of Countenance at such a peremptory Command from his Niece, was going out of her Chamber in a very ill Humour, when the Dinner-bell ringing, she gave him her Hand, with a very gracious Air; and permitted him to lead her into the Dining-room, where they found Mr. *Glanville*, his Sister, and Sir *George*, who had been detained to Dinner by Miss *Glanville*, expecting their coming.

CHAP. VI.

Containing some Account of Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, with other curious Anecdotes.

LADY *Bella* having recovered her usual Chearfulness, thro' the Satisfaction she felt at her Uncle's returning to Reason, and the Abatement she perceived in Sir *George's* extreme Melancholy, mixed in the Conversation with that Wit and Vivacity which was natural to her, and which so absolutely charmed the whole Company, that not one of them remembered any of her former Extravagancies.

Mr. *Glanville* gazed on her with a passionate Tenderneſs, Sir *George* with Admiration, and the old Baronet with Wonder and Delight.

But Miſs *Glanville*, who was inwardly vexed at the Superiority her Couſin's Wit gave her over herſelf, wiſhed for nothing more than an Opportunity of interrupting a Converſation in which ſhe could have no Share; and, willing to put them in mind of ſome of *Arabella's* ſtrange Notions, when ſhe obſerved them diſputing concerning ſome of the Actions of the antient *Romans*, ſhe very innocently aſked Sir *George*, whether in former Times Women went to the Wars, and fought like Men? For my Couſin, added ſhe, talks of one *Thaltris*, a Woman, that was as courageous as any Soldier whatever.

Mr.

Mr. *Glanville*, horridly vexed at a Question that was likely to engage *Arabella* in a Discourse very different from that she had been so capable of pleasing in, frowned very intelligibly at his Sister; and, to prevent any Answer being given to her absurd Demand, directed some other Conversation to *Arabella*: But she, who saw a favourite Subject started, took no Notice of what Mr. *Glanville* was saying to her; but, directing her Looks to Sir *George*,

Though Miss *Glanville*, said she, be a little mistaken in the Name of that fair Queen she has mentioned; yet I am persuaded you know whom she means; and that it is the renowned *Thalestris*, whose Valour staggers her Belief, and of whom she wants to be informed.

Ay, ay, *Thalestris*, said Miss *Glanville*: It is such a strange Name I could not remember it; but, pray, was there ever such a Person?

Certainly, Madam, there was, replied Sir *George*: She was Queen of the *Amazons*, a warlike Nation of Women, who possessed great Part of *Cappadocia*, and extended their Conquests so far, that they became formidable to all their Neighbours.

You find, Miss, said *Arabella*, I did not attempt to impose upon you, when I told you of the admirable Valour of that beautiful Queen; which indeed was so great, that the united Princes, in whose Cause she fought, looked upon her Assistance to be equal to that of a whole Army; and they honoured her accordingly, with the most distinguishing Marks of their Esteem and Acknowledgement, and offered her the chief Command of their Forces.

O shame-

O shameful! cried Sir *Charles*, offer a Woman the Command of an Army! Brave Fellows indeed, that would be commanded by a Woman! Sure you mistake, Niece; there never was such a thing heard of in the World.

What, Sir, said *Arabella*, will you contradict a Fact attested by the greatest Historians that ever were? You may as well pretend to say, there were never such Persons as *Oroondates* or *Juba*, as dispute the Existence of the famous *Thalestiris*.

Why, pray, Madam, said Sir *Charles*, who were those?

One of them, replied *Arabella*, was the great King of *Scythia*; and the other, Prince of the Two *Mauritanias*.

Ods-heart! interrupted Sir *Charles*, I believe their Kingdoms are in the Moon: I never heard of *Scythia*, or the Two *Mauritanias*, before.

And yet, Sir, replied *Arabella*, those Kingdoms are doubtless as well known, as *France* or *England*; and there is no Question, but the Descendants of the great *Oroondates*, and the valiant *Juba*, sway the Sceptres of them to this Day.

I must confess, said Sir *George*, I have a very great Admiration for those Two renowned Princes, and have read their beautiful Exploits with infinite Pleasure; notwithstanding which, I am more inclined to esteem the great *Artaban*, than either of them.

Though *Artaban*, replied *Arabella*, is without Question, a Warrior equal to either of them, and haply no Person in the World possessed so sublime a Courage as his was; yet, it may be,
your

your Partiality proceeds from another Cause ; and you having the Honour to resemble him in some little Infidelities he was accused of, with less Justice than yourself perhaps, induces you to favour him more than any other.

Arabella blushed when she ended these Words : And Sir *George* replied, with a Sigh ;

I have, indeed, the Honour, Madam, to resemble the great *Artaban*, in having dared to raise my Thoughts towards a Divine Person, who, with Reason, condemns my Adorations.

Hey-day ! cried Sir *Charles*, are you going to speak of Divine Things, after all the Fables you have been talking of ? Troth, I love to hear young Men enter upon such Subjects : But pray, Niece, who told you Sir *George* was an Infidel ?

Mr. *Glanville*, replied *Arabella* : And I am inclined to think he spoke Truth ; for Sir *George* has never pretended to deny it.

How ! interrupted Sir *Charles* ; I am sorry to hear that. I hope you have never, added he, looking at the young Baronet, endeavoured to corrupt my Son with any of your Free-thinking Principles : I am for every body having Liberty of Conscience ; but I cannot endure to hear People of your Stamp endeavouring to propagate your mischievous Notions ; and because you have no Regard for your own future Happiness, disturbing other People in the laudible Pursuit of theirs.

We will not absolutely condemn Sir *George*, said *Arabella*, till we have heard his History from his own Mouth, which he promised, some Time ago, to relate when I desired it.

I do

I do not imagine his History is fit to be heard by Ladies, said Sir *Charles*; for your Infidels live a strange kind of Life.

However that may be, replied *Arabella*, we must not dispense with Sir *George* from performing his Promise: I dare say there are no Ladies here, who will think the worse of him for freely confessing his Faults.

You may answer for yourself, if you please, Madam, said Sir *Charles*; but I hope my Girl there, will not say as much.

I dare say my Cousin is not so rigid, said *Arabella*: She has too much the Spirit of *Julia* in her, to find Fault with a little Infidelity.

I am always obliged to you for your Comparisons, Cousin, said Miss *Glanville*: I suppose this is greatly to my Advantage too.

I assure you, Madam, said Sir *George*, Lady *Bella* has done you no Injury by the Comparison she has just now made; for *Julia* was one of the finest Princesses in the World.

Yet she was not free from the Suspicion of Infidelity, replied *Arabella*; but though I do not pretend to tax my Cousin with that Fault, yet it is with a great deal of Reason that I say she resembles her in her volatile Humour.

I was never thought to be ill-humoured in my Life, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, colouring; and I cannot imagine what Reason I have given you for saying I am.

Nay, Cousin, said *Arabella*, I am not condemning your Humour; for, to say the Truth, there are a great many Charms in a volatile Disposition; and, notwithstanding the admirable Beauty of *Julia*, it is possible she made as many

many Slaves by her light and airy Carriage, as she did by her Eyes, though they were the fairest in the World, except the divine *Cleopatra's*.

Cleopatra! cried Sir *Charles*: Why she was a Gypsey, was she not?

I never heard her called so, said *Arabella*, gravely; and I am apt to believe you are not at all acquainted with her: But pray, pursued she, let us wave this Discourse at present, and prepare to listen to Sir *George's* Relation of his Life: which, I dare say, is full of very extraordinary Events: However, Sir, added she, directing her Speech to the young Baronet, I am afraid your Modesty will induce you to speak with less Candour than you ought, of those great Actions, which questionless you have performed: Therefore we shall hear your History, with greater Satisfaction, from the Mouth of your faithful Squire, who will not have the same Reasons that you have, for suppressing what is most admirable in the Adventures of your Life.

Since it is your Pleasure, Madam, replied Sir *George*, to hear my Adventures, I will recount them as well as I am able myself, to the End that I may have an Opportunity of obliging you by doing some Violence to my natural Modesty, which will not suffer me to relate Things the World have been pleased to speak of to my Advantage, without some little Confusion.

Then, casting down his Eyes, he seemed to be recollecting the most material Passages in his Life. Mr. *Glanville*, though he could have wished

wished he had not indulged *Arabella* in her ridiculous Request, was not able to deny himself the Diversion of hearing what kind of History he would invent ; and therefore resolved to stay and listen to him.

Miss *Glanville* was also highly delighted with the Proposal ; but Sir *Charles*, who could not conceive there could be any thing worth listening to, in a young Rake's Account of himself, got up with an Intention to walk in the Garden ; when, perceiving it rained, he changed his Resolution, and resuming his Seat, prepared to listen, as every one else did, to the expected Story.

When Sir *George*, after having paused a Quarter of an Hour longer, during which all the Company observed a profound Silence, began his Relation in this Manner, addressing himself to *Arabella*.

End of the Fifth BOOK.



THE
Female QUIXOTE.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

Containing the Beginning of Sir George's History; in which the ingenious Relator has exactly copied the Stile of Romance.



THOUGH at present, Madam, you behold me in the Quality of a private Gentleman, in the Possession only of a tolerable Estate; yet my Birth is illustrious enough: My Ancestors having formerly worn a Crown; which, as they won by their Valour, so they lost by their Misfortune only.

How, interrupted Sir *Charles*, are you descended from Kings? Why, I never heard you say so before: Pray, Sir, how far are you removed

moved from Royal Blood? and which of your Forefathers was it that wore a Crown?

Sir, replied Sir *George*, it is not much more than eight Hundred Years since my Ancestors, who were *Saxons*, swayed the Sceptre of *Kent*; and from the first Monarch of that mighty Kingdom, am I lineally descended.

Pray where may that Kingdom of *Kent* lie? said Sir *Charles*.

Sir, replied Sir *George*, it is bounded by *Sussex* on the South-West; *Surry* on the West; the *English* Channel on the South; *Dover* Streights on the South-East; and the *Downs* on the East; and it is divided from *Middlesex* and *Essex* on the North by the *Thames*.

A mighty Kingdom, indeed! said Sir *Charles*: Why, it makes but a very small Part of the Kingdom of *Britain* now: Well, if your Ancestors were Kings of that County, as it is now called, it must be confessed their Dominions were very small.

However that may be, said *Arabella*, it raises Sir *George* greatly in my Esteem, to hear he is descended from Kings; for, truly, a Royal Extraction does infinitely set off noble and valiant Actions, and inspires only lofty and generous Sentiments: Therefore, illustrious Prince (for in that Light I shall always consider you), be assured, though Fortune has despoiled you of your Dominions, yet since she cannot deprive you of your Courage and Virtue, Providence will one Day assist your noble Endeavours to recover your Rights, and place you upon the Throne of your Ancestors, from whence you have been so inhumanly driven: Or, haply, to repair

repair that Loss, your Valour may procure you other Kingdoms, no less considerable than that to which you was born.

For Heaven's sake, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, How come such improbable Things into your Head? Is it such an easy Matter, think you, to conquer Kingdoms, that you can flatter a young Man, who has neither Fleets nor Armies, with such strange Hopes?

The great *Artaban*, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, had neither Fleets nor Armies, and was Master only of a single Sword; yet he soon saw himself greater than any King, disposing the Destinies of Monarchs by his Will, and deciding the Fates of Empires by a single Word: But pray let this Dispute rest where it is, and permit Sir *George* to continue his Relation.

It is not necessary, Madam, resumed Sir *George*, to acquaint you with the Misfortunes of my Family, or relate the several Progressions it made towards the private Condition in which it now is: For, besides that reciting the Events of so many Hundred Years may haply, in some Measure, try your Patience, I should be glad if you would dispense with me from entering into a Detail of Accidents that would sensibly afflict me: It shall suffice, therefore, to inform you, that my Father, being a peaceable Man, fond of Retirement and Tranquillity, made no Attempts to recover the Sovereignty from which his Ancestors had been unjustly expelled; but quietly beheld the Kingdom of *Kent* in the Possession of other Masters, while he contented himself with the Improvement of that small Pittance of Ground, which was all

that the unhappy Prince *Veridomer*, my Grandfather, was able to bequeath to him.

Hey-day ! cried Sir *Charles*, will you new-christen your Grandfather, when he has been in his Grave these Forty Years ? I knew honest Sir *Edward Bellmour* very well, though I was but a Youth when he died ; but I believe no Person in *Kent* ever gave him the Title of Prince *Veridomer* : Fie ! fie ! these are idle Brags.

Sir *George*, without taking Notice of the old Baronet's Heat, went on with his Narration in this Manner :

Things were in this State, Madam, when I was born. I will not trouble you with the Relation of what I did in my Infancy.

No, pray skip over all that, interrupted Sir *Charles* ; I suppose your Infancy was like other People's ; what can there be worth hearing in that ?

You are deceived, Sir, said *Arabella* : The Infancy of illustrious Personages has always something very extraordinary in it ; and from their childish Words and Actions there have been often Presages drawn of their future Greatness and Glory.

Not to disoblige Sir *Charles*, however, said the young Prince of *Kent*, I will not repeat many things, which I said and did in the first Years of my Life, that those about me thought very surprising ; and from them prognosticated, that very strange Accidents would befall me.

I have been a Witness of some very unfavourable Prognostics of you, said Sir *Charles*, smiling ;

smiling; for you was the most unlucky bold Spark, that ever I knew in my Life.

'Tis very certain, pursued Sir *George*, that the Forwardness of my Spirit gave great Uneasiness to my Father; who, being, as I said before, inclinable to a peaceable and sedentary Life, endeavoured as much as possible to repress that Vivacity in my Disposition, which he feared might involve me in dangerous Enterprizes. The Pains he took in my Education, I recompensed by a more than ordinary Docility; and, before I was Thirteen, performed all my Exercises with a marvellous Grace; and, if I may dare say so, was, at those early Years, the Admiration and Wonder of all that saw me.

Lady *Bella* had some Reason to fear your Modetty, I find, said Sir *Charles*, smiling; for, methinks you really speak too slightly of your Excellencies.

However that may be, resumed Sir *George*; my Father saw these early Instances of a towering Genius in me, with a Pleasure, chastened by his Fears, that the Grandeur of my Courage would lead me to attempt something for the Recovery of that Kingdom, which was my Due; and which might haply occasion his losing me.

Possessed with these Thoughts, he carefully avoided saying any thing to me concerning the glorious Pretences, to which my Birth gave me a Right; and often wished it had been possible for him to conceal from me, that I was the true and lawful Heir of the Kingdom of *Kent*; a Circumstance he never chose to mention to

any Person, and would have been glad, if it had always remained a Secret.

And so it was a Secret, interrupted Sir *Charles*; for, till this Day, I never heard of it; and it might still have been a Secret, if you had pleased; for nobody, I dare say, would suspect such a Thing; and very few, I believe, will be inclined to think there is any thing in such an improbable Tale.

Notwithstanding all my Father's Endeavours to the contrary, Madam, pursued Sir *George*, I cherished those towering Sentiments, the Knowledge of my Birth inspired me with; and it was not without the utmost Impatience, that I brooked the private Condition, to which I found myself reduced.

Cruel Fate! would I sometimes cry; was it not enough to deprive me of that Kingdom, which is my Due, and subject me to a mean, and inglorious State; but, to make that Condition infinitely more grievous, must thou give me a Soul towering above my abject Fortune? A Soul, that cannot but disdain the base Submission, I must pay to those, who triumph in the Spoils of my ruined House? A Soul, which sets nothing above its Hopes and Expectations? And, in fine, a Soul, that excites me daily to attempt Things worthy of my Birth, and those noble Sentiments I inherit from my great Forefathers? Ah! pursued I, unhappy *Bellmour*; what hinders thee from making thyself known and acknowledged for what thou art? What hinders thee from boldly asserting thy just and natural Rights; and
from

from defying the Usurper, who detains them from thee? What hinders thee, I say?

What? Interrupted Sir *Charles*, why the Fear of a Halter, I suppose: There is nothing more easy than to answer that Question.

Such, Madam, said Sir *George*, were the Thoughts, which continually disturbed my Imagination; and, doubtless, they had not failed to push me on to some hazardous Enterprize, had not a fatal Passion interposed; and by its sweet, but dangerous Allurements, stifled for a while that Flame, which Ambition, and the Love of Glory, kindled in my Soul.

Sir *George* here pausing, and fixing his Eyes with a melancholy Air on the Ground, as if preft with a tender Remembrance;

Mr. *Glanville* asked him, smiling, If the Thoughts of poor *Dolly* disturbed him? Pray, added he, give us the History of your first Love, without any Mixture of Fable; or shall I take the Trouble off you? For you know, I am very well acquainted with your Affair with the pretty Milk-maid, and can tell it very succinctly.

'Tis true, Sir, said Sir *George*, sighing, I cannot recall the Idea of *Dorothea*, into my Remembrance, without some Pain: That fair, but unfaithful Sheperdess, who first taught me to sigh, and repaid my Tenderness with the blackest Infidelity: Yet I will endeavour to compose myself, and go on with my Narration.

Be pleased to know then, Madam, pursued Sir *George*, that having my Thoughts, in this

manner, wholly employed with the Disasters of my Family, I had arrived to my seventeenth Year, without being sensible of the Power of Love; but the Moment now arrived, which was to prove fatal to my Liberty. Following the Chace one Day with my Father, and some other Gentlemen, I happened to lag a little behind them; and, being taken up with my ordinary Reflections, I lost my Way, and wandered a long time, without knowing or considering whither I was going. Chance at last conducted me to a pleasant Valley, surrounded with Trees: and, being tired with riding, I lighted, and tying my Horse to a Tree, walked forward, with an Intention to repose myself a few Moments under the Shade of one of those Trees, that had attracted my Observation: But while I was looking for the most convenient Place, I spied, at the Distance of some few Yards from me, a Woman lying asleep upon the Grass: Curiosity tempted me to go nearer this Person; and, advancing softly, that I might not disturb her, I got near enough to have a View of her Person: But, ah! Heavens! what Wonders did my Eyes encounter in this View! — The Age of this fair Sleeper seemed not to exceed Sixteen; her Shape was formed with the exactest Symmetry; one of her Hands supported her Head; the other, as it lay carelessly stretched at her Side, gave me an Opportunity of admiring its admirable Colour and Proportion: The thin Covering upon her Neck discovered Part of its inimitable Beauty to my Eyes; but her Face, her lovely Face, fixed all my Attention.

Certain

Certain it is, Madam, that, out of this Company, it would be hard to find any thing so perfect, as what I now viewed. Her Complexion was the purest White imaginable, heightened by the enchanting Glow, which dyed her fair Cheeks with a Colour like that of a new-blown Rose: Her Lips, formed with the greatest Perfection, and of a deeper Red, seemed to receive new Beauties from the Fragrance of that Breath that parted from them. Her auburn Hair fell in loose Ringlets over her Neck; and some straggling Curls, that played upon her fair Forehead, set off by a charming Contrast the Whiteness of that Skin it partly hid: Her Eyes indeed were closed; and though I knew not whether their Colour and Beauty were equal to those other Miracles in her Face, yet their Proportion seemed to be large; and the snowy Lids, which covered them, were admirably set off by those long and sable Lashes that adorned them.

For some Moments I gazed upon this lovely Sleeper, wholly lost in Wonder and Admiration.

Where, whispered I, where has this Miracle been concealed, that my Eyes were never blessed with the Sight of her before? These Words, though I uttered them softly, and with the utmost Caution; yet by the murmuring Noise they made, caused an Emotion in the beauteous Sleeper, that she started, and presently after opened her Eyes: But what Words shall I find to express the Wonder, the Astonishment, and Rapture, which the sight of those bright Stars inspired me with? The Flames which darted

from those glorious Orbs, cast such a dazzling Splendor upon a Sight too weak to bear a Radiance so unusual, that, stepping back a few Paces, I contemplated at a Distance, that Brightness, which began already to kindle a consuming Fire in my Soul.

Bless me! interrupted Sir *Charles*, confounded at so pompous a Description; who could this be?

The pretty Milk-maid, *Dolly Acorn*, replied Mr. *Glanville* gravely: Did you never see her, Sir, when you was at your Seat, at ———? She used often to bring Cream to my Lady.

Aye, aye, replied Sir *Charles*, I remember her: She was a very pretty Girl: And so it was from her Eyes, that all those Splendors and Flames came, that had like to have burnt you up, Sir *George*: Well, well, I guess how the Story will end: Pray let us hear it out.

I have already told you, Madam, resumed Sir *George*, the marvelous Effects the Sight of those bright Eyes produced upon my Spirit: I remained fixed in a Posture of Astonishment and Delight; and all the Faculties of my Soul were so absorbed in the Contemplation of the Miracles before me, that I believe, had she still continued before my Eyes, I should never have moved from the Place where I then stood: But the fair Virgin, who had spied me at the small Distance to which I was retired, turned hastily about, and flew away with extraordinary Swiftmess.

When Love, now lending me Wings, whom Admiration had before made motionless, I pursued her so eagerly, that at last I overtook her; and,

and, throwing myself upon my Knees before her,

Stay, I conjure you, cried I; and if you be a Divinity, as your celestial Beauty makes me believe, do not refuse the Adoration I offer you: But if, as I most ardently wish, you are a Mortal, though sure the fairest that ever graced the Earth; stop a Moment, to look upon a Man, whose Respects for you as a Mortal fall little short of those Adorations he offers you as a Goddess.

I can't but think, cried Sir *Charles*, laughing, how poor *Dolly* must be surpris'd at such a rhodomontade Speech!

Oh, Sir! replied Mr. *Glanville*, you will find she will make as good a one.

Will she, by my Troth, said Sir *Charles*: I don't know how to believe it.

This Action, pursued Sir *George*, and the Words I uttered, a little surpris'd that fair Maid, and brought a Blush into her lovely Cheeks; but recovering herself, she replied with an admirable Grace,

I am no Divinity, said she; and therefore your Adorations are misplaced: But if, as you say, my Countenance moves you to any Respect for me, give me a Proof of it, by not endeavouring to hold any further Discourse with me, which is not permitted me from one of your Sex and Appearance.

A very wise Answer, indeed! interrupted Sir *Charles* again: Very few Town Ladies would have disclaimed the Title of Goddess, if their Lovers had thought proper to bestow it

upon them. I am mightily pleased with the Girl for her Ingenuity.

The Discretion of so young a Damsel, resumed Sir *George*, charmed me no less than her Beauty; and I besought her, with the utmost Earnestness, to permit me a longer Conversation with her.

Fear not, lovely Virgin, said I, to listen to the Vows of a Man, who, till he saw you, never learnt to sigh: My Heart, which defended its Liberty against the Charms of many admirable Ladies, yields, without Reluctance, to the pleasing Violence your Beauties lay upon me. Yes, too charming and dangerous Stranger, I am no longer my own Master: It is in your Power to dispose of my Destiny: Consider therefore, I beseech you, whether you can consent to see me die? For I swear to you, by the most sacred Oaths, unless you promise to have some Compassion on me, I will no longer behold the Light of Day.

You may easily conceive, Madam, that, considering this lovely Maid in the Character of a Shepherdess, in which she appeared, I made her a Declaration of my Passion, without thinking myself obliged to observe those Respects, which, to a Person of equal Rank with myself, Decorum would not have permitted me to forget.

However, she repelled my Boldness with so charming a Modesty, that I began to believe, she might be a Person of illustrious Birth, disguised under the mean Habit she wore: But, having requested her to inform me who she was, she told me her Name was *Dorothea*; and that
she

Chap. I. QUIXOTE. 61

she was Daughter to a Farmer, that lived in the neighbouring Valley. This Knowledge increasing my Confidence, I talked to her of my Passion, without being the least afraid of offending her.

And therein you was greatly to blame, said *Arabella*: For, truly, though the fair *Dorothea* told you, she was Daughter to a Farmer; yet, in all Probability, she was of a much higher Extraction, if the Picture you have drawn of her be true.

The fair *Arfinot*, Princess of *Armenia*, was constrained for a while to conceal her true Name and Quality, and pass for a simple Country-woman, under the Name of *Delia*: Yet the generous *Philadelph*, Prince of *Cilicia*, who saw and loved her under that Disguise, treated her with all the Respect he would have done, had he known she was the Daughter of a King. In like manner, Prince *Philixipes*, who fell in Love with the beautiful *Policrete*, before he knew she was the Daughter of the great *Solon*; and while he looked upon her as a poor Stranger, born of mean Parents; nevertheless, his Love supplying the Want of those Advantages of Birth and Fortune, he wooed her with a Passion as full of Awe and Delicacy, as if her Extraction had been equal to his own. And therefore those admirable Qualities the fair *Dorothea* possessed, might also have convinced you, she was not what she seemed, but haply, some great Princess in Disguise.

To tell you the Truth, Madam, replied Sir *George*, notwithstanding the fair *Dorothea* informed me, she was of a mean Descent, I could

not easily forego the Opinion, that she was of an illustrious Birth: And the Histories of those fair Princesses you have mentioned, coming into my Mind, I also thought it very possible, that this divine Person might either be the Daughter of a great King, or Lawgiver, like them; but, being wholly engrossed by the Violence of my new-born Affection, I listened to nothing, but what most flattered my Hopes; and, addressing my lovely Shepherdess with all the Freedom of a Person who thinks his Birth much superior to hers; she listened to my Protestations, without any seeming Reluctance, and condescended to assure me before we parted, that she did not hate me. So fair a Beginning, seemed to promise me the most favourable Fortune I could with Reason expect. I parted from my fair Shepherdess with a thousand Vows of Fidelity; exacting a Promise from her, that she would meet me as often as she conveniently could, and have the Goodness to listen to those Assurances of inviolable Tenderness my Passion prompted me to offer her. When she left me, it seemed as if my Soul had forsaken my Body to go after her: My Eyes pursued her Steps as long as she was in Sight; I envied the Ground she prest as she went along, and the Breezes that kissed that celestial Countenance in their Flight.

For some Hours I stood in the same Posture in which she had left me; contemplating the sudden Change I had experienced in my Heart, and the Beauty of that divine Image, which was now engraven in it. Night drawing on, I began to think of going home; and, untying my Horse,

Chap. 2. QUIXOTE. 63

Horse, I returned the Way I had come; and at last struck into a Road, which brought me to the Place where I parted from the Company; from whence I easily found my Way home, so changed both in my Looks and Carriage, that my Father, and all my Friends, observed the Alteration with some Surprise.

CHAP. II.

In which Sir George, continuing his surprising History, relates a most stupendous Instance of a Valour only to be paralleled by that of the great Oroondates, Cæsareo, &c. &c. &c.

FOR some Months, continued Sir George, I prosecuted my Addresses to the admirable *Dorothea*; and I flattered myself with a Hope, that I had made some Progress in her Heart: But, alas! this deceitful Fair-one, who only laughed at the Torments she made me endure, at the Time she vowed eternal Constancy to me, gave her Hand to a Lover of her Father's providing, and abandoned me, without Remorse, to the most cruel Despair.

I will not trouble you, Madam, with the Repetition of those Complaints, which this perfidious Action drew from me for a long Time. At length, my Courage enabling me to overcome the Violence of my Grief, I resolved to think of the ungrateful *Dorothea* no more; and

the Sight of another Beauty compleating my Cure, I no longer remembered the unfaithful Shepherdes, but with Indifference.

Thus, Madam, have I faithfully related one of those Infidelities, wherewith my Enemies slander me ; who can support their Assertion, with no better Proof, than that I did not die, when *Dorothea* abandoned me : But I submit it to your Candour, whether an unfaithful Mistress deserved such an Instance of Affection, from a Lover she had betrayed ?

Why, really, replied *Arabella*, after a little Pause, you had some Excuse to plead for your Failure in this Point : And though you cannot be called, the most perfect amongst Lovers, seeing you neither died, nor was in Danger of dying ; yet neither ought you to be ranked among those who are most culpable : But pray proceed in your Story ; I shall be better able to form a right Judgment of your Merit as a Lover, when I have heard all your Adventures.

My Passion for *Dorothea*, resumed Sir *George*, being cured by her Treachery towards me, the Love of Glory began again to revive in my Soul. I panted after some Occasion to signalize my Valour, which yet I had met with no Opportunity of doing ; but, hearing, that a mighty Army was preparing to march upon a secret Expedition, I privately quitted my Father's Seat ; and attended only by my faithful 'Squire, I took the same Route the Army had taken, and arrived the Day before the terrible Battle of ——— was fought, where, without making myself known, I performed such Prodigies of Valour, as astonished all who beheld
me.

me. Without doubt, I should have been highly careſſed by the Commander, who certainly would have given me the Honour of a Victory my Sword alone had procured for him; but, having unwittingly engaged myſelf too far in Purſuit of the flying Enemy, I found myſelf alone, encompassed with a Party of about Five hundred Men; who ſeeing they were purſued only by a ſingle Man, faced about, and prepared to kill or take me Priſoner.

Pray, Sir, interrupted Sir *Charles*, when did all this happen? and how came it to paſs, that your Friends have been ignorant to this Moment of thoſe Prodigies of Valour you performed at that Battle? I never heard you was ever in a Battle: Fame has done you great Injuſtice, by concealing the Part you had in that famous Victory.

The great Care I took to conceal myſelf, replied Sir *George*, was one Reaſon why my Friends did not attribute to me the Exploits, which the Knight in black Armour, who was no other than myſelf, performed; and the Accident I am going to relate, prevented my being diſcovered, while the Memory of thoſe great Exploits were yet freſh in the Minds of thoſe I had ſo greatly obliged.

Be pleaſed to know, therefore, Madam, that ſeeing myſelf about to be encompassed by this Party of the Enemy, I diſdained to fly; and, though I was alone, reſolved to ſuſtain their Attack, and ſell my Life as dear as poſſible.

Why, if you did ſo, you was a Madman, cried Sir *Charles* in a Heat: The braveſt Man that ever lived, would not have preſumed to
fight

fight with so great a Number of Enemies. What could you expect, but to be cut in Pieces? Pooh! pooh! don't think any body will credit such a ridiculous Tale: I never knew you was so addicted to—

Lying, perhaps, the good Knight would have said; but Sir *George*, who was concerned he was present at his Legend, and could not blame him for doubting his Veracity, prevented his Utterance of a Word he would be obliged to take ill, by abruptly going on with his Story.

Placing my Back therefore against a Tree, pursued he, to prevent my being assaulted behind, I presented my Shield to the boldest of these Assailants; who, having struck an impotent Blow upon it, as he was lifting up his Arm to renew his Attack, I cut it off with one Stroke of my Sword; and the same Instant plunged it to the Hilt in the Breast of another, and clove the Scull of a third, who was making at me, in two Parts.

Sir *Charles*, at this Relation, burst into a loud Fit of Laughter; and, being more inclined to divert himself, than be offended at the Folly and Vanity of the young Baronet, he permitted him to go on with his surprising Story, without giving him any other Interruption.

These three Executions, Madam, pursued Sir *George*, were the Effects only of so many Blows; which raised such Indignation in my Enemies, that they prest forward in great Numbers to destroy me; but, having, as I before said, posted myself so advantageously, that I could only be assaulted before, not more than

Three

Three or Four could attack me at one time. The Desire of lengthening out my Life, till happily some Succour might come to my Relief, so invigorated my Arm, and added to my ordinary Strength an almost irresistible Force, that I dealt Death at every Blow; and in less than a quarter of an Hour, saw more than Fifty of my Enemies at my Feet, whose Bodies served for a Bulwark against their Fellows Swords.

The Commander of this little Body, not having Generosity enough to be moved with those prodigious Effects of Valour in my Favour, was transported with Rage at my Resistance; and the Sight of so many of his Men slain before his Face, served only to encrease his Fury; and that Moment, seeing, that, with Two more Blows, I had sent two of his most valiant Soldiers to the Shades, and that the rest fearing to come within the Length of my Sword, had given me a few Moments Respite,

Ah! Cowards! cried he, are you afraid of a single Man? And will you suffer *him* to escape from your Vengeance, who has slain so many of your brave Comrades before your Eyes?

These Words inspiring them with a Fierceness, such as he desired, they advanced towards me with more Fury than before: By this Time, I had received several large Wounds, and my Blood ran down from many Parts of my Body: yet was I not sensible of any Decay of Strength, nor did the settled Designs of my Enemies to destroy me daunt me in the least: I still relied upon the Assistance I expected Providence would

would send to my Relief, and determined, if possible, to preserve my Life, till it arrived.

I fought, therefore, with a Resolution, which astonished my Enemies, but did not move them to any Regard for my Safety : And, observing their brutal Commander, a few Paces from me, encouraging his Men, both with his Cries and Gestures, Indignation against this inhuman Wretch so transported me out of my Discretion, that I quitted my Post, in order to sacrifice him to my Revenge.

Seeing me advance furiously towards him, he turned pale with Fear, and endeavoured to shelter himself in the midst of his Men ; who, more valiant than himself, opposed themselves to my Rage, to favour his Retreat : But quickly clearing myself a Way with my Sword, I pressed towards the barbarous Coward ; and, ere he could avoid the Blow I aimed at him, it struck him senseless at my Feet.

My particular Revenge thus satisfied, I was sensible of the Fault I had committed in quitting my Post, by which I exposed myself to be surrounded by the Enemy. I endeavoured to regain it, but in vain : I was beset on all Sides, and now despaired of any Safety ; and therefore only fought to die courageously, and make as many of my Enemies as I could, attend my Fall.

Exasperated by the Misfortune of their Commander, they pressed upon me with redoubled Fury. Faint as I was, with the Loss of Blood, and so fatigued with the past Action, and the obstinate Fight I had maintained so long with such a considerable Number, I could hardly any longer

longer lift up my Arm; and, to complete, my Misfortune, having thrust my Sword into the Body of one of the forwardest of my Enemies, in my endeavouring to regain it, it broke in Pieces, and the Hilt only remained in my Hand.

This Accident completed my Defeat: Deprived of my Sword, I was no longer capable of making any Defence: several of them pressed upon me at once; and, throwing me down, tied my Hands together behind me. Shame and Rage at this Indignity worked so forcibly upon my Spirits, weakened as I then was, that I fell into a Swoon. What happened till my Recovery, I am not able to tell; but, at the Return of my Senses, I found myself laid on a Bed in a tolerable Chamber, and some Persons with me, who kept a profound Silence.

CHAP. III.

A Love-Adventure, after the Romantic Taste.

RECOLLECTING in a few Moments all that happened to me, I could not choose but be surpris'd at finding myself treated with so little Severity, considering I was Prisoner to Persons who had been Witnesses of the great Quantity of Blood I had shed in my own Defence. My Wounds had been dress'd while I continued in my Swoon; and the Faces of those Persons who were about me, express'd nothing of Unkindness.

After

After reflecting some Time longer on my Situation, I called to a young Man, who sat near my Bed-side, and intreated him to inform me, where I was, and to whom I was a Prisoner? But could get no other Answer to those Questions, than a most civil Intreaty to compose myself, and not protract the Cure of my Wounds by talking, which the Surgeons had declared, would be of a bad Consequence; and had therefore ordered me to be as little disturbed as possible.

Notwithstanding this Remonstrance, I repeated my Request, promising to be entirely governed by them for the future in what regarded my Health, provided they would satisfy me in those Particulars: But my Attendant did not so much as reply to those Importunities; but to prevent the Continuance of them, rose from his Seat, and retired to the other End of the Chamber.

I passed that Day, and several others, without being able to learn the Truth of my Condition: All this Time, I was diligently waited on by the two Persons I had first seen, neither of whom I could prevail upon to inform me of what I desired to know; and, judging, by this obstinate Reserve, and the Manner of my Treatment, that there was some Mystery in the Case, I forbore to ask them any more Questions, conceiving they had particular Orders not to answer them.

The Care that was taken to forward my Cure, in three Weeks entirely restored me to Health: I longed impatiently to know, what was to be my Destiny; and busied myself
in

in conjecturing it, in vain; when one Morning, an elderly Lady entered my Chamber, at whose Appearance my two Attendants retired.

After she had saluted me very civilly, and inquired after my Health, she seated herself in a Chair near my Bedside, and spoke to me in this Manner :

I make no Question, Sir, but you are surpris'd at the Manner in which you have been treated, and the Care there has been taken to prevent discovering to you the Place where you now are; but you will doubtless be more surpris'd, to hear you are in the Fortrefs of—, and in the House of Prince *Marcomire*, whose Party you fought against alone; and whom you so dangerously wounded, before you was taken Prisoner by his Men.

Is it possible, Madam, said I, who, from the first Moment of her Appearance, had been in a strange Perplexity, is it possible, I am in the House of a Man, whose Life I endeavoured so eagerly to destroy? And is it to him, who oppress'd me so basely with Numbers, that I am oblig'd for the Succour I have received?

It is not to him, replied the Lady, that you are oblig'd for the favourable Treatment you have had; but listen to me patiently, and I will disclose the Truth of your Adventure.

Prince *Marcomire*, who was the Person that headed that Party against which you so valiantly defended yourself, after the Loss of the Battle, was hastening to throw himself into this Place, where his Sister, and many Ladies of Quality, had come for Security: Your indiscreet

discreet Pursuit engaged you in the most unequal Combat that ever was fought; and——
 Nay, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, though I do not refuse to give you all the Praises your gallant Defence of yourself against Five Hundred Men deserves; yet I cannot agree with that Lady, in saying, it was the most unequal Combat that ever was fought: For, do but reflect, I beseech you, upon that which the brave Prince of *Mauritania* sustained against twice that Number of Men, with no other Arms than his Sword; and, you having been in Battle that Day, was, as I conceive, completely armed. The young Prince of *Egypt*, accompanied only by the valiant, but indiscreet, *Cepio* his Friend, engaged all the King of *Armenia*'s Guards, and put them all to Flight. The courageous *Ariobasanes* scorned to turn his Back upon a whole Army; not to mention the invincible *Artaban*, whom a Thousand Armies together could not have made to turn.

Be pleased to observe, Madam, said Sir *George*, that to the End I may faithfully recount my History, I am under a Necessity of repeating Things, which, haply, may seem too advantageous for a Man to say of himself: Therefore I indeed greatly approve of the Custom, which, no doubt, this Inconveniency introduced, of a 'Squire, who is thoroughly instructed with the Secrets of his Master's Heart, relating his Adventures, and giving a proper Eulogium of his rare Valour, without being in Danger of offending the Modesty of the renowned Knight; who, as you know, Madam, upon those Occasions, commodiously slips away.

It

It being, however, this Lady's Opinion, that no Man ever undertook a more hazardous Combat, or with greater Odds, against him, she did not fail to express her Admiration of it, in very high Terms.

The Noise of this Accident, pursued she, was soon spread over the whole Town; and the beautiful *Sydimiris*, *Marcomir's* Sister, hearing that her Brother was wounded, as it was thought to Death, and that the Person who killed him, was taken Prisoner; she flew out to meet her wounded Brother, distracted with Grief, and vowing to have the severest Tortures executed on him, who had thus barbarously murdered her Brother. Those who bore that unhappy Prince, having brought him into the House, his Wounds were searched; and the Surgeons declared, they were very dangerous.

Sydimiris, hearing this, redoubled her Complaints and Vows of Vengeance against you: Her Brother having then the chief Authority in the Place, she commanded, in his Name, to have you brought hither, and to be most strictly guarded; determined, if her Brother died, to sacrifice you to his Ghost.

Full of these sanguinary Resolutions, she left his Chamber, having seen him laid in Bed; and his Wounds dressed; but passing along a Gallery to her own Apartment, she met the Persons who were bringing you to the Room that was to be your Prison: You was not, pursued the Lady, yet recovered from your Swoon, so that they carried you like one that was dead: They had taken off your Helmet to give you

Air; by which means your Face being quite uncovered, pale, languishing, and your Eyes closed, as if in Death, presented the most moving, and, at the same Time, most pleasing Object in the World.

Sydimiris, who stopt, and for a Moment eagerly gazed upon you, lost all of a sudden the Fierceness which before had animated her against you: And lifting up her Eyes to view those Men that carried you;

Are you sure, said she to them, that this is the Person who wounded my Brother?

Yes, Madam, replied one of them; this must be he, since there was no other in his Company; and he alone sustained the Attack of Five hundred Men; and would probably not have left one of them alive, had not his Sword, by breaking, put it into our Power to take him Prisoner.

Carry him away, said *Sydimiris*; but let his Wounds be dressed, and let him be carefully looked to, that, if my Brother dies, he may be punished as he deserves.

Pronouncing these Words in a low and faltering Voice, she turned her Eyes a second time upon you; then, hastily averting her Looks, she hurried to her own Chamber, and threw herself into a Chair, with all the Marks of a very great Disturbance.

The Affection I have for her, being the Person who had brought her up, and most favoured with her Confidence, made me behold her in this Condition with great Concern; and supposing it was her Brother that disquieted her, I besought her not to give way to the Violence
of

of her Grief, but to hope that Heaven would restore him to her Prayers.

Alas! my dear *Urinoe*, said she, I am more culpable than you can imagine; and I grieve less for the Condition to which I see *Marcomire* reduced, than for that Moderation wherewith I am constrained, spite of myself, to behold his Enemy.

Yes, dear *Urinoe*, pursued she, blushing, and casting down her Eyes, the Actions of this Unknown appear to me in quite another Light, since I have seen him; and, instead of looking upon him as the Murderer of my Brother, I cannot help admiring that rare Valour, with which he defended himself against so great a Number of Enemies; and am even ready to condemn the furious *Marcomire*, for oppressing so brave a Man.

As I had never approved of those violent Transports of Grief and Rage, which she had expressed upon the first News of her Brother's Misfortune; and as I looked upon your glorious Defence with the utmost Admiration; so, far from condemning the Change of her Thoughts, I confirmed her in the favourable Opinion she began to entertain of you; and, continuing to make Remarks upon all the Particulars of the Combat, which had come to our Knowledge, we found nothing in your Behaviour, but what increased our Admiration.

Sydimiris therefore, following the Dictates of her own Generosity, as well as my Advice, placed Two Persons about you, whose Fidelity we could rely on; and gave them Orders to treat you with all imaginable Care and Respect,

spect, but not to inform you of the Place in which you was, or to whom you was Prisoner.

In the mean Time, *Marcomire*, whose Wounds had been again examined, was declared out of Danger by the Surgeons; and he having understood the Excess of his Sister's Grief, and the Revenge she had vowed against you, gave her Thanks for those Expressions of her Tendernefs; and also uttered some Threats, which intimated a violent Hatred against you; and a Design of prosecuting his Revenge upon you, as soon as he was in a Condition to leave his Chamber.

Sydimiris, who heard him, could with Difficulty dissemble her Concern.

Ah! *Urinoe*, said she to me, when we were alone; 'tis now, that I more than ever repent of that Excess of Rage, which transported me against the brave Unknown. I have thereby put him intirely into my Brother's Power, and shall be haply accessary to that Death he is meditating for him, or else a perpetual Imprisonment.

This Reflection gave her so much Pain, that I could not choose but pity her; and considering, that the only Way to preserve you, was for her to dissemble a Rage equal to *Marcomire's* against you, in order to prevent being suspected of any Design in your Favour, I persuaded her to join with him in every Thing he said; while, in the mean time, we would endeavour to get you cured of your Wounds, that you might at least be in a Condition once more

Chap. 4. QUIXOTE. 77

to defend yourself with that miraculous Valour Heaven has bestowed on you.

Sydimiris perceiving her Brother would soon be in a Condition to execute his Threats, resolv'd to hazard every thing, rather than to expose you to his Rage : She therefore communicated to me her Design of giving you Liberty, and, by presenting a sufficient Reward to your Guard, inducing them to favour your Escape.

I undertook to manage this Business in her Name, and have done it so effectually, that you will this Night be at Liberty, and may depart the Town immediately, in which it will be dangerous to stay any Time, for Fear of being discovered.

Sydimiris forbade me to let you know the Person to whom you would be obliged for your Freedom ; but I could not endure, that you should unjustly involve the Sister of *Marcomire*, in that Resentment you will questionless always preserve against *him* ; and to keep you from being innocently guilty of Ingratitude, I resolv'd to acquaint you with the Nature of those Obligations you owe to her.

CHAP. IV.

The Adventure continu'd.

AH ! Madam, said I, perceiving she had finished her Discourse, doubt not but I shall most gratefully preserve the Remembrance of what the generous *Sydimiris* has done for me ;

and shall always be ready to lose that Life in her Defence, which she has had the superlative Goodness to take so much Care of. But, Madam, pursued I, with an earnest Look, do not, I beseech you, refuse me one Favour, without which I shall depart with inconceivable Sorrow.

Depend upon it, valiant Sir, replied she, that if what you will require of me, be in my Power, and fit for me to grant, I shall very willingly oblige you.

It is then, resumed I, trembling at the Boldness of my Request, that you would condescend to intreat the most generous *Sydimiris* to favour me with an Interview, and give me an Opportunity of throwing myself at her Feet, to thank her for all those Favours I have received from her Compassion.

I cannot promise you, replied the Lady, rising, to prevail upon *Sydimiris* to grant you an Audience; but I assure you, that I will endeavour to dispose her to do you this Favour; and it shall not be my Fault, if you are not satisfied.

Saying this, she went out of my Chamber, I having followed her to the Door, with Protestations that I would never forget her Kindness upon this Occasion.

I past the rest of that Day in an anxious Impatience for Night, divided between Fear and Hope, and more taken up with the Thoughts of seeing *Sydimiris*, than with my expected Liberty.

Night came at last, and the Door of my Apartment opening, I saw the Lady who had been with me in the Morning, enter.

I have

I have prevailed upon *Sydimiris* to see you, said she; and she is willing, at my Intreaty, to grant that Favour to a Person, who, she with Reason thinks, has been inhumanly treated by her Brother.

Then, giving me her Hand, she conducted me along a large Gallery, to a stately Apartment; and after traversing several Rooms, she led me into one, where *Sydimiris* herself was: Who, as soon as she perceived me, rose from her Seat, and received me with great Civility.

In the Transport I then was, I know not how I returned the graceful Salute the incomparable *Sydimiris* gave me; for most certain it is, that I was so lost in Wonder, at the Sight of the many Charms I beheld in her Person, that I could not unlock my Tongue, or remove my Eyes from her enchanting Face; but remained fixed in a Posture, which at once expressed my Admiration and Delight.

To give you a Description of that Beauty which I then contemplated, I must inform you, Madam, that *Sydimiris* is tall, of a handsome Stature, and admirably proportioned; her Hair was of the finest Black in the World; her Complexion marvelously fair; all the Lineaments of her Visage were perfectly beautiful; and her Eyes, which were large and black, sparkled with so quick and piercing a Fire, that no Heart was able to resist their powerful Glances: Moreover, *Sydimiris* is admirably shaped; her Port is high and noble; and her Air so free, yet so commanding, that there are few Persons in the World, with whom she may not dispute the Priority of Beauty: In fine,

Madam, *Sydimiris* appeared with so many Advantages to a Spirit prepossessed already with the most grateful Sense of her Favours, that I could not resist the sweet Violence wherewith her Charms took Possession of my Heart: I yielded therefore, without Reluctance, to my Destiny, and resigned myself, in an Instant, to those Fetters, which the Sight of the Divine *Sydimiris* prepared for me: Recovering therefore a little from that Admiration, which had so totally engrossed all my Faculties, I threw myself at her Feet, with an Action wholly composed of Transport.

Divine *Sydimiris*, said I, beholding her with Eyes, in which the Letters of my new-born Passion might very plainly be read, see at your Feet a Man devoted to your Service, by all the Ties of Gratitude and Respect. I come, Madam, to declare to you, that from the first Moment you gave me Liberty, I had devoted that and my Life to you; and at your Feet I confirm the Gift; protesting by all that is most dear and sacred to me, that since I hold my Life from the Divine *Sydimiris*, she alone shall have the absolute Disposal of it for the future; and should she please again to demand it, either to appease her Brother's Fury, or to sacrifice it to her own Security, I will most faithfully perform her Will, and shed the last Drop of that Blood at her Command, which I would with Transport lose in her Defence.

A fine high-flown Speech indeed! said Sir *Charles*, laughing: but I hope you did not intend to keep your Word.

Sure,

Sure, Sir, replied *Arabella*, you do not imagine, that Sir *George* would have failed in executing all he had promised to the beautiful and generous *Sydimiris*: What could he possibly have said less? And indeed what less could she have expected from a Man, whom at the Hazard of her own Life and Happiness, she had given Freedom to?

I accompanied these Words, Madam, pursued Sir *George*, with so passionate a Look and Accent, that the fair *Sydimiris* blushed, and, for a Moment, cast down her Eyes with a visible Confusion. At last,

Sir, replied she, I am too well satisfied with what I have done, with respect to your Safety, to require any Proofs of your Gratitude, that might be dangerous to it; and shall remain extremely well satisfied, if the Obligations you think you owe me, may induce you to moderate your Resentment against my Brother, for the cruel Treatment you received from him.

Doubt not, Madam, interrupted I, eagerly, but I shall, in the Person of *Marcomire*, regard the Brother of the divine *Sydimiris*; and that Consideration will be sufficient, not only to make me forget all the Violences he committed against me, but even to defend his Life, if need be, with the Hazard of my own.

Excessively generous indeed! said Sir *Charles*: I never heard any thing like it.

Oh! dear Sir, replied *Arabella*, there are numberless Instances of equal, and even superior Generosity, to be met with in the Lives of the Heroes of Antiquity: You will there see a Lover, whose Mistress has been taken from

him, either by Treachery or Force, venture his Life in Defence of the injurious Husband who possesses her; and though all his Felicity depends upon his Death, yet he will rescue him from it, at the Expence of the greater Part of his Blood.

Another, who after a long and bloody War, has, by taking his Enemy Prisoner, an Opportunity of terminating it honourably; yet, thro' an heroic Principle of Generosity, he gives his Captive Liberty, without making any Conditions, and has all his Work to do over again.

A Third having contracted a violent Friendship with the Enemies of his Country, through the same generous Sentiments, draws his Sword in their Defence, and makes no Scruple to fight against an Army, where the King his Father is in Person.

I must confess, said Sir *Charles*, that Generosity seems to me very peculiar, that will make a Man fight for his Enemies against his own Father.

It is in that Peculiarity, Sir, said *Arabella*, that his Generosity consists; for certainly there is nothing extraordinary in fighting for one's Father, and one's Country; but when a Man has arrived to such a Pitch of Greatness of Soul, as to neglect those mean and selfish Considerations, and, loving Virtue in the Persons of his Enemies, can prefer their Glory before his own particular Interest, he is then a perfect Hero indeed: Such an one was *Oroondates*, *Artaxerxes*, and many others I could name, who all gave eminent Proofs of their Disinterestedness and Greatness of Soul, upon the like Occasions:

casions: Therefore, not to detract from Sir George's Merit, I must still insist, that in the Resolutions he had taken to defend his Enemy's Life at the Expence of his own, he did no more than what any Man of ordinary Generosity ought to do, and what he was particularly obliged to, by what the amiable *Sydimiris* had done for him.

I was so happy, however, Madam, continued Sir George, to find that those Expressions of my Gratitude wrought somewhat upon the Heart of the lovely *Sydimiris* in my Favour: Her Words discovered as much, and her Eyes spoke yet more intelligibly: but our Conversation was interrupted by the discreet *Urinæ*, who, fearing the Consequence of so long a Stay in her Chamber, represented to me, that it was Time to take my Leave.

I turned pale at this cruel Sound; and, beholding *Sydimiris* with a languishing Look,

Would to Heaven, Madam, said I, that instead of giving me Liberty, you would keep me eternally your Prisoner; for though a Dungeon was to be the Place of my Confinement, yet if it was near you, it would seem a Palace to me; for indeed I am no longer in a Condition to relish that Freedom you bestow upon me, since it must remove me farther from you: But I beseech you, Madam, to believe, that in delivering me from your Brother's Fetters, you have cast me into your own, and that I am more a Prisoner than ever, but a Prisoner to so lovely a Conqueror, that I do not wish to break my Chains, and prefer the sweet and glorious Cap-

tivity I am in, to all the Crowns in the World.

You are very bold, said *Sydimiris*, blushing, to entertain me with such Discourse; yet I pardon this Offence, in Consideration of what you have suffered from my Brother, and on Condition that you will depart immediately, without speaking another Word.

Sydimiris spoke this so earnestly, that I durst not disobey her; and, kissing the Hem of her Robe, with a passionate Air, I left her Chamber, conducted by *Urinoe*; who having brought me to a private Door, which carried us into the Street, I there found a Man waiting for me, whom I knew to be the same that had attended me during my Stay in that House.

Urinoe having recommended to him to see me safe out of the Town, I took Leave of her, with the most grateful Acknowledgements for her Kindness; and followed my Conductor, so oppressed with Grief at the Thoughts of leaving the Place where *Sydimiris* was, that I had hardly Strength to walk.

CHAP. V.

An extraordinary Instance of Generosity in a Lover, somewhat resembling that of the great Artaxerxes in Cassandra.

THE farther I went, continued Sir George, the more my Regret increased; and, finding it would be impossible to live, and quit the

the divine *Sydimiris*, I all at once took a Resolution to remain in the Town concealed; and, communicating my Design to my Guide, I engaged him to assist me in it, by a Present of a considerable Sum, which he could not resist: Accordingly he left me in a remote Part of the Town, and went to find out a convenient Lodging for me; which he soon procured, and also a Suit of Cloaths to disguise me, my own being very rich and magnificent.

Having recommended me as a Relation of his, who was newly arrived, I was received very civilly by the People with whom he placed me; and, finding this young Man to be very witty and discreet, and also very capable of serving me, I communicated to him my Intentions by staying, which were only to be near the divine *Sydimiris*, and to have the Happiness of sometimes seeing her, when she went abroad.

This Man entering into my Meaning, assured me, he would faithfully keep my Secret; and that he would not fail to bring me Intelligence of all that passed in the Palace of *Marcomire*.

I could with Difficulty keep myself from falling at his Feet, to express my Sense of his kind and generous Offers; but I contented myself with presenting him another Sum of Money, larger than the first, and assured him of my future Gratitude.

He then took Leave, and left me to my Reflections, which were wholly upon the Image of the Divine *Sydimiris*, and the Happiness of being so near the Object I adored.

My

My Confidant came to me the next Day; but brought me no other News, than that my Escape was not yet known to *Marcomire*. I inquired if he had seen *Sydimiris*; but he replied he had not, and that *Urinoe* had only asked him, if he had conducted me safe out of Town: To which he had answered as we had agreed, that I had got out safe and undiscovered.

A Day or two after, he brought me News more pleasing; for he told me, that *Sydimiris* had sent for him into her Chamber, and asked him several Questions concerning me: That she appeared very melancholy, and even blushed, whenever she mentioned my Name.

This Account gave sufficient Matter for my Thoughts to work upon for several Days. I interpreted *Sydimiris*'s Blush a Thousand different Ways; I reflected upon all the different Causes to which it might be owing, and busied myself with all those innumerable Conjectures, which, as you know, Madam, such an Incident always gives rise to in a Lover's Imagination. At length I explained it to my own Advantage, and felt thereby a considerable Increase of my Affection.

A whole Week having elapsed, without another Sight of my Confidant, I began to be greatly alarmed; when, on the Eighth Day of this cruel Suspense, I saw him appear; but with so many Marks of Disturbance in his Face, that I trembled to hear what he had to acquaint me with.

Oh! Sir, said he, as soon as his Concern suffered him to speak, *Marcomire* has discovered
your

your Escape, and the Means by which it was procured : One of those in whom *Urinoe* confided, has betrayed it to him ; and the beauteous *Sydimiris* is likely to feel the most terrible Effects of his Displeasure : He has confined her to her Chamber, and vows to sacrifice her Life to the Honour of his Family ; which, he says, she has stained ; and he loads that admirable Lady with so many Reproaches, that it is thought, her Grief for such undeserved Calumnies will occasion her Death.

Scarce had he finished these cruel Words, when I, who all the time he had been speaking, beheld him with a dying Eye, sunk down at his Feet in a Swoon ; which continued so long, that he began to think me quite dead : However I at last opened my Eyes ; but it was only to pour forth a River of Tears, and to utter Complaints, which might have moved the most obdurate Heart.

After having a long Time tormented myself in weeping and complaining, I at last took a Resolution, which offered me some Alleviation of my Grief ; and the faithful *Toxares*, seeing me a little composed, left me to myself, with a Promise to return soon, and acquaint me with what passed further in the Palace of *Marcomire*.

As soon as he was gone, I rose from my Bed ; and, dressing myself in those Cloaths I wore when I was taken Prisoner, I went to the Palace of *Marcomire* ; and, demanding to see him, I was told he was in the Apartment of *Sydimiris* ; and, at my earnest Desire, they conducted me thither.

When

When I entered the Room, I beheld that incomparable Beauty stretched upon a Couch, dissolved in Tears; and *Urinæ* upon her Knees, before her, accompanying with her own, those precious Drops which fell from the bright Eyes of her Mistress.

Marcomire, who was walking furiously about the Room, exclaiming with the utmost Violence against that fair Sufferer, did not observe my Entrance; so that I had an Opportunity of going towards *Sydimiris*, who lifting up her Eyes to look upon me, gave a loud Shriek; and, by a Look of extreme Anguish, let me understand, how great her Apprehensions were upon my Account.

I am come, Madam, said I, to perform Part of the Promise I made you, and by dying, to prove your Innocence; and, freeing you from the Reproaches you suffer on my Account, I shall have the Happiness to convince you, that my Life is infinitely less dear to me, than your Tranquillity. *Sydimiris*, who hearkened to me with great Emotion, was going to make some Answer, when *Marcomire*, alarmed by his Sister's Shriek, came towards us, and, viewing me at first with Astonishment, and then with a Smile of Cruelty and Revenge,

Is it possible, said he, that I behold my designed Murderer again in my Power?

I am in thy Power, said I, because I am willing to be so; and came voluntarily to put myself into your Hands, to free that excellent Lady from the Imputation you have laid on her: Know, *Marcomire*, that it is to myself alone I owed my Liberty, which I would still pre-
serve

serve against all the Forces thou couldst bring to deprive me of it ; and this Sword, which left thee Life enough to threaten mine, would haply once more put yours in Danger, were I not restrained by a powerful Consideration, which leaves me not the Liberty of even wishing you ill.

Ah ! Dissembler, said *Marcomire*, in a Rage, think not to impose upon me by thy counterfeited Mildness : Thou art my Prisoner once more, and I shall take Care to prevent your escaping a second Time.

I am not your Prisoner, replied I, while I possess this Sword, which has already defended me against greater Numbers than you have here to oppose me ; but, continued I, throwing down my Sword at *Sydimiris's* Feet, I resign my Liberty to restore that Lady to your good Opinion, and to free her from those base Aspersions thou hast unjustly loaded her with, upon my Account.

It matters not, said the brutal Brother, taking up my Sword, whether thou hast resigned, or I have deprived thee of Liberty ; but since thou art in my Power, thou shalt feel all the Effects of my Resentment : Take him away, pursued he, to some of his People ; put him into the worst Dungeon you can find ; and let him be guarded carefully, upon Pain of Death, if he again escapes.

With these Words, several Men offered to lead me out of the Room ; but I repulsed them with Disdain ; and making a low Reverence to *Sydimiris*, whose Countenance expressed the Extremes of Fear and Anguish, I followed my
Con-

Conductors to the Prison allotted for me; which, hideous as it was, I contemplated with a secret Pleasure, since I had by that Action, which had brought me into it, given a Testimony of my Love for the adorable *Sydimiris*.

C H A P. VI.

In which it will be seen, that the Lady is as generous as her Lover.

I Passed some Days in this Confinement, melancholy enough: My Ignorance of the Destiny of *Sydimiris* gave me more Pain than the Sense of my own Misfortunes; and one Evening, when I was more than usually disquieted, one of my Guard entered my Prison, and, giving me a Letter, retired, without speaking a Word: I opened this Letter, with Precipitation, and by the Light of a Lamp which was allowed me, I read the following Words.

Sydimiris, To the most generous Bellmour.

IT is not enough to tell you, that the Method you took to free me from my Brother's Severity, has filled me with the utmost Esteem and Admiration. So generous an Action merits a greater Acknowledgement, and I will make no Scruple to confess, that my Heart is most sensibly touched by it: Yes, *Bellmour*, I have received this glorious Testimony of your Affection with such a Gratitude, as you yourself could have wished to inspire me with; and it shall

shall not be long, before you will have a convincing Proof of the Effect it has had upon the Spirit of

Sydimiris.

This Letter, Madam, pursued Sir *George*, being wholly calculated to make me hope that I was not hated by the divine *Sydimiris*; and that she meditated something in my Favour, I resigned myself up to the most delightful Expectations.

What! cried I, transported with the Excess of my Joy: Does the most admirable *Sydimiris* condescend to assure me; that I have touched her Heart? And does she promise me, that I shall receive some convincing Proof of her Acknowledgement?

Ah! too happy, and too fortunate *Bellmour*, to what a glorious Destiny hast thou been reserved! And how oughtest thou to adore these Fetters, that have procured thee the Esteem of the Divine *Sydimiris*! —

Such, Madam, were the Apprehensions which the Billet I had received, inspired me with. I continually flattered myself with the most pleasing Hopes; and during three Weeks longer, in which I heard no more from *Sydimiris*, my Imagination was wholly filled with those sweet Thoughts which her Letter had made me entertain.

At length, on the Evening of a Day which I had wholly spent in reading over *Sydimiris's* Letter; and interpreting the Sense of it a thousand different Ways, but all agreeable to my ardent Wishes; I saw the sage *Urinoe* enter my Prison,

Prison, accompanied by *Toxares*, whom I had not seen during my last Confinement. Wholly transported at the Sight of these Two Friends, and not doubting but they had brought me the most agreeable News, I ran towards them; and throwing myself at *Urinoe's* Feet, I begged her, in an Extacy of Joy, to acquaint me with *Sydimiris's* Commands.

Urinoe, in some Confusion at this Action, intreated me to rise. 'Tis fit, cried I, in a Transport I could not master, that in this Posture I should receive the Knowledge of that Felicity *Sydimiris* has had the Goodness to promise me. *Urinoe* sigh'd at these Words; and beholding me with a Look of Compassion and Tenderness,

Would to God, said she, that all I have to say, were as agreeable, as the first News I have to tell you; which is, that you are free, and at Liberty to leave the Town this Moment! *Sydimiris*, continued she, has bought your Freedom, at the Expence of her own; and, to deliver you from her Brother's Chains, she has put on others, haply more cruel than those you have worn: In fine, she has married a Man, whom she detested, to procure your Liberty; her Brother having granted it to her upon that Condition alone.

Scarce had *Urinoe* finished these Words, when I fell, without Sense or Motion, at her Feet. *Toxares* and she, who had foreseen what might happen, having provided themselves with Cordials necessary to restore me, brought me to myself with infinite Trouble.

Cruel!

Cruel! said I to them, with a Tone and Look, which witnessed the Excess of my Despair, Why have you hindered me from dying, at once to prevent the thousand Deaths I shall suffer from my Grief? Is this the Confirmation of those glorious Hopes *Sydimiris* had permitted me to entertain? Is this that Proof of the Acknowledgements I was to expect? And is it by throwing herself into the Arms of my Rival, that she repays those Obligations she thinks she owes me?

Ah! inhuman *Sydimiris*! was it to make my Despair more poignant, that thou flatterest me with such a Prospect of Happiness? And was it necessary to the Grandeur of thy Nuptials, that my Life should be the Sacrifice?

But, how unjust am I, cried I, repenting in an Instant of those injurious Suspicions; How unjust am I, to accuse the divine *Sydimiris* of Inhumanity? Was it not to give me Freedom, that she bestowed herself upon a Man she hates? And has she not made herself miserable for ever, to procure me a fancied Happiness?

Ah! if it be so, what a Wretch am I? I, who have been the only Cause of that Misery, to which she has doomed herself? Ah! Liberty! pursued I, how I detest thee, since purchased by the Misfortune of *Sydimiris*! And how far more sweet and glorious were those Chains, which I wore for her Sake!

My Sighs and Tears leaving me no longer the Power of Speech, I sunk down on my Bed, oppressed with a mortal Grief.

Urinoe and *Toxares* drew near to comfort me,

and said all that sensible and discreet Persons could think of to alleviate my Despair.

Though I have heard that *Sydimiris* is married, replied I, without dying immediately; yet do not imagine, that I will suffer this odious Life to continue long. If Sorrow do not quickly dispatch me, I will seek Death by other Means; for since *Sydimiris* is lost, I have no more Business in the World.

The charitable *Urinoe* and *Toxares* endeavoured in vain to divert me from this sad Resolution, when *Urinoe*, finding all their Reasonings ineffectual, drew a Letter out of her Pocket, and, presenting it to me, I had Orders, said she, not to let this Letter be delivered to you, till you had left the Town; but the Despair, to which I see you reduced, does, I conceive, dispense with my rigorous Observation of those Directions.

While *Urinoe* was speaking, I opened this Letter trembling, and found it as follows.

CHAP. VII.

Containing an Incident full as probable as any in Scudery's Romances.

Sydimiris, To Bellmour.

IF that Proof of my Gratitude, which I promised to give you, fall short of your Expectations; blame not the Defect of my Will, but the Rigour of my Destiny: It was by this
I
only

only Way I could give you Liberty; nor is it too dearly bought by the Loss of all my Happiness, if you receive it as you ought: Had I been allowed to follow my own Inclinations, there is no Man in the World I would have preferred to yourself. I owe this Confession to the Remembrance of your Affection, of which you gave me so generous an Instance; and the Use I expect you will make of it, is to console you under a Misfortune, which is common to us both; though I haply have most Reason to complain, since I could not be just to you, without being cruel at the same Time, or confer a Benefit, without loading you with a Misfortune. If the Sacrifice I have made of myself for your sake, gives me any Claim to the Continuance of your Love, I command you, by the Power it gives me over you, to live, and not add to the Miseries of my Condition, the Grief of being the Cause of your Death. Remember, I will look upon your Disobedience, as an Act of the most cruel Ingratitude; and your Compliance with this Request shall ever be esteemed, as the dearest Mark you can give of that Passion you have borne to the unfortunate

Sydimiris.

Ah! *Sydimiris*, cried I, having read this Letter, more cruel in your Kindness than Severity! After having deprived me of yourself, do you forbid me to die; and expose me by so rigorous a Command to Ills infinitely more hard and painful than Death?

Yes, pursued I, after a little Pause; yes *Sydimiris*,

dimiris, thou shalt be obeyed ; we will not dye, since thou hast commanded us to live ; and, notwithstanding the Tortures to which thou condemnest us, we will obey this Command ; and give thee a glorious Proof of our present Submission, by enduring that Life, which the Loss of thee has rendered truly wretched.

Urinoe and *Toxares*, somewhat reassured, by the Resolution I had taken, exhorted me by all the Persuasions, Friendship could put in their Mouths, to persevere in it ; and, *Urinoe* bidding me farewell, I endeavoured to prevail upon her to procure me a Sight of *Sydimiris* once more, or at least to bear a Letter from me to her ; but she refused both these Requests so obstinately, telling me, *Sydimiris* would neither consent to the one nor the other, that I was obliged to be contented with the Promise she made me, to represent my Affliction in a true Light to her Mistress ; and to assure her, that nothing but her absolute Commands could have hindered me from dying. Then, taking leave of me with much Tenderness, she went out of the Prison, leaving *Toxares* with me, who assisted me to dress, and conducted me out of that miserable Place, where I had passed so many sad, and also joyful Hours. At a Gate to which he brought me, I found a Horse waiting ; and, having embraced this faithful Confidant, with many Expressions of Gratitude, I bestowed a Ring of some Value upon him to remember me by ; and, mounting my Horse, with a breaking Heart, I took the first Road which presented itself to my Eyes, and galloped away, without knowing whither I went. I rode the whole
Night,

Night, so totally engrossed by my Despair, that I did not perceive my Horse was so tired, it could hardly carry me a Step farther: At last the poor Beast fell down under me, so that I was obliged to dismount; and, looking about me, perceived I was in a Forest, without seeing the least Appearance of any Habitation.

The Wildness and Solitude of the Place, flattered my Despair, and while my Horse was feeding upon what Grass he could find, I wandered about: The Morning just breaking, gave me Light enough to direct my Steps. Chance at last conducted me to a Cave, which seemed to have been the Residence of some Hermit, or unfortunate Lover like myself. It was dug at the Side of a Rock, the Entrance to it thick set with Bushes, which hid it from View. I descended by a few Steps cut rudely enough, and was convinced, it had formerly served for a Habitation for some religious or melancholy Person; for there were Seats of Turf raised on each Side of it, a Kind of Bed composed of dried Leaves and Rushes, and a Hole made artificially at the Top, to admit the Light.

While I considered this Place attentively, I all at once took up a Resolution, inspired by my Despair; which was, to continue there, and indulge my Melancholy in a Retirement so fitted for my Purpose.

Giving my Horse therefore Liberty to go where he pleased, and hanging up my Arms upon a Tree near my Cave, I took Possession of this solitary Mansion, with a gloomy Kind of Satisfaction, and devoted all my Hours to the Contemplation of my Misfortunes.

I lived in this Manner, Madam, for ten Months, without feeling the least Desire to change my Habitation; and, during all that time, no Mortal approached my Solitude, so that I lived perfectly secure and undiscovered.

Sir *George* pausing here to take Breath, the old Baronet said what will be found in the following Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

A single Combat fought with prodigious Valour, and described with amazing Accuracy.

G I V E me Leave, Sir, said Sir *Charles*, to ask, if you eat in all this Time?

Alas! Sir, replied Sir *George*, Sighs and Tears were all my Sustenance.

Sir *Charles*, Mr. *Glanville*, and Miss, laughing at this Answer, *Arabella* seemed greatly confused:

It is not to be imagined, said she, that Sir *George*; or, to say better, Prince *Viridomer*, lived ten Months without eating any thing to support Nature; but such trifling Circumstances are always left out, in the Relations of Histories; and truly an Audience must be very dull and unapprehensive, that cannot conceive, without being told, that a Man must necessarily eat in the Space of ten Months.

But the Food Sir *George* lived on, replied the Baronet, was very unsubstantial, and would not afford him much Nourishment.

I suppose

I suppose, resumed *Arabella*, he lived upon such Provisions as the Forest afforded him; such as wild Fruits, Herbs, bitter Sallads, and the like; which, considering the Melancholy that possessed him, would appear a voluptuous Repast; and which the unfortunate *Orontes*, when he was in the same Situation, thought infinitely too good for him.

Sir *Charles*, finding *Arabella*, took no Notice of the Historian's Hyperbole of living upon his Sighs and Tears, passed it over, for Fear of offending her; and Sir *George*, who had been in some Anxiety how to bring himself off, when he perceived *Arabella* was reasonable enough to suppose he must have eat during his Abode in the Forest, went on with his Relation in this Manner.

I lived, as I before observed to you, Madam, in this Cave for ten Months; and truly I was so reconciled to that solitary way of Life, and found so much Sweetness in it, that I believe, I should have remained there till this Day, but for the Adventure which I am going to recount.

It being my Custom to walk out every Evening in the Forest; returning to my Cave, something later than usual, I heard the Cries of a Woman at some Distance, who seemed to be in Distress: I stopped to listen from what Side those Cries proceeded; and, perceiving they seemed to approach nearer to me, I took down my Armour from the Tree where I had hung it; and hastily arming myself, shaped my Course towards the Place from whence those

Complaints seemed to come, resolving to assist that unknown Person with all the Strength that was left me.

Having gone some Paces, I spied through the Branches of the Trees a Man on Horseback with a Lady, who struggled to get loose, and at Times calling aloud for Succour.

This Sight inflaming me with Rage against that impious Ravisher; I flew towards him: And when I came within hearing;

Hold, Wretch! cried I, and cease to offer Violence to that Lady, whom thou bearest away by Force; or prepare to defend thyself against one, who will die, before he will suffer thee to prosecute thy unjust Designs.

The Man, without answering me, clapped Spurs to his Horse; and it would have been impossible to have overtaken him, had not my own Horse, which had never quitted the Forest, appeared in my View: I quickly mounted him, and followed the Track the Ravisher had taken, with such Speed, that I came up with him in a Moment.

Caitiff! said I, release the Lady, and defend thyself. These Words, which I accompanied with a thundering Blow upon his Head-piece, obliged him to set down the Lady, who implored Heaven, with the utmost Ardour, to grant me the Victory: And, recoiling back a few Paces, to take a View of me,

I know not, said he, for what Reason thou settest thyself to oppose my Designs; but I well know, that thou shalt dearly repent of thy Temerity.

Saying this, he advanced furiously towards me,

me, and aimed so heavy a Blow at my Head, that, had I not received it on my Shield, I might haply have no longer been in a Condition to defend the distressed Lady: But, having with the greatest Dexterity imaginable, avoided this Blow, I made at him with so much Fierceness, and directed my Aims so well, that in a few Moments I wounded him in several Places; and his Arms were all dyed with his Blood.

This good Success redoubled my Vigour; and having, by a lucky Stroke with my Sword, cut the Strings of his Head-piece, it fell off: And his Head being bare, I was going to let fall a dreadful Blow upon it, which doubtless would have shivered it in a thousand Pieces, when he cried out for Quarter, and, letting fall his Sword, by that Action assured me my Victory was intire.

Live Wretch, cried I, since thou art base enough to value Life after being vanquished: but swear upon my Sword, that thou wilt never more attempt the Liberty of that Lady.

While I was speaking, I perceived he was no longer able to sit his Horse: But, staggering a Moment, he fell off, and lay extended without Motion upon the Ground. Touched with Compassion at this Sight, I alighted, and, supposing him to be in a Swoon, was preparing to give him some Assistance; but, upon my nearer Approach, I found he was quite dead.

Leaving therefore this mournful Object, I turned about, with an Intention to go and offer the distressed Lady my further Help; but I perceived her already at my Feet.

Valiant Knight, said she, with a Tone of Voice so bewitching, that all my Faculties were suspended, as by Inchantment, suffer me, on my Knees, to thank you, for the Deliverance you have procured me from that base Man; since to your admirable Valour I owe not only the Preservation of my Life; but, what is infinitely dearer to me, my Honour.

The Astonishment, wherewith I beheld the miraculous Beauty that appeared before me, kept me a Moment in such an attentive Gaze, that I forgot she was at my Feet: Recollecting myself, however, with some Confusion at my Neglect,

Oh! rise, Madam, cried I, helping her up with infinite Respect, and debase not such Perfection to a Posture, in which all the Monarchs on the Earth might glory to appear before it.

That you may the better conceive the Alteration which the Sight of this fair Unknown produced in my Soul, I will endeavour, to give you a Description of her Beauty, which was altogether miraculous.

CHAP. IX.

In which the Reader will find a Description of a Beauty, in a Style truly sublime.

THE new fallen Snow, pursued Sir George, was tanned, in Comparison of the refined Purity of that White which made up the Ground

Ground of her Complexion; and, though Fear had a little gathered the Carnations of her Cheeks, yet her Joy at being delivered seemed to plant them there with such fresh Advantages, that any Eye might shrink at the Brightness of that mingled Lustre: Her Mouth, as well for Shape as Colour, might shame the Imitation of the best Pencils, and the liveliest Tints; and though through some petty Intervals of Joy, it wanted the Smiles, which Grief and Terror sequestred, yet she never opened it, but like the East, at the Birth of a beautiful Day, and then discovered Treasures, whose excellling Whiteness made the Price inestimable: All the Features of her Face had so near a Kindred to Proportion and Symmetry, as the several Masters of *Apelles's* Art might have called it his Glory to have copied Beauties from her, as the best of Models: The Circumference of her Visage shewed the Extremes of an imperfect Circle, and almost formed it to a perfect Oval: And this Abridgment of Marvels was tapered by a Pair of the brightest Stars, that ever were lighted up by the Hand of Nature: As their Colour was the same with the Heavens, there was a spherical Harmony in their Motion; and that mingled with a Vivacity so penetrating, as neither the firmest Eye, nor the strongest Soul, could arm themselves with a Resistance of Proof against those pointed Glories: Her Head was crowned with a prodigious Quantity of fair long Hair, which Colour as fitly suited the Beauty of her Eyes, as Imagination could make it: To these Marvels of Face were joined the rest of her Neck,

Hands, and Shape ; and there seemed a Contest between the Form and Whiteness of the two former, which had the largest Commission from Nature to work Wonders.

In fine, her Beauty was miraculous, and could not fail of producing a sudden Effect upon a Heart like mine.

Having passed in an Instant from the extremeest Admiration, to something yet more tender, I reiterated my Offers of Service to the fair Unknown ; who told me, she feared her Father had Occasion for some Assistance, her Ravisher having left his Men to engage him, and keep off his Pursuit, while he rode off with his Prize : Hereupon I begg'd her to direct me to the Place where she left her Father, assuring her I would gladly venture my Life a Second time, to preserve his ; and she desiring to go with me, I placed her before me on my Horse, and had the exquisite Pleasure of supporting with my Arms the fairest and most admirable Creature in the World.

In less than half an Hour, which had appeared to me but a Moment, we got to the Place where she had been torn from her Father ; whom we beheld with three of his Servants, maintaining a Fight against twice as many of their Enemies.

Having gently set down the beauteous Unknown upon the Grass, I flew to the Relief of her Father ; and, throwing myself furiously among his Assailants, dispatched two of them with so many Blows : The others, seeing so unexpected an Assistance, gave back a little ; and
I took

I took Advantage of their Consternation, to redouble my Blows, and brought Two more of them at my Feet.

There remained now but Four to overcome; and my Arrival having given new Vigour to those whose Part I had taken, they seconded me so well, that we soon had nothing more left to do; for the rest, seeing their Comrades slain, sought their Safety in Flight: We were too generous to pursue them, the Blood of such Wretches being unworthy to be shed by our Swords.

The fair Unknown, seeing us Conquerors, flew to embrace her Father; who, holding her pressed between his Arms, turned his Eyes upon me; then quitting her, came towards me, and in the most obliging Terms imaginable, returned me Thanks for the Assistance I had brought him; and being informed by his Daughter, of what I had done for her Preservation, this old Gentleman renewed his Acknowledgements, calling me the Preserver of his Life, the valiant Defender of his Daughter's Honour, his tutelary Angel, and the Guardian of his House.

In fine, he loaded me with so many Thanks and Praises, that I could not choose but be in some Confusion; and, to put an End to them, I begged he would inform me, by what Means he came into that Misfortune.

He told me, that, residing in a Castle at the Extremity of this Forest, the Charms of his Daughter had captivated a neighbouring Lord, whose Character and Person being disagreeable

both to her and himself, he had absolutely refused to give her to him: Thereupon he had set upon them as they were going to visit a Relation at some Distance, and dragging *Philonice* out of the Coach, put her before him on his Horse, and carried her away, leaving Eight of his Men to engage him, and his Servants; who, being but Four in Number, must inevitably have perished, had I not come to his Relief, and, by my miraculous Valour, vanquished all his Enemies.

Saying this, he desired me to go home with him to the Castle; and having led his Daughter to the Coach, insisted upon my placing myself next her; and, getting in himself, ordered them to return home.

This Accident having altered his Design of making the Visit which had been the Occasion of this Journey;

The Baron, for that I found was his Title, entertained me, all the Way, with repeated Expressions of Acknowledgements and Tendernefs; and the incomparable *Philonice* condescended also to assure me of her Gratitude for the Service I had done her.

At our Arrival at the Castle, I perceived it was very large and magnificent: The Baron conducted me to one of the best Apartments, and would stay in the Room till my Armour was taken off, that he might be assured I had received no Hurts: Having rendered him the like Civility in his own Chamber, and satisfied myself he was not wounded, we returned to the beautiful *Philonice*; and this second Sight
having

having finished my Defeat, I remained so absolutely her Slave, that neither *Dorothea* nor *Sydimiris* were more passionately beloved.

At the earnest Intreaty of the Baron, I staid some Weeks in the Castle; during which, the daily Sight of *Philonice* so augmented my Flames, that I was no longer in a Condition to conceal them; but, fearing to displease that Divine Beauty by a Confession of my Passion, I languished in secret; and the Constraint I laid upon myself, gave me such Torments, that I fell into a profound Melancholy, and looked so pale and dejected, that the Baron was sensible of the Alteration, and conjured me in the most pressing Terms, to acquaint him with the Cause of my Uneasiness: But though I continued obstinately silent with my Tongue, yet my Eyes spoke intelligibly enough; and the Blushes which appeared in the fair Cheeks of *Philonice*, whenever she spoke to me on the Subject of my Grief, convinced me she was not ignorant of my Passion.

At length the Agitation of my Mind throwing me into a Fever, the Baron, who was firmly persuaded, that my Illness proceeded from some concealed Vexation, pressed me continually to declare myself; and, finding all his Intreaties ineffectual, he commanded his Daughter to endeavour to find out the Cause of that Grief which had put me into such a Condition.

For that Purpose therefore, having brought the fair *Philonice* into my Chamber, he staid a few Minutes, and leaving the Room, under Pretence of Business, *Philonice* remained alone

by my Bedside, her Women, out of Respect, staying at the other End of the Chamber.

This Divine Person, seeing herself alone with me, and remembering her Father's Command, blush'd, and cast down her Eyes in such apparent Confusion, that I could not help observing it: And interpreting it to the Displeasure she took in being so near me,

Whatever Joy I take in the Honour your Visit does me, Madam, said I, in a weak Voice; yet since nothing is so dear to me, as your Satisfaction, I would rather dispense with this Mark of your Goodness to an unfortunate Wretch, than see you in the least Constraint.

And why, replied she, with a Tone full of Sweetness, do you suppose that I am here by Constraint, when it would be more just to believe, that in visiting the valiant Defender of my Honour, and the Life of my Father, I only follow my own Inclinations?

Ah! Madam, said I, transported with Joy at so favourable a Speech, the little Service I had the Happiness to do you, does not merit so infinite a Favour; and tho' I had lost the best Part of my Blood in your Defence, I should have been well rewarded with your Safety.

Since you do not repent of what you have done, replied she, I am willing to be obliged to you for another Favour; and ask it with the greater Hope of obtaining it, as I must acquaint you, it is by my Father's Command I take that Liberty, who is much interested in my Success.

There

There is no Occasion, Madam, returned I, to make use of any Interest but your own, to engage me to obey you, since that is, and ever will be, all-powerful with me: Speak then, Madam, and let me know what it is you desire of me, that I may, once in my Life, have the Glory of obeying you.

It is, said she, blushing still more than before, that you will acquaint us with the Cause of that Melancholy, which has, as we imagine, occasioned your present Illness.

At these Words I trembled, turned pale; and, not daring to discover the true Cause of my Affliction, I remained in a profound Silence.

I see, said the beautiful *Philonice*, that you have no Inclination to obey me; and since my Request has, as I perceive, given you some Disturbance, I will prevail upon my Father to press you no farther upon this Subject.

No Madam, said I, eagerly; the Baron shall be satisfied, and you shall be obeyed; though, after the Knowledge of my Crime, you doom me to that Death I so justly merit.

Yes Madam, this unfortunate Man, who has had the Glory to acquire your Esteem by the little Service he did you, has cancelled the Merit of that Service by daring to adore you.

I love you, divine *Philonice*; and, not being able either to repent, or cease to be guilty of loving you, I am resolved to die, and spare you the Trouble of pronouncing my Sentence. I beseech you therefore to believe, that I would have died in Silence, but for your Command to declare myself, and you should never have
known

known the Excess of my Love and Despair, had not my Obedience to your Will obliged me to confess it.

I finished these Words with so much Fear and Confusion, that I durst not lift my Eyes up to the fair Face of *Philonice*, to observe how she received this Discourse: I waited therefore, trembling, for her Answer; but finding that in several Minutes she spoke not a Word, I ventured at last, to cast a languishing Glance upon the Visage I adored, and saw so many Marks of Disorder upon it, that I was almost dead with the Apprehensions of having offended her beyond even the Hope of procuring her Pardon by my Death.

C H A P. X.

Wherein Sir George concludes his History, which produces an unexpected Effect.

THE Silence of *Philonice*, continued Sir George, pierced me to the Heart; and when I saw her rise from her Seat, and prepare to go away without speaking, Grief took such Possession of my Spirits, that, uttering a Cry, I fell into a Swoon, which, as I afterwards was informed, greatly alarmed the beautiful *Philonice*; who, resuming her Seat, had the Goodness to assist her Women in bringing me to myself; and, when I opened my Eyes, I had

Chap. 10. QUIXOTE. 111

the Satisfaction to behold her still by me, and all the Signs of Compassion in her Face.

This Sight a little re-assuring me ; I ask your Pardon, Madam, said I, for the Condition in which I have appeared before you, and also for that I am not yet dead, as is doubtless your Wish: But I will make Haste, pursued I, fighting, to fulfil your Desires; and you shall soon be freed from the Sight of a miserable Wretch, who, to his last Moment, will not cease to adore you.

It is not your Death that I desire, said the fair *Philonice*; and, after having preserved both my Father and me from Death, it is not reasonable, that we should suffer you to die, if we can help it.

Live therefore, *Bellmour*; pursued she, blushing; and live, if possible, without continuing in that Weakness I cannot choose but condemn: Yet whatever are your Thoughts for the future, remember that your Death will be a Fault I cannot resolve to pardon.

Speaking these Words without giving me Time to answer, she left my Chamber; and I found something so sweet and favourable in them, that I resolved to obey her, and forward my Cure as much as I was able: However, the Agitation of Spirits increased my Fever so much, that my Life was despaired of.

The Baron hardly ever left my Bed-side. *Philonice* came every Day to see me, and seemed extremely moved at the Danger I was in. One Day, when I was worse than usual, she came
close

close to the Bedside; and, opening the Curtain,

What *Bellmour*, said she, do you pay so little Obedience to my Commands, that you resolve to die?

Heaven is my Witness, Madam, said I, faintly, that nothing is so dear and sacred to me as your Commands; and since, out of your superlative Goodness, you are pleased to have some Care for my Life, I would preserve it to obey you, were it in my Power; but, alas! Madam, I strive in vain to repel the Violence of my Distemper.

In a few Days more, I was reduced to the last Extremity: it was then that the fair *Philonice* discovered, that she did not hate me; for she made no Scruple to weep before me; and those Tears she so liberally shed, had so powerful an Effect upon my Mind, that the Contentment I felt, communicated itself to my Body, and gave such a Turn to my Distemper, that my Recovery was not only hoped, but expected.

The Baron expressed his Satisfaction at this Alteration, by the most affectionate Expressions; and though the fair *Philonice* said very little, yet I perceived by the Joy that appeared in her fair Eyes, that she was not less interested in my Recovery, than her Father.

The Physicians having declared me out of Danger, the Baron, who had taken his Resolutions long before, came one Day into my Chamber; and ordering those who attended me, to leave us alone,

Prince,

Chap. 10. QUIXOTE. 113

Prince, said he, for in recounting my History to him, I had disclosed my true Quality, I am not ignorant of that Affection you bear my Daughter; and am sensible it has occasioned the Extremity to which we have seen you reduced: Had you been pleased to acquaint me with your Sentiments, you would have avoided those Displeasures you have suffered; for though your Birth were not so illustrious as it is, yet, preferring Virtue to all other Advantages, I should have esteemed my Daughter honoured by your Love, and have freely bestowed her on you: But since to those rare Qualities wherewith Heaven has so liberally endowed you, you add also that of a Birth so noble, doubt not but I shall think myself highly favoured by your Alliance: If therefore your Thoughts of my Daughter be not changed, and you esteem her worthy to be your Bride, I here solemnly promise you to bestow her upon you, as soon as you are perfectly recovered.

I leave you to guess, Madam, the Joy which I felt at this Discourse: It was so great, that it would not permit me to thank him, as I should have done, for the inestimable Blessing he bestowed on me.

I saw *Philonice* a few Minutes after; and, being commanded by her Father to give me her Hand, she did so without any Marks of Reluctance, and, having respectfully kissed it, I vowed to be her Slave for ever.

Who would have imagined, continued Sir *George*, with a profound Sigh, that Fortune, while she thus seemed to flatter me, was preparing to make me suffer the severest Torments?

ments? I began now to leave my Bed, and was able to walk about my Chamber. The Baron was making great Preparations for our Nuptials; when one Night I was alarmed with the Cries of *Philonice's* Women; and, a few Moments after, the Baron came into my Chamber, with a distracted Air.

O! Son, cried he, for so he always called me, now *Philonice* is lost both to you and me: She is carried off by Force, and I am preparing to follow and rescue her, if possible: but I fear my Endeavours will be fruitless, since I know not which Way her Ravishers have taken.

Oh! Sir, cried I, transported both with Grief and Rage, you shall not go alone: Her Rescue belongs to me; and I will effect it, or perish in the Attempt.

The Baron, having earnestly conjured me not to expose myself to the Danger of a Relapse, by so imprudent a Resolution, was obliged to quit me, Word being brought him, that his Horse was ready: And as soon as he was gone out of the Room, in spite of all that could be said to prevent me, by my Attendants, I made them put on my Armour; and, mounting a Horse I had caused to be made ready, sallied furiously out of the Castle, breathing out Vows of Vengeance against the Wretch who had robbed me of *Philonice*.

I rode the whole Night without stopping. Day appeared, when I found myself near a small Village. I entered it, and made strict Enquiry after the Ravisher of *Philonice*, describing that fair Creature, and offering vast Rewards to any who could bring me the least Intelligence

Chap. 10. QUIXOTE. 115

telligence of her: But all was in vain; I could make no Discovery.

After travelling several Days, to no Purpose, I returned to the Castle, in order to know if the Baron had been more successful in his Pursuit than myself; but I found him oppressed with Grief: He had heard no Tidings of his Daughter, and had suffered no small Apprehensions upon my Account. Having assured him I found myself very able to travel, I took an affectionate Leave of him, promising him never to give over my Search, till I had found the Divine *Philonice*: But Heaven has not permitted me that Happiness; and though I have spent several Years in searching for her, I have never been able to discover where she is: Time has not cured me of my Grief for her Loss; and, though by an Effect of my Destiny, another Object possesses my Soul, yet I do not cease to deplore her Misfortune, and to offer up Vows for her Happiness.

And is this all you have to say? said *Arabella*, whom the latter Part of his History had extremely surprised; or are we to expect a Continuance of your Adventures?

I have faithfully related all my Adventures, that are worthy your hearing, Madam, returned Sir *George*; and I flatter myself, you will do me the Justice to own, that I have been rather unfortunate than faithless; and that Mr. *Glanville* had little Reason to tax me with Inconstancy.

In my Opinion, resumed *Arabella*, Mr. *Glanville* spoke too favourably of you, when he called you only inconstant; and if he had added

ed the Epithet of Ungrateful and Unjust, he would have marked your Character better.

For, in fine, Sir, pursued she, you will never persuade any reasonable Person, that your being able to lose the Remembrance of the fair and generous *Sydimiris*, in your new Passion for *Philonice*, was not an Excess of Levity: But your suffering so tamely the Loss of this last Beauty, and allowing her to remain in the Hands of her Ravisher, while you permit another Affection to take Possession of your Soul, is such an Outrage to all Truth and Constancy, that you deserve to be ranked among the falsest of Mankind.

Alas! Madam, replied Sir *George*, who had not foreseen the Inference *Arabella* would draw from this last Adventure, What would you have an unfortunate Man, whose Hopes have been so often, and so cruelly, disappointed, do? I have bewailed the Loss of *Philonice*, with a Deluge of Tears; I have taken infinite Pains to find her, but to no Purpose; and when Heaven compassionating my Sufferings, presented to my Eyes, an Object, to whom the whole World ought to pay Adoration, how could I resist that powerful Impulse, which forced me to love what appeared so worthy of my Affection?

Call not, interrupted *Arabella*, that an irresistible Impulse, which was only the Effect of thy own changing Humour: The same Excuse might be pleaded for all the Faults we see committed in the World; and Men would no longer be answerable for their own Crimes. Had you imitated the illustrious Heroes of Antiquity, as well in the Constancy of their Affections,

fections, as, it must be confessed, you have done in their admirable Valour; you would now be either fighting in your Cave for the Loss of the generous *Sydimiris*, or wandering through the World in Search of the beautiful *Philonice*. Had you persevered in your Affection, and continued your Pursuit of that Fair-one; you would, perhaps, ere this, have found her sleeping under the Shade of a Tree in some lone Forest, as *Philodaspes* did his admirable *Delia*, or disguised in a Slave's Habit, as *Ariobarfanes* saw his Divine *Olympia*; or bound haply in a Chariot, and have had the Glory of freeing her, as *Ambriomer* did the beautiful *Agione*; or in a Ship in the Hands of Pirates, like the incomparable *Eliza*; or——

Enough, dear Niece, interrupted Sir *Charles*; you have quoted Examples sufficient, if this inconstant Man would have the Grace to follow them.

True, Sir, replied *Arabella*; and I would recommend to his Consideration the Conduct of those illustrious Persons I have named, to the end that, pursuing their Steps, he may arrive at their Glory and Happiness, that is the Reputation of being perfectly constant, and the Possession of his Mistress: And be assured, Sir, pursued *Arabella*, looking at Sir *George*, that Heaven will never restore you the Crown of your Ancestors, and place you upon the Throne to which you pretend, while you make yourself unworthy of its Protection, by so shameful an Inconstancy.

I perhaps speak with too much Freedom to a great Prince; whom though Fortune has despoiled

spoiled of his Dominions, is intitled to a certain Degree of Respect: But I conceive, it belongs to me, in a particular manner, to resent the Benefits of that Crime, to which you are pleased to make me the Excuse; and, looking upon myself as dishonoured by those often prostituted Vows you have offered me, I am to tell you, that I am highly disobliged; and forbid you to appear in my Presence again, till you have resumed those Thoughts, which are worthy your noble Extraction; and are capable of treating me with that Respect, that is my Due.

Saying this, she rose from her Seat, and walked very majestically out of the Room, leaving Sir George overwhelm'd with Shame and Vexation at having conducted the latter Part of his Narration so ill; and drawn upon himself a Sentence, which deprived him of all his Hopes.

CHAP. XI.

Containing only a few Inferences, drawn from the foregoing Chapters.

MR. Glanville, excessively delighted with this Event, could not help laughing at the unfortunate Baronet; who seemed, by his Silence, and down-cast Looks, to expect it.

Who would have imagined, said he, that so renowned a Hero would have tarnished the Glory of his Lawrels, as my Cousin says, by so base an Ingratitude? Indeed Prince, pursued he, laughing, you must resolve to recover your
 Reputa-

Reputation, either by retiring again to your Cave, and living upon bitter Herbs, for the generous *Sydimiris*; or else wander through the World, in search of the Divine *Philonice*.

Don't triumph, dear *Charles*, replied Sir *George*, laughing in his Turn; have a little Compassion upon me, and confess, that nothing could be more unfortunate, than that damn'd Slip I made at the latter End of my History: But for that, my Reputation for Courage and Constancy had been as high as the great *Oroondates*, or *Juba*.

Since you have so fertile an Invention, said Sir *Charles*, you may easily repair this Mistake. Ods heart! It is pity you are not poor enough to be an Author; you would occupy a Garret in *Grub-street*, with great Fame to yourself, and Diversion to the Public.

Oh! Sir, cried Sir *George*, I have Stock enough by me, to set up for an Author Tomorrow, if I please: I have no less than Five Tragedies, some quite, others almost finished; Three or four Essays on *Virtue*, *Happiness*, &c. Three thousand Lines of an Epic Poem; half a Dozen Epitaphs; a few Acrostics; and a long String of Puns, that would serve to embellish a Daily Paper, if I was disposed to write one.

Nay, then, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, you are qualified for a Critic at the *Bedford* Coffee-house; where with the rest of your Brothers, Demy-wits, you may sit in Judgment upon the Productions of a *Young*, a *Richardson*, or a *Johnson*. Rail with premeditated Malice at the *Rambler*; and, for the want of Faults, turn even its inimitable Beauties into Ridicule: The
Language,

Language, because it reaches to Perfection, may be called stiff, laboured, and pedantic; the Criticisms, when they let in more Light than your weak Judgment can bear, superficial and ostentatious Glitter; and because those Papers contain the finest System of Ethics yet extant, damn the queer Fellow, for over-propping Virtue; an excellent new Phrase! which those who can find no Meaning in, may accommodate with one of their own; then give shrewd Hints, that some Persons, though they do not publish their Performances, may have more Merit, than those that do.

Upon my Soul, *Charles*, said Sir *George*, thou art such an ill-natured Fellow, that I am afraid, thou wilt be sneering at me when I am gone; and wilt endeavour, to persuade Lady *Bella*, that not a Syllable of my Story is true. Speak, pursued he, wilt thou have the Cruelty to deprive me of my lawful Claim to the great Kingdom of *Kent*; and rob me of the Glory of fighting singly against Five hundred Men?

I do not know, said Sir *Charles*, whether my Niece be really imposed upon, by the Gravity with which you told your surprising History; but I protest, I thought you were in earnest at first; and that you meant to make us believe it all to be Fact.

You are so fitly punished, said Mr. *Glanville*, for that ill-judged Adventure you related last, by the bad Opinion Lady *Bella* entertains of you, that I need not add to your Misfortune: And therefore, you shall be Prince *Veridomer*, if you please; since, under that Character, you are

are obliged not to pretend to any Lady, but the incomparable *Philonice*.

Sir *George*, who understood his Meaning, went home, to think of some Means, by which he might draw himself out of the Embarrassment he was in; and Mr. *Glanville*, as he had promised, did not endeavour to undeceive Lady *Bella*, with regard to the History he had feigned; being very well satisfied with his having put it out of his Power to make his Addresses to her, since she now looked upon him as the Lover of *Philonice*.

As for Sir *Charles*, he did not penetrate into the Meaning of Sir *George*'s Story; and only imagined, that by relating such a Heap of Adventures, he had a Design to entertain the Company, and give a Proof of the Facility of his Invention; and Miss *Glanville*, who supposed, he had been ridiculing her Cousin's strange Notions, was better pleased with him than ever.

Arabella, however, was less satisfied than any of them: She could not endure to see so brave a Knight, who drew his Birth from a Race of Kings, tarnish the Glory of his gallant Actions by so base a Perfidy.

Alas! said she to herself, How much Reason has the beautiful *Philonice* to accuse me for all the Anguish she suffers? since I am the Cause, that the ungrateful Prince, on whom she bestows her Affections, suffers her to remain quietly, in the Hands of her Ravisher, without endeavouring to rescue her: But, Oh! too lovely, and unfortunate Fair-one, said she, as if she had been present, and listening to her,

distinguish, I beseech you, between those Faults, which the Will, and those which Necessity makes us commit. I am the Cause, 'tis true, of thy Lover's Infidelity; but I am the innocent Cause; and would repair the Evils, my fatal Beauty gives rise to, by any Sacrifice in my Power to make.

While *Arabella*, by her romantic Generosity, bewails the imaginary Afflictions of the full as imaginary *Philonice*; Mr. *Glanville*, who thought the Solitude she lived in, confirmed her in her absurd and ridiculous Notions, desired his Father to press her to go to *London*.

Sir *Charles* complied with his Request, and earnestly intreated her to leave the Castle, and spend a few Months in Town. Her Year of Mourning being now expired, she consented to go; but Sir *Charles*, who did not think his Son's Health absolutely confirmed, proposed to spend a few Weeks at *Bath*; which was readily complied with by *Arabella*.

The End of BOOK VI.

THE



THE
Female QUIXOTE.

BOOK VII.

CHAP. I.

*For the Shortness of which the Length
 of the next shall make some Amends.*



SIR George, to gratify Arabella's Humour, had not presumed to come to the Castle for several Days; but, hearing that they were preparing to leave the Country, he wrote a short Billet to her; and in the Style of Romance, most humbly intreated her to grant him a Moment's Audience.

Arabella being informed by Lucy, to whom Sir George's Gentleman had addressed himself, that he had brought a Letter from his Master, she

ordered her to bring him to her Apartment, and as soon as he appeared,

How comes it, said she, that the Prince your Master, has had the Presumption to importune me again, after my absolute Commands to the contrary?

The Prince, my Master, Madam! said the Man, excessively surprised.

Ay! said *Arabella*, Are you not Sir George's 'Squire? And does he not trust you with his most secret Thoughts?

I belong to Sir *George Bellmour*, Madam, replied the Man; who did not understand what she meant: I have not the Honour to be a 'Squire.

No! interrupted *Arabella*; 'tis strange then, that he should have honoured you with his Commission; Pray, what is it you come to request for him?

My Master, Madam, said he, ordered me to get this Letter delivered to your Ladyship, and to stay for your Commands.

You would persuade me, said she, sternly, being provoked that he did not deliver the Letter upon his Knees, as was the Custom in Romances, that you are not acquainted with the Purport of this audacious Billet, since you express so little Fear of my Displeasure; but know, presumptuous, that I am mortally offended with your Master, for his daring to suppose I would read this Proof at once of his Insolence and Infidelity; and was you worth my Resentment, I would haply make you suffer for your Want of Respect to me.

The poor Man, surprised and confounded at her

her Anger, and puzzled extremely to understand what she meant, was opening his Mouth to say something, 'tis probable in his own Defence, when *Arabella*, preventing him,

I know what thou wouldst say, said she: Thou wouldst abuse my Patience by a false Detail of thy Master's Sighs, Tears, Exclamations, and Despair.

Indeed, Madam, I don't intend to say any such Thing, replied the Man.

No! repeated *Arabella*, a little disappointed, Bear back this presumptuous Billet then, which I suppose contains the melancholy Account; and tell him, He that could so soon forget the generous *Sydimiris* for *Philonice*, and could afterwards be false to that incomparable Beauty, is not a Person worthy to adore *Arabella*.

The Man, who could not tell what to make of this Message, and feared he should forget these two hard Names, humbly intreated her to be pleased to acquaint his Master, by a Line, with her Intentions. *Arabella*, supposing he meant to importune her still more, made a Sign with her Hand, very majestically, for him to be gone; but he, not able to comprehend her Meaning, stood still, with an Air of Perplexity, not daring to beg her to explain herself; supposing, she, by that Sign, required something of him.

Why dost thou not obey my Commands? said *Arabella*, finding he did not go.

I will, to be sure, Madam, replied he; wishing at the same Time secretly, she would let him know what they were.

And yet, said she hastily, thou art disobey-
ing

ing me this Moment: Did I not bid you get out of my Presence, and to speak no more of your inconstant Master, whose Crimes have rendered him the Detestation of all generous Persons whatever?

Sir *George's* Messenger, extremely surprised at so harsh a Character of his Master, and the Rage with which the Lady seemed to be actuated, made haste to get out of her Apartment; and, at his Return, informed his Master, very exactly, of the Reception he had met with, repeating all Lady *Bella's* Words; which, notwithstanding the Blunders he made in the Names of *Sydimiris* and *Philonice*, Sir *George* understood well enough; and found new Occasion of wondering at the Excess of *Arabella's* Extravagance, who he never imagined would have explained herself in that Manner to his Servant.

Without endeavouring therefore to see *Arabella*, he went to pay his Compliments to Sir *Charles*, Mr. *Glanville*, and Miss *Glanville*; to the last of whom he said some soft Things, that made her extremely regret his staying behind them in the Country.

CHAP. II.

Not so long as was first intended; but contains, however, a surprising Adventure on the Road.

THE Day of their Departure being come, they set out in a Coach and Six, attended by several Servants on Horseback. The first Day's

Day's Journey passed off, without any Accident worthy relating; but, towards the Close of the Second, they were alarmed by the Appearance of three Highwaymen, well mounted, at a small Distance.

One of the Servants, who had first spied them, immediately rode up to the Coach; and, for fear of alarming the Ladies, whispered Mr. *Glanville* in the Ear.

Sir *Charles*, who was sitting next his Son, and had heard it, cried out with too little Caution, How's this? Are we in any Danger of being attacked, say you?

Mr. *Glanville*, without replying, jumped out of the Coach; at which Miss *Glanville* screamed out; and, lest her Father should follow, sprung into her Brother's Seat, and held him fast by the Coat.

Arabella, being in a strange Consternation at all this, put her Head out of the Coach, to see what was the Matter; and, observing Three or Four Men of a genteel Appearance, on Horseback, who seemed to halt, and gaze on them, without offering to advance;

Sir, said she to her Uncle, are yonder Knights the Persons whom you suppose will attack us?

Ay, ay, said Sir *Charles*, they are Knights of the Road indeed: I suppose we shall have a Bout with them; for it will be scandalous to deliver, since we have the Odds of our Side, and are more than a Match for them.

Arabella, interpreting these Words in her own Way, looked out again; and, seeing the Robbers, who had by this Time taken their Resolution, galloping towards them, her Cou-

fin and the Servants ranging themselves of each Side of the Coach, as if to defend them,

Hold, hold, valiant Men, said she, as loud as she could speak, addressing herself to the Highwaymen; do not, by a mistaken Generosity, hazard your Lives in a Combat, to which the Laws of Honour do not oblige you: We are not violently carried away, as you falsely suppose; we go willingly along with these Persons, who are our Friends and Relations.

Hey-day! cried Sir *Charles*, staring at her with great Surprise; what's the Meaning of all this? Do you think these Fellows will mind your fine Speeches, Niece?

I hope they will, Sir, said she: Then, pulling her Cousin, Shew yourself, for Heaven's Sake, Miss, pursued she, and second my Assurances, that we are not forced away: These generous Men come to fight for our Deliverance.

The Highwaymen, who were near enough to hear *Arabella's* Voice, though they could not distinguish her Words, gazed on her with great Surprise; and, finding they would be very well received, thought fit to abandon their Enterprize, and galloped away as fast as they were able. Some of the Servants made a Motion to pursue them; but Mr. *Glanville* forbid it; and, entering again into the Coach, congratulated the Ladies upon the Escape they had had.

Since these Men, said *Arabella*, did not come to deliver us, out of a mistaken Notion, that we were carried away by Force, it must necessarily follow, they had some bad Design; and

I protest I know not who to suspect is the Author of it, unless the Person you vanquished,
said

said she to Mr. *Glanville*, the other Day in a single Combat; for the disguised *Edward*, you assured me, was dead: But perhaps, continued she, it was some Lover of Miss *Glanville*'s who designed to make an Attempt to carry her away: Methinks he was too slenderly attended for such an hazardous Undertaking.

I'll assure you Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, I have no Lovers among Highwaymen.

Highwaymen! repeated *Arabella*.

Why, ay, to be sure, Madam, rejoined Sir *Charles*: What do you take them for?

For Persons of Quality, Sir, resumed *Arabella*; and though they came, questionless, either upon a good or bad Design, yet it cannot be doubted, but that their Birth is illustrious; otherwise they would never pretend either to fight in our Defence, or to carry us away.

I vow, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, I can't possibly understand you.

My Cousin, Sir, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, has been mistaken in these Persons; and has not yet, possibly, believed them to be Highwaymen, who came to rob us.

There is no Question, Sir, said *Arabella*, smiling, that if they did not come to defend us, they came to rob you: But it is hard to guess, which of us it was of whom they designed to deprive you; for it may very possibly be for my Cousin's Sake, as well as mine, that this Enterprize was undertaken.

Pardon me, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, who was willing to prevent his Father from answering her Absurdities; these Men had no other Design than to rob us of our Money.

How! said *Arabella*: Were these Cavaliers, who appeared to be in so handsome a Garb, that I took them for Persons of prime Quality, were they Robbers? I have been strangely mistaken, it seems: However, I apprehend there is no Certainty, that your Suspicions are true; and it may still be as I say, that they either came to rescue or carry us away.

Mr. *Glanville*, to avoid a longer Dispute, changed the Discourse; having observed with Confusion, that Sir *Charles*, and his Sister, seemed to look upon his beloved Cousin as one that was out of her Senses.

C H A P. III.

Which concludes with an authentic Piece of History.

ARABELLA, during the rest of this Journey, was so wholly taken up in contemplating upon the last Adventure, that she mixed but little in the Conversation. Upon their drawing near *Bath*, the Situation of that City afforded her the Means of making a Comparison between the Valley in which it was placed (with the amphitheatrical View of the Hills around it) and the Valley of *Tempe*.

'Twas in such a Place as this, said she, pursuing her Comparison, that the fair *Andronice* delivered the valiant *Hortensius*: And really I could wish, our Entrance into that City might be

be preceded by an Act of equal Humanity with that of that fair Princess.

For the Gratification of that Wish, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, it is necessary some Person should meet with a Misfortune, out of which you might be able to relieve him; but I suppose the Benevolence of your Disposition may be equally satisfied with not finding any Occasion, as of exercising it, when it is found.

Though it be not my Fortune to meet with those Occasions, replied *Arabella*, there is no Reason to doubt but others do, who possibly have less Inclination to afford their Assistance than myself: And it is possible, if any other than the Princess of *Messina* had happened to pass by, when *Hortensius* was in the Hands of the *Thessalians*, he would not have been rescued from the ignominious Death he was destined to, merely for killing a Stork.

How! interrupted Sir *Charles*, put a Man to Death for killing a Stork! Ridiculous! Pray, in what Part of the World did that happen? Among the *Indians* of *America*, I suppose.

No, Sir, said *Arabella*, in *Thessaly*; the fairest Part in all *Macedonia*, famous for the beautiful Valley of *Tempe*, which excited the Curiosity of all Travellers whatever.

No, not all, Madam, returned Sir *Charles*; for I am acquainted with several Travellers, who never saw it, nor even mentioned it; and if it is so famous as you say, I am surprised I never heard of it before.

I don't know, said *Arabella*, what those Travellers thought worthy of their Notice; but I am certain, that if any Chance should conduct

me into *Macedonia*, I would not leave it till I saw the Valley of *Tempe*, so celebrated by all the Poets and Historians.

Dear Cousin, cried *Glanville*, who could hardly forbear smiling, what Chance, in the Name of Wonder, should take you into *Turky*. at so great a Distance from your own Country?

And so, said Sir *Charles*, this famous Valley of *Tempe* is in *Turky*. Why you must be very fond of travelling, indeed, Lady *Bella*, if you would go into the *Great Mogul's* Country, where the People are all Pagans, they say, and worship the Devil.

The Country my Cousin speaks of, said Mr. *Glanville*, is in the Grand Signor's Dominions: The *Great Mogul*, you know, Sir——

Well, interrupted Sir *Charles*, the *Great Mogul*, or the Grand Signor, I know not what you call him: But I hope my Niece does not propose to go thither.

Not unless I am forcibly carried thither, said *Arabella*; but I do determine, if that Misfortune should ever happen to me, that I would, if possible, visit the Valley of *Tempe*, which is in that Part of *Greece* they call *Macedonia*.

Then I am persuaded, replied Sir *Charles*, you'll never see that famous Vale you talk of; for it is not very likely you should be forcibly carried away into *Turky*.

And why do you think it unlikely, that I should be carried thither? interrupted *Arabella*. Do not the same Things happen now, that did formerly? And is any thing more common, than Ladies being carried, by their Ravishers,

into Countries far distant from their own? May not the same Accidents happen to me, that have happened to so many illustrious Ladies before me? And may I not be carried into *Macedonia* by a Similitude of Destiny with that of a great many beautiful Princeesses, who, though born in the most distant Quarters of the World, chanced to meet at one time in the City of *Alexandria*, and related their miraculous Adventures to each other?

And it was for that very Purpose they met, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, smiling.

Why, truly, said *Arabella*, it happened very luckily for each of them, that they were brought into a Place where they found so many illustrious Companions in Misfortune, to whom they might freely communicate their Adventures, which otherwise might, haply, have been concealed, or, at least, have been imperfectly delivered down to us: However, added she, smiling, if I am carried into *Macedonia*, and by that means have an Opportunity of visiting the famous Vale of *Tempe*, I shall take care not to draw the Resentment of the *Thessalians* upon me, by an Indiscretion like that of *Hortensius*.

For be pleased to know, Sir, said she, addressing herself to her Uncle, that his killing a Stork, however inconsiderable a Matter it may appear to us, was yet looked upon as a Crime of a very atrocious Nature among the *Thessalians*; for they have a Law, which forbids, upon Pain of Death, the killing of Storks; the Reason for which is, that *Thessaly* being subject to be infested with a prodigious Multitude
of

of Serpents, which are a delightful Food to these sort of Fowls, they look upon them as sacred Birds, sent by the Gods to deliver them from these Serpents and Vipers: and though *Hortensius*, being a Stranger, was pardoned through the Intercession of the Princess *Andronice*, they made him promise to send another Stork into *Thessaly*, to the End that he might be reputed innocent.

CHAP. IV.

In which one of our Heroine's Whims is justified, by some others full as whimsical.

THIS Piece of History, with Sir *Charles's* Remarks upon it, brought them into Bath. Their Lodgings being provided beforehand, the Ladies retired to their different Chambers, to repose themselves after the Fatigue of their Journey, and did not meet again till Supper was on Table; when Miss *Glanville*, who had eagerly enquired what Company was then in the Place, and heard there were a great many Persons of Fashion just arrived, prest *Arabella* to go to the Pump-Room the next Morning, assuring her she would find a very agreeable Amusement.

Arabella accordingly consented to accompany her; and, being told the Ladies went in an Undress of a Morning, she accommodated herself to the Custom, and went in a negligent Dress; but instead of a Capuchin, she wore something

like a Veil, of black Gauze, which covered almost all her Face, and Part of her Waist, and gave her a very singular Appearance.

Miss *Glanville* was too envious of her Cousin's Superiority in point of Beauty, to inform her of any Oddity in her Dress, which she thought might expose her to the Ridicule of those that saw her; and Mr. *Glanville* was too little a Critic in Ladies Apparel, to be sensible that *Arabella* was not in the Fashion; and since every Thing she wore became her extremely, he could not choose but think she dressed admirably well: He handed her therefore, with a great deal of Satisfaction, into the Pump-Room, which happened to be greatly crowded that Morning.

The Attention of most Part of the Company was immediately engaged by the Appearance Lady *Bella* made. Strangers are here most strictly criticized, and every new Object affords a delicious Feast of Raillery and Scandal.

The Ladies, alarmed at the Singularity of her Dress, crowded together in Parties; and the Words, Who can she be? Strange Creature! Ridiculous! and other Exclamations of the same Kind, were whispered very intelligibly.

The Men were struck with her Figure, veiled as she was: Her fine Stature, the beautiful Turn of her Person, the Grace and Elegance of her Motion, attracted all their Notice: The Phænomena of the Veil, however, gave them great Disturbance. So lovely a Person seemed to promise the Owner had a Face not unworthy of it; but that was totally hid from

from their View: For *Arabella*, at her Entrance into the Room, had pulled the Gauze quite over her Face, following therein the Custom of the Ladies in *Clelia*, and the *Grand Cyrus*, who, in mixed Companies, always hid their Faces with great Care.

The Wits and Pretty-Fellows, railed at the envious Covering, and compared her to the Sun obscured by a Cloud; while the Beaux *dem'd* the horrid Innovation, and expressed a Fear, lest it should grow into a Fashion.

Some of the wiser Sort took her for a Foreigner; others, of still more Sagacity, supposed her a *Scots* Lady, covered with her Plaid; and a third Sort, infinitely wiser than either, concluded she was a *Spanish* Nun, that had escaped from a Convent, and had not yet quitted her Veil.

Arabella, ignorant of the Diversity of Opinions, to which her Appearance gave Rise, was taken up in discoursing with Mr. *Glanville* upon the medicinal Virtue of the Springs, the Oeconomy of the Baths, the Nature of the Diversions, and such other Topicks, as the Objects around them furnished her with.

In the mean Time, Miss *Glanville* was got amidst a Croud of her Acquaintance, who had hardly paid the Civilities of a first Meeting, before they eagerly enquired, who that Lady she brought with her was.

Miss *Glanville* informed them, that she was her Cousin, and Daughter to the deceased Marquis of—— adding with a Sneer, That she had been brought up in the Country; knew nothing of the World; and had some very peculiar Notions,

tions, as you may see, said she, by that odd kind of Covering she wears.

Her Name and Quality were presently whispered all over the Room: The Men, hearing she was a great Heiress, found greater Beauties to admire in her Person: The Ladies, aw'd by the Sanction of Quality, dropt their Ridicule on her Dress, and begun to quote Examples of Whims full as inexcusable.

One remembred, that Lady *J— F—* always wore her Ruffles reversed; that the Countess of——went to Court in a Farthingale; that the Dutchess of——sat astride upon a Horse; and a certain Lady of great Fortune, and nearly allied to Quality, because she was not dignified with a Title, invented a new one for herself; and directed her Servants to say in speaking to her, *Your Honourss*, which afterwards became a Custom among all her Acquaintance; who mortally offended her if they omitted that Instance of Respect.

C H A P. V.

Containing some historical Anecdotes, the Truth of which may possibly be doubted, as they are not to be found in any of the Historians.

AFTER a short Stay in the Room, *Arabella* expressing a Desire to return home, Mr. *Glanville* conducted her out. Two Gentlemen of his Acquaintance attending Miss *Glanville*,

ville, Sir Charles detained them to Breakfast; by which Means they had an Opportunity of satisfying their Curiosity; and beheld *Arabella*, divested of that Veil, which had, as they said, and 'tis probable they said no more than they thought, concealed one of the finest Faces in the World.

Miss *Glanville* had the Mortification to see both the Gentlemen so charmed with the Sight of her Cousin's Face, that for a long time she sat wholly neglected; but the Seriousness of her Behaviour, giving some little Disgust to the youngest of them, who was what the Ladies call a pretty Fellow, a dear Creature, and the most diverting Man in the World; he applied himself wholly to Miss *Glanville*, and soon engaged her in a particular Conversation.

Mr. *Selvin*, so was the other Gentleman called, was of a much graver Cast: He affected to be thought deep-read in History, and never failed to take all Opportunities of displaying his Knowledge of Antiquity, which was indeed but very superficial; but having some few Anecdotes by Heart, which he would take Occasion to introduce as often as he could, he passed among many Persons for one, who, by Application and Study, had acquired an universal Knowledge of antient History.

Speaking of any particular Circumstance, he would fix the Time, by computing the Year with the Number of the Olympiads.

It happened, he would say, in the 141st Olympiad.

Such an amazing Exactness, had a suitable Effect

Effect on his Audience, and always procured him a great Degree of Attention.

This Gentleman hitherto had no Opportunity of displaying his Knowledge of History, the Discourse having wholly turned upon News, and other Trifles; when *Arabella*, after some more Enquiries concerning the Place, remarked, that there was a very great Difference between the medicinal Waters at *Bath*, and the fine Springs at the Foot of the Mountain *Thermopylae* in *Greece*, as well in their Qualities, as manner of using them; and I am of Opinion, added she, that *Bath*, famous as it is for restoring Health, is less frequented by infirm Persons, than the famous Springs of *Thermopylae* were by the Beauties of *Greece*, to whom those Waters have the Reputation of giving new Lustre.

Mr. *Selvin*, who, with all his Reading, had never met with any Account of these celebrated *Grecian* Springs, was extremely disconcerted at not being able to continue a Conversation, which the Silence of the rest of the Company made him imagine, was directed wholly to him.

The Shame he conceived at seeing himself posed by a Girl, in a Matter which so immediately belonged to him, made him resolve to draw himself out of this Dilemma at any Rate; and, though he was far from being convinced, that there were no such Springs at *Thermopylae* as *Arabella* mentioned; yet he resolutely maintained that she must be mistaken in their Situation; for, to his certain Knowledge, there were

no medicinal Waters at the Foot of that Mountain.

Arabella, who could not endure to be contradicted in what she took to be so incontestable a Fact, reddened with Vexation at his unexpected Denial.

It should seem, said she, by your Discourse, that you are unacquainted with many material Passages, that passed among very illustrious Persons there; and if you knew any thing of *Pisistratus* the *Athenian*, you would know, that an Adventure he had at those Baths, laid the Foundation of all those great Designs, which he afterwards effected, to the total Subversion of the *Athenian* Government.

Mr. Selwin, surpris'd that this Piece of History had likewise escaped his Observation, resolv'd, however, not to give up his Point.

I think, Madam, replied he, with great Self-sufficiency, that I am pretty well acquainted with every thing which relates to the Affairs of the *Athenian* Commonwealth; and know by what Steps *Pisistratus* advanced himself to the Sovereignty. It was indeed a great Stroke of Policy in him, said he, turning to *Mr. Glanville*, to wound himself, in order to get a Guard assigned him.

You are mistaken, Sir, said *Arabella*, if you believe, there was any Truth in the Report of his having wounded himself: It was done, either by his Rival *Lycurgus* or *Theocritus*; who believing him still to be in Love with the fair *Gerinthe*, whom he courted, took that Way to get rid of him: Neither is it true, that Ambition alone inspir'd *Pisistratus* with a Design of enslaving

enslaving his Country : Those Authors who say so, must know little of the Springs and Motives of his Conduct. It was neither Ambition nor Revenge, that made him act as he did ; it was the violent Affection he conceived for the beautiful *Cleorante*, whom he first saw at the famous Baths of *Thermopylae*, which put him upon those Designs ; for, seeing that *Lycurgus*, who was not his Rival in Ambition, but Love, would certainly become the Possessor of *Cleorante*, unless he made himself Tyrant of *Athens*, he had Recourse to that violent Method, in order to preserve her for himself.

I protest, Madam, said Mr. *Selvin*, casting down his Eyes in great Confusion at her superior Knowledge in History, these Particulars have all escaped my Notice ; and this is the first time I ever understood, that *Pisistratus* was violently in Love ; and that it was not Ambition, which made him aspire to Sovereignty.

I do not remember any Mention of this in *Plutarch*, continued he, rubbing his Forehead, or any of the Authors who have treated on the Affairs of *Greece*.

Very likely, Sir, replied *Arabella* ; but you will see the whole Story of *Pisistratus's* Love for *Cleorante*, with the Effects it produced, related at large in *Scudery*.

Scudery, Madam ! said the sage Mr. *Selvin*, I never read that Historian.

No, Sir ! replied *Arabella*, then your Reading has been very confined.

I know, Madam, said he, that *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and *Plutarch*, have indeed quoted him frequently.

I am

I am surpris'd, Sir, said Mr. *Glanville*, who was excessively diverted at this Discovery of his great Ignorance and Affectation, that you have not read that famous Historian; especially, as the Writers you have mentioned quote him so often.

Why, to tell you the Truth, Sir, said he; though he was a *Roman*; yet it is objected to him, that he wrote but indifferent *Latin*; with no Purity or Elegance; and——

You are quite mistaken, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*; the great *Scudery* was a *Frenchman*; and both his *Clelia* and *Artamanes* were written in *French*.

A *Frenchman* was he? said Mr. *Selvin*, with a lofty Air: Oh! then, 'tis not surpris'ing, that I have not read him: I read no Authors, but the Antients, Madam, added he, with a Look of Self-applause; I cannot relish the Moderns at all: I have no Taste for their Way of Writing.

But *Scudery* must needs be more ancient than *Thucydides*, and the rest of those *Greek* Historians you mentioned, said Mr. *Glanville*: How else could they quote him?

Mr. *Selvin* was here so utterly at a Loss, that he could not conceal his Confusion: He held down his Head, and continued silent; while the Beau, who had listened to the latter Part of their Discourse; exerted his supposed Talent of Raillery against the unhappy Admirer of the antient Authors; and increased his Confusion by a thousand Sarcasms, which gave more Diversion to himself, than any Body else.

C H A P. VI.

*Which contains some excellent Rules for
Raillery.*

MR. *Glanville*, who had too much Politeness and Good-nature to insist too long upon the Ridicule in the Character of his Acquaintance, changed the Discourse: And *Arabella*, who had observed, with some Concern, the ill-judged Raillery of the young Beau, took Occasion to decry that Species of Wit; and gave it as her Opinion, that it was very dangerous and unpleasing.

For, truly, said she, it is almost impossible to use it without being hated or feared; and whoever gets a Habit of it, is in Danger of wronging all the Laws of Friendship and Humanity.

Certainly, pursued she, looking at the Beau, it is extremely unjust to railly one's Friends, and particular Acquaintance: First, choose them well, and be as nice as you please in the Choice; but when you have chosen them, by no means play upon them: 'Tis cruel and malicious, to divert one's self at the Expence of one's Friend.

However, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, who was charmed to hear her talk so rationally, you may give People Leave to railly their Enemies.

Truly, resumed *Arabella*, I cannot allow that, any more than upon Friends; for Raillery is the poorest kind of Revenge that can be taken:
Methinks,

Methinks, it is mean to railly Persons who have a small Share of Merit; since, haply, their Defects were born with them, and not of their own acquiring; and it is great Injustice to defcant upon one slight Fault in Men of Parts, to the Prejudice of a thousand good Qualities.

For aught I see, Madam, said the Beau, you will not allow one to railly any Body.

I am of Opinion, Sir, said *Arabella*, that there are very few proper Objects for Raillery; and still fewer, who can railly well: The Talent of Raillery ought to be born with a Person; no Art can infuse it; and those who endeavour to railly in spite of Nature, will be so far from diverting others, that they will become the Objects of Ridicule themselves.

Many other pleasing Qualities of Wit may be acquired by Pains and Study, but Raillery must be the Gift of Nature: It is not enough to have many lively and agreeable Thoughts; but there must be such an Expression, as must convey their full Force and Meaning; the Air, the Aspect, the Tone of the Voice, and every Part in general, must contribute to its Perfection.

There ought also to be a great Distance between Raillery and Satire, so that one may never be mistaken for the other: Raillery ought indeed to surprise, and sensibly touch, those to whom it is directed; but I would not have the Wounds it makes, either deep or lasting: Let those who feel it, be hurt like Persons, who, gathering Roses, are pricked by the Thorns, and find a sweet Smell to make amends.

I would

I would have Raillery raise the Fancy, and quicken the Imagination, the Fire of its Wit should only enable us to trace its Original, and shine as the Stars do, but not burn. Yet, after all, I cannot greatly approve of Raillery, or cease to think it dangerous; and, to pursue my Comparison, said she, with an enchanting Smile, Persons who possess the true Talent of Raillery, are like Comets; they are seldom seen, and are at once admir'd and fear'd.

I protest, Lady *Bella*, said Sir *Charles*, who had listen'd to her with many Signs of Admiration, you speak like an Orator.

One would not imagine, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, who saw *Arabella* in some Confusion at the coarse Praise her Uncle gave her, that my Cousin could speak so accurately of a Quality she never practises: And 'tis easy to judge by what she has said, that no body can railly finer than herself, if she pleases.

Mr. *Selvin*, tho' he bore her a Grudge for knowing more History than he did, yet assur'd her, that she had given the best Rules imaginable for raillying well. But the Beau, whom she had silenc'd by her Reproof, was extremely angry; and, supposing it would mortify her to see him pay Court to her Cousin, he redoubled his Affiduties to Miss *Glanville*, who was highly delighted at seeing *Arabella* less taken Notice of by this gay Gentleman, than herself.

C H A P. VII.

In which the Author condescends to be very minute in the Description of our Heroine's Dress.

THE Indifference of Mr. *Tinsel*, convincing Miss *Glanville*, that *Arabella* was less to be dreaded than she imagin'd, she had no Reluctance at seeing her prepare for her publick Appearance the next Ball Night.

Having consulted her Fancy in a rich Silver Stuff, she had bought for that Purpose, a Person was sent for to make it; and *Arabella*, who follow'd no Fashion but her own Taste, which was form'd on the Manners of the Heroines, order'd the Woman to make her a Robe after the same Model as the Princess *Julia's*.

The Mantua-maker, who thought it might do her great Prejudice with her new Customer, to acknowledge she knew nothing of the Princess *Julia*, or the Fashion of her Gown, replied at Random, and with great Pertness,

That, that Taste was quite out; and, she would advise her Ladyship to have her Cloaths made in the present Mode, which was far more becoming.

You can never persuade me, said *Arabella*, that any Fashion can be more becoming than that of the Princess *Julia's*, who was the most gallant Princess upon Earth, and knew better than any other, how to set off her Charms. It may indeed be a little obsolete now, pursued she,

she, for the Fashion could not but alter a little in the Compass of near two thousand Years.

Two thousand Years! Madam, said the Woman, in a great Surprize; Lord help us Tradespeople, if they did not alter a thousand Times in as many Days! I thought your Ladyship was speaking of the last Month's Taste; which, as I said before, is quite out now.

Well, replied *Arabella*, let the present Mode be what it will, I insist upon having my Cloaths made after the Pattern of the beautiful Daughter of *Augustus*; being convinced, that none other can be half so becoming.

What Fashion was that, pray, Madam, said the Woman? I never saw it.

How, replied *Arabella*, have you already forgot the Fashion of the Princess *Julia's* Robe, which you said was wore but last Month? Or, are you ignorant that the Princess *Julia*, and the Daughter of *Augustus*, is the same Person?

I protest, Madam, said the Woman, extremely confus'd, I had forgot that, till you called it to my Mind.

Well, said *Arabella*, make me a Robe in the same Taste.

The Mantua-maker was now wholly at a Loss in what Manner to behave; for, being conscious that she knew nothing of the Princess *Julia's* Fashion, she could not undertake to make it without Directions; and she was afraid of discovering her Ignorance by asking for any; so that her Silence and Embarrassment persuading *Arabella* she knew nothing of the Matter, she dismiss'd her with a small Present, for the Trouble she had given her, and had recourse

to her usual Expedient, which was, to make one of her Women, who understood a little of the Mantua-making Business, make a Robe for her, after her own Directions.

Miss *Glanville*, who imagin'd she had sent for Work-women, in order to have Cloaths made in the modern Taste, was surpriz'd at her Entrance into her Chamber, to see her dressing for the Ball, in a Habit singular to the last Degree.

She wore no Hoop, and the Blue and Silver Stuff of her Robe, was only kept by its own Richness, from hanging close about her. It was quite open round her Breast, which was shaded with a rich Border of Lace; and clasping close to her Waist, by small Knots of Diamonds, descended in a sweeping Train on the Ground.

The Sleeves were short, wide, and slash'd, fastned in different Places with Diamonds, and her Arms were partly hid by half a Dozen Falls of Ruffles. Her Hair, which fell in very easy Ringlets on her Neck, was plac'd with great Care and Exactness round her lovely Face; and the Jewels and Ribbons, which were all her Head-dress, dispos'd to the greatest Advantage.

Upon the whole, nothing could be more singularly becoming than her Dress; or set off with greater Advantage the striking Beauties of her Person.

Miss *Glanville*, tho' she was not displeas'd to see her persist in her Singularity of Dress; yet could not behold her look so lovely in it, without feeling a secret Uneasiness; but consoling herself with the Hopes of the Ridicule she would

would occasion, she assum'd a chearful Air, approv'd her Taste in the Choice of her Colours, and went with her at the usual Hour, to the Rooms, attended by Mr. *Glanville*, Mr. *Selvin*, and the young Beau we have formerly mention'd.

The Surprize *Arabella's* unusual Appearance gave to the whole Company, was very visible to every one but herself.

The Moment she enter'd the Room, every one whisper'd the Person next to them; and for some Moments, nothing was heard but the Words, the Princess *Julia*; which was eccho'd at every Corner, and at last attracted her Observation.

Mr. *Glanville*, and the rest of the Company with her, were in some Confusion at the universal Exclamation, which they imagin'd was occasion'd by the Singularity of her Habit; tho' they could not conceive, why they gave her that Title. Had they known the Adventure of the Mantua-maker, it would doubtless have easily occur'd to them; for the Woman had no sooner left *Arabella*, than she related the Conference she had with a Lady newly arriv'd, who had requir'd her to make a Robe in the Manner of the Princess *Julia's*; and dismiss'd her, because she did not understand the Fashions that prevail'd two thousand Years ago.

This Story was quickly dispers'd, and for its Novelty, afforded a great deal of Diversion; every one long'd to see a Fashion of such Antiquity; and expected the Appearance of the Princess *Julia* with great Impatience.

It is not to be doubted but much Mirth was treasur'd up for her Appearance; and the occasional Humourist had already prepared his accustomed Jest, when the Sight of the devoted fair One repell'd his Vivacity, and the design'd Ridicule of the whole Assembly.

Scarce had the tumultuous Whisper escap'd the Lips of each Individual, when they found themselves aw'd to Respect by that irresistible Charm in the Person of *Arabella*, which commanded Reverence and Love from all who beheld her.

Her noble Air, the native Dignity in her Looks, the inexpressible Grace which accompany'd all her Motions, and the consummate Loveliness of her Form, drew the Admiration of the whole Assembly.

A respectful Silence succeeded, and the Astonishment her Beauty occasion'd, left them no Room to descant on the Absurdity of her Dress.

Miss *Glanville*, who felt a malicious Joy at the Sneers she expected would be cast on her Cousin, was greatly disappointed at the Deference which seem'd to be paid her; and to vent some Part of her Spleen, took occasion to mention her Surprise, at the Behaviour of the Company on their Entrance; wondering what they could mean by whispering the Princess *Julia* to one another.

I assure you, said *Arabella*, smiling, I am not less surpriz'd than you at it; and since they directed their Looks to me at the same Time, I fancy they either took me for some Princess of the Name of *Julia*, who is expected here to-
Night,

Night, or else flatter me with some Resemblance to the beautiful Daughter of *Augustus*.

The Comparifon, Madam, faid Mr. *Selvin*, who took all Occafions to fhew his Reading, is too injurious to you, for I am of Opinion you as much excel that licentious Lady in the Beauties of your Perfon, as you do in the Qualities of your Mind.

I never heard Licentiousnefs imputed to the Daughter of *Augustus Cæfar*, faid *Arabella*; and the moft her Enemies can fay of her, is, that ſhe loved Admiration, and would permit herſelf to be beloved, and to be told ſo, without fhewing any Signs of Diſpleaſure.

Blefs me, Madam, interrupted Mr. *Selvin*, how ſtrangely do you miſtake the Character of *Julia*: Tho' the Daughter of an Emperor, ſhe was, pardon the Exprefſion, the moſt abandon'd Proſtitute in *Rome*; many of her Intrigues are recorded in Hiſtory; but to mention only one, Was not her infamous Commerce with *Ovid*, the Cauſe of his Banifhment?

C H A P. VIII.

Some Reflexions very fit, and others very unfit for an Aſſembly-Room.

YOU ſpeak in ſtrange Terms, replied *Arabella*, bluſhing, of a Princeſs, who if ſhe was not the moſt reſerv'd and ſevere Perſon in the World, was yet nevertheleſs, abſolutely chaſte.

I know there were People who represented her Partiality for *Ovid* in a very unfavourable Light; but that ingenious Poet, when he related his History to the great *Agrippa*, told him in Confidence all that had pass'd between him and the Princess *Julia*, than which nothing could be more innocent, tho' a little indiscreet. For, 'tis certain that she permitted him to love her, and did not condemn him to any rigorous Punishment for daring to tell her so; yet, for all this, as I said before, tho' she was not altogether so austere as she ought to have been, yet she was nevertheless a most virtuous Princess.

Mr. *Selvin*, not daring to contradict a Lady whose extensive Reading had furnish'd her with Anecdotes unknown almost to any Body else, by his Silence confess'd her Superiority. But Mr. *Glanville*, who knew all these Anecdotes were drawn from Romances, which he found contradicted the known Facts in History, and assign'd the most ridiculous Causes for Things of the greatest Importance; could not help smiling at the Facility with which Mr. *Selvin* gave into those idle Absurdities. For notwithstanding his Affectation of great Reading, his superficial Knowledge of History made it extremely easy to deceive him; and as it was his Custom to mark in his Pocket-Book all the Scraps of History he heard introduced into Conversation, and retail them again in other Company; he did not doubt but he would make a Figure with the curious Circumstances *Arabella* had furnish'd him with.

Arabella observing Mr. *Tinsel* by his familiar Bows, significant Smiles, and easy Salutations,

was acquainted with the greatest Part of the Assembly, told him, that she did not doubt but he knew the Adventures of many Persons whom they were viewing; and that he would do her a Pleasure, if he would relate some of them.

Mr. *Tinsel* was charm'd with a Request which afforded him an Opportunity of gratifying a favourite Inclination, and seating himself near her immediately, was beginning to obey her Injunctions, when she gracefully intreated him to stay a Moment; and calling to Mr. *Glanville*, and his Sister, who were talking to Mr. *Selvin*, ask'd them if they chose to partake of a more rational Amusement than Dancing, and listen to the Adventures of some illustrious Persons, which Mr. *Tinsel* had promis'd to relate.

I assure you, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, smiling, you will find that a less innocent Amusement than Dancing.

Why so, Sir, replied *Arabella*, since it is not an indiscreet Curiosity which prompts me to a Desire of hearing the Histories Mr. *Tinsel* has promis'd to entertain me with; but rather a Hope of hearing something which may at once improve and delight me; something which may excite my Admiration, engage my Esteem, or influence my Practice.

'Twas doubtless, with such Motives as these, that we find Princesses and Ladies of the most illustrious Rank, in *Clelia* and the Grand *Cyrus*, listening to the Adventures of Persons, in whom they were probably as little interested, as we are in these around us. Kings, Princes and Commanders of Armies, thought it was no Waste of their Time, in the midst of the

Hurry and Clamour of a Camp, to listen many Hours to the Relation of one single History, and not fill'd with any extraordinary Events; but haply a simple Recital of common Occurrences: The great *Cyrus* while he was busy in reducing all *Asia* to his Yoke, heard nevertheless, the Histories of all the considerable Persons in the Camp, besides those of Strangers, and even his Enemies. If there was therefore any thing either criminal or mean, in hearing the Adventures of others, do you imagine so many great and illustrious Persons would have given in to such an Amusement?

After this *Arabella* turn'd gravely about to Mr. *Tinsel*, and told him, he was at Liberty to begin his Recital.

The Beau, a little disconcerted by the Solemnity with which she requested his Information, knew not how to begin with the Formality that he saw was required of him; and therefore sat silent for a few Moments; which *Arabella* suppos'd was to recall to his Memory all the Passages he propos'd to relate.

His Perplexity would probably have increas'd instead of lessening by the profound Silence which she observed, had not Miss *Glanville* seated herself with a sprightly Air on the other Side of him, and directing his Eyes to a tall handsome Woman that had just enter'd, ask'd him pleasantly, to tell her History if he knew it.

Mr. *Tinsel*, brought into his usual Track by this Question, answer'd smiling, That the History of that Lady was yet a Secret, or known but to a very few; but my Intelligence, added
he,

he, is generally the earliest, and may always be depended on.

Perhaps, said *Arabella*, the Lady is one of your Acquaintances, and favour'd you with the Recital of her Adventures from her own Mouth.

No, really, Madam, answer'd Mr. *Tinsel*, surpriz'd at the great Simplicity of *Arabella*, for so he understood it; the Lady, I believe, is not so communicative: And to say the Truth, I should not chuse to hear her Adventures from herself, since she certainly would suppress the most material Circumstances.

In a Word, said he, lowering his Voice, That Lady was for many Years the Mistress of a young military Nobleman, whom she was so complaisant to follow in all his Campaigns, Marches, Sieges, and every Inconveniency of War: He married her in *Gibraltar*, from whence he is lately arriv'd, and introduc'd his new Lady to his noble Brother, by whom she was not unfavourably receiv'd. 'Tis worth remarking, that this same haughty Peer thought fit to resent with implacable Obstinacy, the Marriage of another of his Brothers, with the Widow of a brave Officer, of considerable Rank in the Army. 'Tis true, she was several Years older than the young Lord, and had no Fortune; but the Duke assign'd other Reasons for his Displeasure: He complain'd loudly, that his Brother had dishonour'd the Nobility of his Birth, by this Alliance, and continued his Resentment till the Death of the young Hero, who gave many remarkable Proofs of his Courage and Fortitude upon several Occasions, and died gloriously before the Walls of *Carthagena*;

leaving his disconsolate Lady a Widow a second Time, with the Acquisition of a Title indeed, but a very small Addition to her Fortune.

Observe that gay, splendid Lady, I beseech you, Madam, pursued he, turning to *Arabella*; how affectedly she looks and talks, and throws her Eyes around the Room, with a haughty Self-sufficiency in her Aspect, and insolent Contempt for every Thing but herself. Her Habit, her Speech, her Motions, are all *French*; nothing in *England* is able to please her; the People so dull, so awkwardly polite, the Manners so gross; no Delicacy, no Elegance, no Magnificence in their Persons, Houses, or Diversions; every thing is so distasteful, there is no living in such a Place. One may crawl about, indeed, she says, and make a shift to breathe in the odious Country, but one cannot be said to live; and with all the Requisites to render Life delightful, here, one can only suffer, not enjoy it.

Would one not imagine, pursued he, this fine Lady was a Person of very exalted Rank, who has the Sanction of Birth, Riches, and Grandeur for her extraordinary Pride; and yet she is no other than the Daughter of an Inn-Keeper at *Spa*, and had the exalted Post assign'd her of attending new Lodgers to their Apartments, acquainting them with all the Conveniences of the Place, answering an humble Question or two concerning what Company was in the Town, what Scandal was stirring, and the like.

One

One of our great Sea Commanders going thither for his Health, happen'd to lodge at this Inn; and was so struck with her Charms, that he marry'd her in a few Weeks, and soon after brought her to *England*.

Such was the Origin of this fantastick Lady; whose insupportable Pride and ridiculous Affectation, draws Contempt and Aversion wherever she appears.

Did I not tell you, Madam, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, that the Amusement you had chose was not so innocent as Dancing? What a deal of Scandal has Mr. *Tinsel* utter'd in the Compass of a few Minutes?

I assure you, replied *Arabella*, I know not what to make of the Histories he has been relating. I think they do not deserve that Name, and are rather detached Pieces of Satire on particular Persons, than a serious Relation of Facts. I confess my Expectations from this Gentleman have not been answer'd.

I think, however, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, we may allow that there is a negative Merit in the Relations Mr. *Tinsel* has made; for, if he has not shewn us any Thing to approve, he has at least shewn us what to condemn.

The Ugliness of Vice, reply'd *Arabella*, ought only to be represented to the Vicious; to whom Satire, like a magnifying Glass, may aggravate every Defect, in order to make its Deformity appear more hideous; but since its End is only to reprove and amend, it should never be address'd to any but those who come within its Correction, and may be the better for it: A virtuous Mind need not be shewn
the

the Deformity of Vice, to make it be hated and avoided; the more pure and uncorrupted our Ideas are, the less shall we be influenc'd by Example. A natural Propensity to Virtue or Vice often determines the Choice: 'Tis sufficient therefore to shew a good Mind what it ought to pursue, though a bad one must be told what to avoid. In a Word, one ought to be always incited, the other always restrain'd.

I vow, Lady *Bella*, said Miss *Glanville*, you'd make one think one came here to hear a Sermon; you are so very grave, and talk upon such high-flown Subjects. What Harm was there in what Mr. *Tinsel* was telling us? It would be hard indeed, if one might not divert one's self with other Peoples Faults.

I am afraid, Miss, said *Arabella*, those who can divert themselves with the Faults of others, are not behind hand in affording Diversion. And that very Inclination, added she, smilingly, to hear other Peoples Faults, may by those very People, be condemned as one, and afford them the same Kind of ill-natur'd Pleasure you are so desirous of.

Nay, Madam, return'd Miss *Glanville*, your Ladyship was the first who introduc'd the Discourse you condemn so much. Did not you desire Mr. *Tinsel* to tell you Histories about the Company; and ask my Brother and me, to come and hear them?

'Tis true, reply'd *Arabella*, that I did desire you to partake with me of a pleasing and rational Amusement, for such I imagin'd Mr. *Tinsel*'s Histories might afford; far from a Detail of Vices, Follies, and Irregularities, I expected

expected to have heard the Adventures of some illustrious Personages related; between whose Actions, and those of the Heroes and Heroines of Antiquity, I might have found some Resemblance.

For Instance, I hop'd to have heard imitated the sublime Courage of a *Clelia*, who, to save her Honour from the Attempts of the impious *Tarquin*, leapt into the River *Tyber*, and swam to the other Side; or the noble Resolution of the incomparable *Candace*, who, to escape out of the Hands of her Ravisher, the Pirate *Zenadorus*, set Fire to his Vessel with her own Hands, and committed herself to the Mercy of the Waves: Or, the Constancy and Affection of a *Mandana*, who, for the Sake of a *Cyrus*, refused the richest Crowns in the World, and braved the Terrors of Death to preserve herself for him.

As for the Men, I hoped to have heard of some who might have almost equall'd the great *Oroondates*, the invincible *Artaban*, the valiant *Juba*, the renowned *Alcarnenes*, and many thousand Heroes of Antiquity; whose glorious Exploits in War, and unshaken Constancy in Love, have given them immortal Fame.

While *Arabella* was uttering this long Speech, with great Emotion, Miss *Glanville*, with a sly Look at the Beau, gave him to understand, that was her Cousin's Foible.

Mr. *Tinsel*, however, not able to comprehend the Meaning of what she said, listen'd to her with many Signs of Perplexity and Wonder.

Mr. *Selvin* in secret repin'd at her prodigious Knowledge of History; and Mr. *Glanville*,
with

with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, bit his Lips almost through with Madness.

In the mean Time, several among the Company, desirous of hearing what the strange Lady was saying so loud, and with so much Eagerness and Emotion, gather'd round them; which Mr. *Glanville* observing, and fearing *Arabella* would expose herself still farther, whisper'd his Sister to get her away, if possible.

Miss *Glanville*, tho' very unwilling, obey'd his Injunctions; and complaining of a sudden Head-ach, *Arabella* immediately propos'd retiring, which was joyfully complied with by Mr. *Glanville*, who with the other Gentlemen attended them home.

CHAP. IX.

Being a Chapter of the Satyrical Kind.

AT their Return, Sir *Charles* told his Niece, That she had now had a Specimen of the World, and some of the fashionable Amusements; and ask'd her, how she had been entertain'd.

Why, truly, Sir, replied she, smiling, I have brought away no great Relish for a Renewal of the Amusement I have partaken of To-night. If the World, in which you seem to think I am but new initiated, affords only these Kinds of Pleasures, I shall very soon regret the Solitude and Books I have quitted.

Why

Why pray, said Miss *Glanville*? What Kind of Amusements did your Ladyship expect to find in the World? And what was there disagreeable in your Entertainment to Night? I am sure there is no Place in *England*, except *London*, where there is so much good Company to be met with, as here. The Assembly was very numerous and brilliant, and one can be at no Loss for Amusements: The Pump-Room in the Morning, the Parade, and the Rooms, in the Evening, with little occasional Parties of Pleasure, will find one sufficient Employment, and leave none of one's Time to lye useless upon one's Hand.

I am of Opinion, replied *Arabella*, that one's Time is far from being well employ'd in the Manner you portion it out: And People who spend theirs in such trifling Amusements, must certainly live to very little Purpose.

What room, I pray you, does a Lady give for high and noble Adventures, who consumes her Days in Dressing, Dancing, listening to Songs, and ranging the Walks with People as thoughtless as herself? How mean and contemptible a Figure must a Life spent in such idle Amusements make in History? Or rather, are not such Persons always buried in Oblivion, and can any Pen be found who would condescend to record such inconsiderable Actions?

Nor can I persuade myself, added she, that any of those Men whom I saw at the Assembly, with Figures so feminine, Voices so soft, such tripping Steps, and unmeaning Gestures, have ever signalized either their Courage or Constancy;

stancy ; but might be overcome by their Enemy in Battle, or be false to their Mistress in Love.

Law ! Cousin, reply'd Miss *Glanville*, you are always talking of Battles and Fighting. Do you expect that Persons of Quality, and fine Gentlemen, will go to the Wars ? What Business have they to fight ? That belongs to the Officers.

Then every fine Gentleman is an Officer, said *Arabella* ; and some other Title ought to be found out for Men who do nothing but Dance and Dress.

I could never have imagined, interrupted Mr. *Tinsel*, surveying *Arabella*, that a Lady so elegant and gay in her own Appearance, should have an Aversion to Pleasure and Magnificence.

I assure you, Sir, replied *Arabella*, I have an Aversion to neither : On the contrary, I am a great Admirer of both. But my Ideas of Amusements and Grandeur are probably different from yours.

I will allow the Ladies to be solicitous about their Habits, and dress with all the Care and Elegance they are capable of ; but such Trifles are below the Consideration of a Man, who ought not to owe the Dignity of his Appearance to the Embroidery on his Coat, but to his high and noble Air, the Grandeur of his Courage, the Elevation of his Sentiments, and the many heroick Actions he has perform'd.

Such a Man will dress his Person with a graceful Simplicity, and lavish all his Gold and Embroidery upon his Armour, to render him conspicuous in the Day of Battle. The Plumes in his Helmet will look more graceful in the
Field,

Chap. 9. QUIXOTE. 163

Field, than the Feather in his Hat at a Ball ; and Jewels blaze with more Propriety on his Shield and Cuirafs in Battle, than glittering on his Finger in a Dance.

Do not imagine, however, pursued ſhe, that I abſolutely condemn Dancing, and think it a Diverſion wholly unworthy of a Hero.

Hiſtory has recorded ſome very famous Balls, at which the moſt illuſtrious Perſons in the World have appear'd.

Cyrus the Great, we are inform'd, open'd a Ball with the divine *Mandana* at *Sardis*. The renown'd King of *Scythia* danc'd with the Princeſs *Cleopatra* at *Alexandria*. The brave *Cleomedon* with the fair *Candace* at *Ethiopia* ; but theſe Diverſions were taken but ſeldom, and conſider'd indeed as an Amuſement, not as a Part of the Buſineſs of Life.

How would ſo many glorious Battles have been fought, Cities taken, Ladies reſcu'd, and other great and noble Adventures been atchiev'd, if the Men, ſunk in Sloth and Effeminacy, had continually followed the Sound of a Fiddle, ſaunter'd in publick Walks, or tattled over a Tea-table.

I vow, Couſin, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, you are infinitely more ſevere in your Cenſures than Mr. *Tinſel* was at the Aſſembly. You had little Reaſon methinks to be angry with him.

All I have ſaid, reply'd *Arabella*, was the natural Inference from your own Account of the Manner in which People live here. When Actions are a Cenſure upon themſelves, the Reciter will always be conſider'd as a Satiriſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

In which our Heroine justifies her own Notions by some very illustrious Examples.

MR. *Selvin* and Mr. *Tinsel*, who had listen'd attentively to this Discourse of *Ara-bella*, took Leave as soon as it was ended, and went away with very different Opinions of her.

Mr. *Tinsel* declaring she was a Fool, and had no Knowledge of the World, and Mr. *Selvin* convinc'd she was a Wit, and very learn'd in Antiquity.

Certainly, said Mr. *Selvin*, in Support of his Opinion, the Lady has great Judgment; has been capable of prodigious Application, as is apparent by her extensive Reading: Then her Memory is quite miraculous. I protest, I am quite charm'd with her: I never met with such a Woman in my Life.

Her Cousin, in my Opinion, reply'd Mr. *Tinsel*, is infinitely beyond her in every Merit, but Beauty. How sprightly and free her Conversation? What a thorough Knowledge of the World? So true a Taste for polite Amusements, and a Fund of Spirits that sets Vapours and Spleen at Defiance.

This Speech bringing on a Comparison between the Ladies, the Champions for each grew so warm in the Dispute, that they had like to have quarrell'd. However, by the Interposition
of

of some other Gentlemen who were with them, they parted tolerable Friends that Night, and renew'd their Visits to Sir *Charles* in the Morning.

They found only Miss *Glanville* with her Father and Brother. *Arabella* generally spent the Mornings in her own Chamber, where Reading and the Labours of the Toilet employ'd her Time till Dinner: Tho' it must be confess'd to her Honour, that the latter engross'd but a very small Part of it.

Miss *Glanville*, with whom the Beau had a long Conversation at one of the Windows; in which he recounted his Dispute with Mr. *Selvin*, and the Danger he ran of being pink'd in a Duel, that was his Phrase, for her Sake, at last propos'd a Walk; to which she consented, and engaged to prevail upon *Arabella* to accompany them.

That Lady at first positively refused, alleging in Excuse, That she was so extremely interested in the Fate of the Princess *Melisinda*, whose Story she was reading, that she could not stir till she had finish'd it.

That poor Princess, continu'd she, is at present in a most terrible Situation. She has just set Fire to the Palace, in order to avoid the Embraces of a King who forced her to marry him. I am in Pain to know how she escapes the Flames.

Phaw, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, let her perish there, if she will: Don't let her hinder our Walk.

Who is it you doom with so much Cruelty to perish, said *Arabella*, closing the Book, and looking

looking stedfastly on her Cousin? Is it the beautiful *Melisantha*, that Princess, whose Fortitude and Patience have justly render'd her the Admiration of the whole World? That Princess, descended from a Race of Heroes, whose heroick Virtues all glowed in her own beauteous Breast; that Princess, who, when taken Captive with the King her Father, bore her Imprisonment and Chains with a marvellous Constancy; and who, when she had enslaved her Conqueror, and given Fetters to the Prince who held her Father and herself in Bonds, nobly refus'd the Diadem he profer'd her, and devoted herself to Destruction, in order to punish the Enemy of her House. I am not able to relate the rest of her History, seeing I have read no further myself; but if you will be pleased to sit down and listen to me while I read what remains, I am persuaded you will find new Cause to love and admire this amiable Princess.

Pardon me, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, I have heard enough; and I could have been very well satisfied not to have heard so much. I think we waste a great deal of Time talking about People we know nothing of. The Morning will be quite lost, if we don't make Haste. Come, added she, you must go: You have a new Lover below, who waits to go with us; he'll die if I don't bring you.

A new Lover! return'd *Arabella*, surpriz'd.

Aye, aye, said Miss *Glanville*, the learned Mr. *Selvin*; I assure you, he had almost quarrell'd with Mr. *Tinsel* last Night about your Ladyship.

Arabella,

Arabella, at this Intelligence, casting down her Eyes, discover'd many Signs of Anger and Confusion : And after a Silence of some Moments, during which, Miss *Glanville* had been employ'd in adjusting her Dress at the Glass, addressing herself to her Cousin with an Accent somewhat less sweet than before,

Had any other than yourself, Miss, said she, acquainted me with the Presumption of that unfortunate Person, I should haply have discover'd my Resentment in other Terms : But, as it is, must inform you, that I take it extremely ill, you should be necessary to giving me this Offence.

Hey day ! said Miss *Glanville*, turning about hastily, How have I offended your Ladyship, pray ?

I am willing to hope, Cousin, reply'd *Arabella*, that it was only to divert yourself with the Trouble and Confusion in which you see me, that you have indiscreetly told Things which ought to have been buried in Silence.

And what is all this mighty Trouble and Confusion about then, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, smiling ? Is it because I told you, Mr. *Selvin* was a Lover of your Ladyship ?

Certainly, said *Arabella*, such an Information is sufficient to give one a great deal of Perplexity. Is it such a little Matter, think you, to be told that a Man has the Presumption to love one ?

A meer Trifle, replied Miss *Glanville*, laughing ; a hundred Lovers are not worth a Moment's Thought, when one's sure of them, for then the Trouble is all over. And as for this
unfortunate

unfortunate Person, as your Ladyship called him, let him die at his Leisure, while we go to the Parade.

Your Levity, Cousin, said *Arabella*, forces me to smile, notwithstanding the Cause I have to be incens'd; however, I have Charity enough to make me not desire the Death of Mr. *Selvin*, who may repair the Crime he has been guilty of by Repentance and Discontinuation.

Well then, said Miss *Glanville*, you are resolved to go to the Parade: Shall I reach you your odd Kind of Capuchin?

How, said *Arabella*, can I with any Propriety see a Man who has discover'd himself to have a Passion for me? Will he not construe such a Favour into a Permission for him to hope?

Oh! no, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, he does not imagine I have told your Ladyship he loves you; for indeed he don't know that I am acquainted with his Passion.

Then he is less culpable than I thought him, reply'd *Arabella*; and if you think I am in no Danger of hearing a Confession of his Fault from his own Mouth, I'll comply with your Request, and go with you to the Parade. But added she, I must first engage you to promise not to leave me alone a Moment, lest he should take Advantage of such an Opportunity, to give some Hint of his Passion, that would force me to treat him very rigorously.

Miss *Glanville* answer'd laughing, That she would be sure to mind her Directions. However, said she, your Ladyship need not be apprehensive he will say any fine Things to you; for

for I knew a young Lady he was formerly in Love with, and the odious Creature visited her a Twelve-month before he found Courage enough to tell her she was handsome.

Doubtless, reply'd *Arabella*, he was much to be commended for his Respect. A Lover should never have the Presumption to declare his Passion to his Mistress, unless in certain Circumstances, which may at the same Time in part disarm her Anger. For Instance, he must struggle with the Violence of his Passion, till it has cast him into a Fever. His Physicians must give him over, pronouncing his Distemper incurable, since the Cause of it being in his Mind, all their Art is incapable of removing it. Thus he must suffer, rejoicing at the Approach of Death, which will free him from all his Torments, without violating the Respect he owes to the Divine Object of his Flame. At length, when he has but a few Hours to live, his Mistress, with many Signs of Compassion, conjures him to tell her the Cause of his Despair. The Lover, conscious of his Crime, evades all her Inquiries; but the Lady laying at last a peremptory Command upon him to disclose the Secret, he dares not disobey her, and acknowledges his Passion with the utmost Contrition for having offended her; bidding her take the small Remainder of his Life to expiate his Crime; and finishes his Discourse by falling into a Swoon.

The Lady is touch'd at his Condition, commands him to live; and if necessary, permits him to hope.

This is the most common Way in which such Declarations are, and ought to be brought about. However, there are others, which are as well calculated for sparing a Lady's Confusion, and deprecating her Wrath.

The Lover, for Example, like the Prince of the *Massagetes*, after having buried his Passion in Silence for many Years, may chance to be walking with his Confidant in a retir'd Place; to whom, with a Deluge of Tears, he relates the Excess of his Passion and Despair. And while he is thus unbosoming his Grievs, not in the least suspecting he is overheard, his Princess, who had been listening to him in much Trouble and Confusion, by some little Rustling she makes, unawares discovers herself.

The surpriz'd Lover throws himself at her Feet, begs Pardon for his Rashness, observes that he had never presum'd to discover his Passion to her; and implores her Leave to die before her, as a Punishment for his undesign'd Offence.

The Method which the great *Artamenes* took to let the Princess of *Media* know he adored her, was not less respectful. This valiant Prince, who had long loved her, being to fight a great Battle, in which he had some secret Presages he should fall, which however deceiv'd him, wrote a long Letter to the divine *Mandana*, wherein he discover'd his Passion, and the Resolution his Respect had inspir'd him with, to consume in Silence, and never presume to disclose his Love while he lived; acquainted her, that he had order'd that Letter not to be deliver'd to her, till it was certainly known that he was dead.

Accordingly

Accordingly he receiv'd several Wounds in the Fight, which brought him to the Ground, and his Body not being found, they concluded it was in the Enemy's Possession.

His faithful 'Squire, who had receiv'd his Instructions before the Battle, hastens to the Princess, who, with all the Court, is mightily affected at his Death.

He presents her the Letter, which she makes no Scruple to receive, since the Writer is no more. She reads it, and her whole Soul is melted with Compassion; she bewails his Fate with the most tender and affectionate Marks of Grief.

Her Confidant asks why she is so much affected, since in all Probability, she would not have pardon'd him for loving her, had he been alive?

She acknowledges the Truth of her Observation, takes Notice that his Death having cancell'd his Crime, his respectful Passion alone employs her Thoughts; she is resolv'd to bewail as innocent and worthy of Compassion when dead, him whom living she would treat as a Criminal, and insinuates, that her Heart had entertain'd an Affection for him.

Her Confidant treasures up this Hint, and endeavours to console her, but in vain, till News is brought, that *Artamenes*, who had been carry'd for dead out of the Field, and by a very surprizing Adventure conceal'd all this Time, is return'd.

The Princess is cover'd with Confusion, and tho' glad he is alive, resolves to banish him for his Crime.

Her Confidant pleads his Cause so well, that she consents to see him; and, since he can no longer conceal his Passion, he confirms the Confession in his Letter, humbly begging Pardon for being still alive.

The Princess, who cannot plead Ignorance of his Passion, nor deny the Sorrow she testify'd for his Death, condescends to pardon him, and he is also permitted to hope. In like Manner the great Prince of *Persia*——

Does your Ladyship consider how late it is! interrupted Miss *Glanville*, who had hitherto very impatiently listen'd to her. Don't let us keep the Gentlemen waiting any longer for us.

I must inform you how the Prince of *Persia* declar'd his Love for the incomparable *Berenice*, said *Arabella*.

Another Time, dear Cousin, said Miss *Glanville*; methinks we have talk'd long enough upon this Subject.

I am sorry the Time has seem'd so tedious to you, said *Arabella*, smiling; and therefore I'll trespass no longer upon your Patience. Then ordering *Lucy* to bring her Hat and Gloves, she went down Stairs, follow'd by Miss *Glanville*, who was greatly disappointed at her not putting on her Veil.

CHAP. XI.

In which our Heroine being mistaken herself, gives Occasion for a great many other Mistakes.

AS soon as the Ladies enter'd the Room, Mr. *Selvin*, with more Gaiety than usual, advanc'd towards *Arabella*, who put on so cold and severe a Countenance at his Approach, that the poor Man extremely confus'd, drew back, and remain'd in great Perplexity, fearing he had offended her.

Mr. *Tinsel*, seeing Mr. *Selvin*'s Reception, and aw'd by the becoming Majesty in her Person, notwithstanding all his Assurance, accosted her with less Confidence than was his Custom; but *Arabella* softning her Looks with the most engaging Smiles, made an Apology for detaining them so long from the Parade, gave her Hand to the Beau, as being not a suspected Person, and permitted him to lead her out, Mr. *Glanville*, to whom she always allow'd the Preference on those Occasions, being a little indispos'd, and not able to attend her.

Mr. *Tinsel*, whose Vanity was greatly flatter'd by the Preference *Arabella* gave him to his Companion, proceeded, according to his usual Custom, to examine her Looks and Behaviour with more Care; conceiving such a Preference must proceed, from a latent Motive which was not unfavourable for him. His Discernment on these Occasions being very surprising,

prising, he soon discover'd in the bright Eyes of *Arabella* a secret Approbation of his Person, which he endeavour'd to increase by displaying it with all the Address he was Master of, and did not fail to talk her into an Opinion of his Wit, by ridiculing every Body that pass'd them, and directing several study'd Compliments to herself.

Miss *Glanville*, who was not so agreeably entertain'd by the grave Mr. *Selvin*, saw these Advances to a Gallantry with her Cousin with great Disturbance: She was resolv'd to interrupt it, if possible, and being convinc'd Mr. *Selvin* preferr'd *Arabella's* Conversation to hers, she plotted how to pair them together, and have the Beau to herself.

As they walk'd a few Paces behind her Cousin and Mr. *Tinsel*, she was in no Danger of being over-heard; and taking Occasion to put Mr. *Selvin* in mind of *Arabella's* Behaviour to him, when he accosted her; she ask'd him, if he was conscious of having done any thing to offend her?

I protest, Madam, reply'd Mr. *Selvin*, I know not of any thing I have done to displease her. I never fail'd, to my Knowledge, in my Respects towards her Ladyship, for whom indeed I have a most profound Veneration.

I know so much of her Temper, resum'd Miss *Glanville*, as to be certain, if she has taken it into her Head to be angry with you, she will be ten times more so at your Indifference: And if you hope for her Favour, you must ask her Pardon with the most earnest Submission imaginable.

If I knew I had offended her, reply'd Mr. *Selvin*, I would very willingly ask her Pardon; but really, since I have not been guilty of any Fault towards her Ladyship, I don't know how to acknowledge it.

Well, said Miss *Glanville* coldly, I only took the Liberty to give you some friendly Advice, which you may follow, or not, as you please. I know my Cousin is angry at something, and I wish you were Friends again, that's all.

I am mightily oblig'd to you, Madam, said Mr. *Selvin*; and since you assure me her Ladyship is angry, I'll ask her Pardon, tho', really, as I said before, I don't know for what.

Well, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, we'll join them at the End of the Parade; and to give you an Opportunity of speaking to my Cousin, I'll engage Mr. *Tinsel* myself.

Mr. *Selvin*, who thought himself greatly oblig'd to Miss *Glanville* for her good Intentions, tho' in reality she had a View of exposing of her Cousin, as well as an Inclination to engage Mr. *Tinsel*, took Courage as they turn'd, to get on the other Side of *Arabella*, whom he had not dar'd before to approach, while Miss *Glanville*, addressing a Whisper of no great Importance to her Cousin, parted her from the Beau, and slackning her Pace a little, fell into a particular Discourse with him, which *Arabella* being too polite to interrupt, remain'd in a very perplexing Situation, dreading every Moment that Mr. *Selvin* would explain himself. Alarm'd at his Silence, yet resolv'd to interrupt him if he began to speak, and afraid of beginning a Con-

versation first, lest he should construe it to his Advantage.

Mr. *Selvin* being naturally timid in the Company of Ladies, the Circumstance of Disgrace which he was in with *Arabella*, her Silence and Reserve so added to his accustom'd Diffidence, that tho' he endeavour'd several times to speak, he was not able to bring out any thing but a preluding Hem; which he observ'd, to his extreme Confusion, seem'd always to encrease *Arabella's* Constraint.

Indeed, that Lady, upon any Suspicion that he was going to break his mysterious Silence, always contracted her Brow into a Frown, cast down her Eyes with an Air of Perplexity, endeavour'd to hide her Blushes with her Fan; and to shew her Inattention, directed her Looks to the contrary Side.

The Lady and Gentleman being in equal Confusion, no Advances were made on either Side towards a Conversation, and they had reach'd almost the End of the Parade in an uninterrupted Silence; when Mr. *Selvin*, fearing he should never again have so good an Opportunity of making his Peace, collected all his Resolution, and with an Accent trembling under the Importance of the Speech he was going to make, began,

Madam, Since I have had the Honour of walking with your Ladyship, I have observed so many Signs of Constraint in your Manner, that I hardly dare intreat you to grant me a Moment's Hearing while I——

Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, before you go any further, I must inform you, that what you are going

going to say will mortally offend me. Take heed then how you commit an Indiscretion which will force me to treat you very rigorously.

If your Ladyship will not allow me to speak in my own Justification, said Mr. *Selvin*, yet I hope you will not refuse to tell me my Offence, since I —

You are very confident, indeed, interrupted *Arabella* again, to suppose I will repeat what would be infinitely grievous for me to hear. Against my Will, pursued she, I must give you the Satisfaction to know, that I am not ignorant of your Crime, but I also assure you that I am highly incens'd; and that not only with the Thoughts you have dar'd to entertain of me, but likewise with your Presumption in going about to disclose them.

Mr. *Selvin*, whom the seeming Contradictions in this Speech astonish'd, yet imagin'd in general it hinted at the Dispute between him and Mr. *Tinsel*; and supposing the Story had been told to his Disadvantage, which was the Cause of her Anger, reply'd in great Emotion at the Injustice done him,

Since somebody has been so officious to acquaint your Ladyship with an Affair which ought to have been kept from your Knowledge; 'tis a Pity they did not inform you, that Mr. *Tinsel* was the Person that had the least Respect for your Ladyship, and is more worthy of your Resentment.

If Mr. *Tinsel*, replied *Arabella*, is guilty of an Offence like yours, yet since he has conceal'd it better, he is less culpable than you; and you have done that for him, which haply

he would never have had Courage enough to do for himself as long as he lived.

Poor *Selvin*, quite confounded at these intricate Words, would have begg'd her to explain herself, had she not silenc'd him with a dreadful Frown: And making a Stop till Miss *Glanville* and Mr. *Tinsel* came up to them, she told her Cousin with a peevish Accent, that she had perform'd her Promise very ill; and whisper'd her, that she was to blame for all the Mortifications she had suffer'd.

Mr. *Tinsel*, supposing the Alteration in *Arabella's* Humour proceeded from being so long depriv'd of his Company; endeavour'd to make her Amends by a Profusion of Compliments; which she receiv'd with such an Air of Displeasure, that the Beau, vex'd at the ill Success of his Gallantry, told her, he was afraid Mr. *Selvin's* Gravity had infected her Ladyship.

Say rather, reply'd *Arabella*, that his Indiscretion has offended me.

Mr. *Tinsel*, charm'd with this beginning Confidence, which confirm'd his Hopes of having made some Impression on her Heart; conjur'd her very earnestly to tell him how Mr. *Selvin* had offended her.

'Tis sufficient, resum'd she, that I tell you he has offended me, without declaring the Nature of his Crime, since doubtless it has not escap'd your Observation, which, if I may believe him, is not wholly disinterested. To confess yet more, 'tis true that he hath told me something concerning you, which—

Let me perish, Madam, interrupted the Beau, if one Syllable he has said be true.

How,

Chap. 12. QUIXOTE. 179

How, said *Arabella*, a little disconcerted, Will you always persist in a Denial then?

Deny it, Madam, return'd Mr. *Tinsel*, I'll deny what he has said with my last Breath, 'tis all a scandalous Forgery: No Man living is less likely to think of your Ladyship in that Manner. If you knew my Thoughts, Madam, you would be convinc'd nothing is more impossible, and——

Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, extremely mortify'd, methinks you are very eager in your Justification. I promise you, I do not think you guilty of the Offence he charg'd you with; if I did, you would haply experience my Resentment in such a Manner, as would make you repent of your Presumption.

Arabella, in finishing these Words, interrupted Miss *Glanville*'s Discourse with Mr. *Selvin*, to tell her, she desir'd to return Home; to which that young Lady, who had not been at all pleas'd with the Morning's Walk, consented.

C H A P. XII.

In which our Heroine reconciles herself to a mortifying Incident, by recollecting an Adventure in a Romance, similar to her own.

AS soon as the Ladies were come to their Lodgings, *Arabella* went up to her own Apartment to meditate upon what had pass'd, and Miss *Glanville* retir'd to dress for Dinner; while

while the two Gentlemen, who thought they had great Reason to be dissatisfy'd with each other on Account of Lady *Bella's* Behaviour, went to a Coffee-house, in order to come to some Explanation about it.

Well, Sir, said the Beau, with a sarcastick Air, I am greatly oblig'd to you for the Endeavours you have us'd to ruin me in Lady *Bella's* Opinion. Rat me, if it is not the greatest Misfortune in the World, to give occasion for Envy.

Envy, Sir, interrupted Mr. *Selvin*; I protest I do really admire your great Skill in Stratagems, but I do not envy you the Possession of it. You have, indeed, very wittily contriv'd to put your own Sentiments of that Lady, which you deliver'd so freely the other Night, into my Mouth. 'Twas a Master-piece of Cunning, indeed; and, as I said before, I admire your Skill prodigiously.

I don't know what you mean, reply'd *Tinsel*, you talk in Riddles. Did you not yourself acquaint Lady *Bella* with the Preference I gave Miss *Glanville* to her? What would you propose by such a Piece of Treachery? You have ruin'd all my Hopes by it: The Lady resents it excessively, and 'tis no Wonder, 'faith, it must certainly mortify her. Upon my Soul, I can never forgive thee for so *mal a propos* a Discovery.

Forgive me, Sir, replied *Selvin*, in a Rage, I don't want your Forgiveness. I have done nothing unbecoming a Man of Honour. The Lady was so prejudiced by your Insinuations, that she would not give me Leave to speak;
other-

Chap. 12. QUIXOTE. 181

otherwise, I would have fully inform'd her of her Mistake, that she might have known how much she was oblig'd to you.

So she would not hear thee, interrupted *Tinsel* laughing, dear Soul, how very kind was that? 'Faith, I don't know how it is, but I am very lucky, without deserving to be so. Thou art a Witness for me, *Frank*, I took no great Pains to gain this fine Creature's Heart; but it was damn'd malicious tho', to attempt to make Discoveries. I see she is a little piqu'd, but I'll set all to rights again with a *Billet-doux*. I've an excellent Hand, tho' I say it, at a *Billet-doux*. I never knew one of mine fail in my Life.

Harkee, Sir, said *Selvin* whispering, any more Attempts to shift your Sentiments upon me, and you shall hear of it. In the mean Time, be assur'd, I'll clear myself, and put the Saddle upon the right Horse.

Demme, if thou art not a queer Fellow, said *Tinsel*, endeavouring to hide his Discomposure at this Threat under a forc'd Laugh.

Selvin, without making any Reply, retir'd to write to *Arabella*; which *Tinsel* suspecting, resolv'd to be before-hand with him; and without leaving the Coffee-house, call'd for Paper, and wrote a Billet to her, which he dispatch'd away immediately.

The Messenger had just got Admittance to *Lucy*, when another arriv'd from *Selvin*.

They both presented their Letters, but *Lucy* refus'd them, saying, her Lady would turn her away, if she receiv'd such Sort of Letters.

Such Sort of Letters, return'd *Tinsel's* Man! Why do you know what they contain, then?

To

To be sure, I do, reply'd *Lucy*; they are Love-Letters; and my Lady has charg'd me never to receive any more.

Well, reply'd *Selvin's* Servant, you may take my Letter; for my Master desir'd me to tell you, it was about Business of Consequence, which your Lady must be acquainted with.

Since you assure me it is not a Love-Letter, I'll take it, said *Lucy*.

And, pray take mine too, said *Tinsei's Mercury*; for I assure you, it is not a Love Letter neither; 'tis only a *Billet-doux*.

Are you sure of that, reply'd *Lucy*; because I may venture to take it, I fancy, if 'tis what you say.

I'll swear it, said the Man, delivering it to her. Well, said she, receiving it, I'll take them both up. But what did you call this, pursu'd she? I must not forget it, or else my Lady will think it a Love-Letter.

A *Billet-doux*, said the Man.

Lucy, for fear she should forget it, repeated the Words *Billet-doux* several Times as she went up Stairs; but entering her Lady's Apartment, she perceiving the Letters in her Hand, ask'd her so sternly, how she durst presume to bring them into her Presence, that the poor Girl, in her Fright, forgot the Lesson she had been learning; and endeavouring to recal it into her Memory, took no Notice of her Lady's Question, which she repeated several times, but to no Purpose.

Arabella, surpriz'd at her Inattention, reiterated her Commands, in a Tone somewhat louder

louder than usual; asking her at the same Time, why she did not obey her immediately?

Indeed, Madam, reply'd *Lucy*, your Ladyship would not order me to take back the Letters, if you knew what they were: They are not Love-Letters; I was resolv'd to be sure of that before I took them. This, Madam, is a Letter about Business of Consequence; and the other—Oh dear! I can't think what the Man call'd it! But it is not a Love-Letter, indeed, Madam.

You are a simple Wench, said *Arabella* smiling: You may depend upon it, all Letters directed to me, must contain Matters of Love and Gallantry; and those I am not permitted to receive. Take them away then immediately. But stay, pursued she, seeing she was about to obey her, one of them, you say, was deliver'd to you as a Letter of Consequence; perhaps it is so: Indeed it may contain an Advertisement of some Design to carry me away. How do I know, but Mr. *Selvin*, incited by his Love and Despair, may intend to make such an Attempt? Give me that Letter, *Lucy*, I am resolv'd to open it. As for the other—yet who knows but the other may also bring me Warning of the same Danger from another Quarter. The Pains Mr. *Tinsel* took to conceal his Passion, nay, almost as I think, to deny it, amounts to a Proof that he is meditating some Way to make sure of me. 'Tis certainly so: Give me that Letter, *Lucy*; I should be accessary to their intended Violence, if I neglected this timely Discovery.

Well, cried she, taking one of the Letters, this is exactly like what happen'd to the beautiful Princess of *Cappadocia*; who, like me, in one and the same Day, receiv'd Advice that two of her Lovers intended to carry her off.

As she pronounc'd these Words Miss *Glanville* entered the Room, to whom *Arabella* immediately recounted the Adventure of the Letters; telling her, she did not doubt, but they contain'd a Discovery of some Conspiracy to carry her away.

And whom does your Ladyship suspect of such a strange Design, pray, said Miss *Glanville* smiling?

At present, reply'd *Arabella*, the two Cavaliers who walk'd with us To-day, are the Persons who seem the most likely to attempt that Violence.

I dare answer for Mr. *Tinsel*, replied Miss *Glanville*, he thinks of no such Thing.

Well, said *Arabella*, to convince you of your Mistake, I must inform you, that Mr. *Solvin*, having the Presumption to begin a Declaration of Love to me on the Parade this Morning, I reprov'd him severely for his Want of Respect, and threatned him with my Displeasure; in the Rage of his Jealousy, at seeing me treat Mr. *Tinsel* well, he discover'd to me, that he also was as criminal as himself, in order to oblige me to a severer Usage of him.

So he told you Mr. *Tinsel* was in Love with you, interrupted Miss *Glanville*?

He told it me in other Words, reply'd *Arabella*; for he said, Mr. *Tinsel* was guilty of that Offence, which I resent'd so severely to him.

Miss

Chap. 12. QUIXOTE. 185

Miss *Glanville* beginning to comprehend the Mystery, with great Difficulty forbore laughing at her Cousin's Mistake; for she well knew the Offence Mr. *Selvin* hinted at, and desirous of knowing what those Letters contain'd, she begg'd her to delay opening them no longer.

Arabella, pleas'd at her Solicitude, open'd one of the Letters; but glancing her Eye to the Bottom, and seeing the Name of *Selvin*, she threw it hastily upon the Table, and averting her Eyes, What a Mortification have I avoided, said she, that Letter is from *Selvin*; and questionless, contains an Avowal of his Crime.

Nay, you must read it, cried Miss *Glanville*, taking it up; since you have open'd it, 'tis the same Thing: You can never persuade him but you have seen it. However, to spare your Nicety, I'll read it to you. Which accordingly she did, and found it as follows.

MADAM,

“ I Know not what Insinuations have been
 “ I made use of to persuade you I was guilty
 “ of the Offence, which, with Justice, occasion'd your Resentment this Morning; but
 “ I assure you, nothing was ever more false.
 “ My Thoughts of your Ladyship are very
 “ different, and full of the profoundest Respect and Veneration. I have Reason to
 “ suspect Mr. *Tinsel* is the Person who has thus
 “ endeavour'd to prejudice me with your Ladyship; therefore I am excusable if I tell
 “ you, that those very Sentiments, too disrespectful to be named, which he would persuade
 “ suade

“suade you are mine, he discover’d himself.
 “He then, Madam, is the Person guilty of
 “that Offence he so falsely lays to the Charge
 “of him, who, is, with the utmost Respect and
 “Esteem,

Madam,

Your Ladyship’s

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

F. SELVIN.

How’s this, cry’d Miss *Glanville*? Why, Madam, you are certainly mistaken. You see Mr. *Selvin* utterly denies the Crime of loving you. He has suffer’d very innocently in your Opinion. Indeed, your Ladyship was too hasty in condemning him.

If what he says be true, replied *Arabella*, who had been in extreme Confusion, while a Letter so different from what she expected was reading; I have indeed unjustly condemn’d him. Nevertheless, I am still inclin’d to believe this is all Artifice; and that he is really guilty of entertaining a Passion for me.

But why should he take so much Pains to deny it, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*? Methinks that looks very odd.

Not at all, interrupted *Arabella*, whose Spirits were rais’d by recollecting an Adventure in her Romance, similar to this. Mr. *Selvin* has fallen upon the very same Stratagem with *Seramenes*; who being in Love with the beautiful *Cleobuline*, Princess of *Corinth*, took all imaginable Pains to conceal his Passion, in order

to

to be near that fair Princess; who would have banish'd him from her Presence, had she known he was in Love with her. Nay, he went so far in his Dissimulation, as to pretend Love to one of the Ladies of her Court; that his Passion for the Princess might be the less taken notice of. In these Cases therefore, the more resolutely a Man denies his Passion, the more pure and violent it is.

Then Mr. *Selvin's* Passion is certainly very violent, reply'd Miss *Glanville*, for he denies it very resolutely; and I believe none but your Ladyship would have discover'd his Artifice. But shall we not open the other Letter? I have a strong Notion it comes from *Tinsel*.

For that very Reason I would not be acquainted with the Contents, reply'd *Arabella*. You see, Mr. *Selvin* accuses him of being guilty of that Offence which he denies: I shall doubtless, meet with a Confirmation of his Love in that Letter. Do not, I beseech you, added she, seeing her Cousin preparing to open the Letter, expose me to the Pain of hearing a presumptuous Declaration of Love. Nay, pursued she, rising in great Emotion, if you are resolved to persecute me by reading it, I'll endeavour to get out of the hearing of it.

You shan't, I declare, said Miss *Glanville*, laughing and holding her, I'll oblige you to hear it.

I vow, Cousin, said *Arabella* smiling, you use me just as the Princess *Cleopatra* did the fair and wise *Antonia*. However, if by this you mean to do any Kindness to the unfortunate Person who wrote that Billet, you are greatly mistaken;

mistaken; since, if you oblige me to listen to a Declaration of his Crime, you will lay me under a Necessity to banish him. A Sentence he would have avoided, while I remained ignorant of it.

To this Miss *Glanville* made no other Reply than by opening the Billet, the Contents of which may be found in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

In which our Heroine's Extravagance will be thought, perhaps, to be carried to an extravagant Length.

MADAM,

“ I Had the Honour to assure you this Morn-
 “ ing on the Parade, that the Insinuations
 “ Mr. *Selvin* made use of to rob me of, the
 “ superlative Happiness of your Esteem were
 “ entirely false and groundless. May the Beams
 “ of your bright Eyes never shine on me more,
 “ if there is any Truth in what he said to pre-
 “ judice me with your Ladyship. If I am
 “ permitted to attend you to the Rooms this
 “ Evening, I hope to convince you, that it
 “ was absolutely impossible I could have been
 “ capable of such a Crime, who am, with the
 “ most profound Respect,

Your Ladyship's
 most devoted, &c.
 D. TINSEL.

Well,

Chap. 13. QUIXOTE. 189

Well, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, when she had read this Epistle, I fancy you need not pronounce a Sentence of Banishment upon poor Mr. *Tinsel*; he seems to be quite innocent of the Offence your Ladyship suspects him of.

Why, really, return'd *Arabella*, blushing with extreme Confusion at this second Disappointment, I am greatly perplexed to know how I ought to act on this Occasion. I am much in the same Situation with the Princess *Serena*. For you must know, this Princess—Here *Lucy* entering, inform'd the Ladies Dinner was serv'd—I shall defer till another Opportunity, said *Arabella*, upon this Interruption, the Relation of the Princess *Serena*'s Adventures; which you will find, added she, in a low Voice, bears a very great Resemblance to mine.

Miss *Glanville* reply'd, she would hear it whenever she pleas'd, and then follow'd *Arabella* to the Dining Room.

The Cloth was scarce remov'd, when Mr. *Selvin* came in. *Arabella* blush'd at his Appearance, and discover'd so much Perplexity in her Behaviour, that Mr. *Selvin* was apprehensive he had not yet sufficiently justify'd himself; and therefore took the first Opportunity to approach her.

I shall think myself very unhappy, Madam, said he bowing, if the Letter I did myself the Honour to write to you this Morning—

Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, I perceive you are going to forget the Contents of that Letter, and preparing again to offend me by a presumptuous Declaration of Love.

Who

Who I, Madam, reply'd he, in great Astonishment and Confusion, I-I-I protest—tho' I—I have a very great Respect for your Ladyship, yet—yet I never presum'd to—to—to—

You have presum'd too much, replied *Arahella*, and I should forget what I ow'd to my own Glory, if I furnish'd you with any more Occasions of offending me.—Know then, I absolutely forbid you to appear before me again, at least, till I am convinc'd you have chang'd your Sentiments.

Saying this, she rose from her Seat, and making a Sign to him not to follow her, which indeed he had no Intention to do, she quitted the Room, highly satisfy'd with her own Conduct upon this Occasion, which was exactly conformable to the Laws of Romance.

Mr. *Tinsel*, who had just alighted from his Chair, having a Glimpse of her, as she pass'd to her own Apartment, resolv'd, if possible; to procure a private Interview; for he did not doubt but his Billet had done Wonders in his Favour.

For that Purpose he ventur'd up to her Anti-Chamber, where he found *Lucy* in waiting, whom he desir'd to acquaint her Lady, that he intreated a Moment's Speech with her.

Lucy, after hesitating a Moment, and looking earnestly at him, replied, Sir, if you'll promise me faithfully, you are not in Love with my Lady, I'll go and deliver your Message.

Duce take me, said *Tinsel*, if that is not a very whimsical Condition truly—Pray, my Dear, how came it into thy little Brain, to suspect

Chap. 13. QUIXOTE. 191

suspect I was in Love with thy Lady? But, suppose I should be in Love with her, what then?

Why, then 'tis likely you would die, that's all, said *Lucy*, without my Lady would be so kind to command you to live.

I vow thou hast mighty pretty Notions, Child, said *Tinsel* smiling; hast thou been reading any Play-Book lately? But pray, dost think thy Lady would have Compassion on me, if I was in Love with her? Come, I know thou art in her Confidence? Hast thou ever heard her talk of me? Does she not tell thee all her Secrets?

Here *Arabella's* Bell ringing, the Beau slipp'd half a Guinea into her Hand, which *Lucy* not willing to refuse, went immediately to her Lady; to whom with a trembling Accent, she repeated Mr. *Tinsel's* Request.

Imprudent Girl, cried *Arabella*, for I am loth to suspect thee of Disloyalty to thy Mistress, Dost thou know the Nature and Extent of the Request thou hast deliver'd? Art thou ignorant that the presumptuous Man whom thou sollicitest this Favour for, has mortally offended me?

Indeed, Madam, said *Lucy* frighted out of her Wits, I don't solicit for him. I scorn to do any such Thing. I would not offend your Ladyship for the World: For, before I would deliver his Message to your Ladyship, I made him assure me, that he was not in Love with your Ladyship.

That was very wisely done, indeed, replied *Arabella*, smiling: And do you believe he spoke the Truth?

Yes,

Yes, indeed, I am sure of it, said *Lucy* eagerly, if your Ladyship will but be pleas'd to see him, he is only in the next Room; I dare promise——

How, interrupted *Arabella*! What have you done? Have you brought him into my Apartment then? I protest this Adventure is exactly like what befel the beautiful *Statira*, when, by a Stratagem of the same Kind *Oroondates* was introduc'd into her Presence. *Lucy*, thou art another *Barsina*, I think; but I hope thy Intentions are not less innocent than hers was.

Indeed, Madam, reply'd *Lucy*, almost weeping, I am very innocent. I am no *Barsina*, as your Ladyship calls me.

I dare answer for thee, said *Arabella* smiling at the Turn she gave to her Words, thou art no *Barsina*; and I should wrong thee very much to compare thee with that wise Princess; for thou art certainly one of the most simple Wenches in the World. But since thou hast gone so far, let me know what the unfortunate Person desires of me; for, since I am neither more rigid, nor pretend to more Virtue than *Statira*, I may do at least as much for him, as that great Queen did for *Oroondates*.

He desires, Madam, said *Lucy*, that your Ladyship would be pleas'd to let him speak with you.

Or, in his Words, I suppose, replied *Arabella*, he humbly implor'd a Moment's Audience.

I told your Ladyship his very Words, indeed, Madam, said *Lucy*.

I tell

I tell thee, Girl, thou art mistaken, said *Arabella*; 'tis impossible he should sue for such a Favour in Terms like those: Therefore, go back, and let him know that I consent to grant him a short Audience upon these Conditions.

First, Provided he does not abuse my Indulgence by offending me with any Protections of his Passion.

Secondly, That he engages to fulfil the Injunctions I shall lay upon him, however cruel and terrible they may appear.

Lastly, That his Despair must not prompt him to any Act of Desperation against himself.

Lucy having received this Message, quitted the Room hastily, for fear she should forget it.

Well, my pretty Ambassadors, said *Tinsel*, when he saw her enter the Anti-chamber, Will your Lady see me?

No, Sir, replied *Lucy*.

No, interrupted *Tinsel*, that's kind 'faith, after waiting so long.

Pray, Sir, said *Lucy*, don't put me out so; I shall forget what my Lady ordered me to tell you.

Oh! I ask your Pardon, Child, said *Tinsel*. Come, let me hear your Message.

Sir, said *Lucy*, adopting the Solemnity of her Lady's Accent—My Lady bad me say, that she will grant—No, that she consents to grant you a short Dience.

Audience you would say, Child, said *Tinsel*: But how came you to tell me before she would not see me? —

I vow and protest, Sir, said *Lucy*, you have put all my Lady's Words clean out of my Head—I don't know what comes next—

Oh, no matter, said *Tinsel*, you have told me enough : I'll wait upon her directly.

Lucy, who saw him making towards the Door, prest between it and him; and having all her Lady's Whims in her Head, suppos'd he was going to carry her away—Possess'd with this Thought, she scream'd out, Help! Help! for Heaven's Sake! My Lady will be carry'd away!

Arabella hearing this Exclamation of her Woman's, eccho'd her Screams, tho' with a Voice infinitely more delicate; and seeing *Tinsel*, who, confounded to the last Degree at the Cries of both the Lady and her Woman, had got into her Chamber he knew not how, she gave herself over for lost, and fell back in her Chair in a Swoon, or something she took for a Swoon, for she was persuaded it could happen no otherwise; since all Ladies in the same Circumstances are terrified into a fainting Fit, and seldom recover till they are conveniently carried away; and when they awake, find themselves many Miles off in the Power of their Ravisher.

Arabella's other Women, alarm'd by her Cries, came running into the Room; and seeing Mr. *Tinsel* there, and their Lady in a Swoon, concluded some very extraordinary Accident had happen'd.

What is your Business here, cry'd they all at a Time? Is it you that has frightened her Ladyship?

Devil

Devil take me, said *Tinsel* amaz'd, if I can tell what all this means.

By this Time Sir *Charles*, Mr. *Glanville*, and his Sister, came running astonish'd up Stairs. *Arabella* still continued motionless in her Chair, her Eyes clos'd, and her Head reclined upon *Lucy*, who with her other Women, was endeavouring to recover her.

Mr. *Glanville* eagerly ran to her Assistance, while Sir *Charles* and his Daughter as eagerly interrogated Mr. *Tinsel*, who stood motionless with Surprise, concerning the Cause of her Disorder.

Arabella then first discovering some Signs of Life, half opened her Eyes.

Inhuman Wretch, cry'd she, with a faint Voice, supposing herself in the Hands of her Ravisher, think not thy cruel Violence shall procure thee what thy Submissions could not obtain; and if when thou hadst only my Indifference to surmount, thou didst find it so difficult to overcome my Resolution, now by this unjust Attempt, thou hast added Persecution to that Indifference, never hope for any Thing but the most bitter Reproaches from me.—

Why, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, approaching her, what's the Matter? Look up, I beseech you, no-body is attempting to do you any Hurt; here's none but Friends about you.

Arabella, raising her Head at the Sound of her Uncle's Voice, and casting a confused Look on the Persons about her,

May I believe my Senses? Am I rescued, and in my own Chamber? To whose Valour is my Deliverance owing? Without

doubt, 'tis to my Cousin's; but where is he? Let me assure him of my Gratitude.

Mr. *Glanville*, who had retired to a Window in great Confusion, as soon as he heard her call for him, came towards her, and in a Whisper begg'd her to be compos'd; that she was in no Danger.

And pray, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, now you are a little recovered, be so good to inform us of the Cause of your Fright. What has happen'd to occasion all this Confusion?

How, Sir, said *Arabella*, don't you know then what has happen'd? — Pray how was I brought again into my Chamber, and by what Means was I rescu'd?

I protest, said Sir *Charles*, I don't know that you have been out of it.

Alas, replied *Arabella*, I perceive you are quite ignorant of what has befallen me; nor am I able to give you any Information: All I can tell you is, that alarm'd by my Women's Cries, and the Sight of my Ravisher, who came into my Chamber, I fainted away, and so facilitated his Enterprize; since doubtless it was very easy for him to carry me away while I remained in that senseless Condition. How I was rescued, or by whom, one of my Women can haply inform you; since its probable one of them was also forced away with me——Oh Heav'ns! cry'd she, seeing *Tinsel*, who all this while stood gazing like one distracted; what makes that impious Man in my Presence! What am I to think of this? Am I really deliver'd or no?

What

What can this mean, cried Sir *Charles*, turning to *Tinsel*? Have you, Sir, had any Hand in frightening my Niece?

I, Sir, said *Tinsel*! Let me perish if ever I was so confounded in my Life: The Lady's Brain is disordered, I believe.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was convinced all this Confusion was caus'd by some of *Arabella's* usual Whims, dreaded lest an Explanation would the more expose her; and therefore told his Father, that it would be best to retire, and leave his Cousin to the Care of his Sister and her Women; adding, that she was not yet quite recover'd, and their Presence did but discompose her.

Then addressing himself to *Tinsel*, told him he would wait upon him down Stairs.

Arabella seeing them going away together, and supposing they intended to dispute the Possession of her with their Swords, call'd out to them to stay.

Mr. *Glanville*, however, without minding her, press'd Mr. *Tinsel* to walk down.

Nay, pray, Sir, said the Beau, let us go in again; she may grow outrageous if we disoblige her.

Outrageous, Sir, said *Glanville*, do you suppose my Cousin is mad?

Upon my Soul, Sir, replied *Tinsel*, if she is not mad, she is certainly a little out of her Senses, or so——

Arabella having reiterated her Commands for her Lovers to return, and finding they did not obey her, ran to her Chamber-door, where they were holding a surly Sort of Conference, especially

cially on *Glanville's* Side, who was horridly out of Humour.

I perceive by your Looks, said *Arabella* to her Cousin, the Design you are meditating; but know that I absolutely forbid you, by all the Power I have over you, not to engage in Combat with my Ravisher here.

Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, I beseech you do not——

I know, said she, you will object to me the Examples of *Artamenes*, *Aronces*, and many others, who were so generous as to promise their Rivals not to refuse them that Satisfaction whenever they demanded it—but consider, you have not the same Obligations to Mr. *Tinsel* that *Artamenes* had to the King of *Affyria*, or that *Aronces* had to——

For God's Sake, Cousin, said *Glanville*, what's all this to the Purpose? Curse on *Aronces* and the King of *Affyria*, I say——

The Astonishment of *Arabella* at this intemperate Speech of her Cousin, kept her for a Moment immoveable, when Sir *Charles*, who during this Discourse, had been collecting all the Information he could from *Lucy*, concerning this perplexed Affair, came towards *Tinsel*, and giving him an angry Look, told him, he should take it well if he forbore visiting any of his Family for the future.

Oh! Your most obedient Servant, Sir, said *Tinsel*: You expect, I suppose, I should be excessively chagrin'd at this Prohibition? But upon my Soul, I am greatly oblig'd to you. Agad! I have no great Mind to a Halter: And since this Lady is so apt to think People have a Design
to

to ravish her, the wisest Thing a Man can do, is to keep out of her Way.

Sir, replied *Glanville*, who had followed him to the Door, I believe there has been some little Mistake in what has happened To-day—However, I expect you'll take no unbecoming Liberties with the Character of Lady *Bella*—

Oh! Sir said *Tinsel*, I give you my Honour I shall always speak of the Lady with the most profound Veneration. She is a most accomplish'd, incomprehensible Lady: And the Devil take me, if I think there is her Fellow in the World —— And so, Sir, I am your most obedient——

A Word with you before you go, said *Glanville* stopping him--No more of the Sneers, as you value that smooth Face of yours, or I'll despoil it of a Nose.

Oh! Your humble Servant, said the Bear, retiring in great Confusion, with something betwixt a Smile and a Grin upon his Countenance, which he took Care however Mr. *Glanville* should not see; who as soon as he quitted him went again to *Arabella's* Apartment, in order to prevail upon his Father and Sister to leave her a little to herself, for he dreaded lest some more Instances of her Extravagance would put it into his Father's Head, that she was really out of her Senses.

Well, Sir, said *Arabella* upon his Entrance, you have I suppose, given your Rival his Liberty. I assure you this Generosity is highly agreeable to me— And herein you imitate the noble *Artamenes*, who upon a like Occasion, acted as you have done. For when Fortune

had put the Ravisher of *Mandana* in his Power, and he became the Vanquisher of his Rival, who endeavour'd by Violence to possess that divine Princess; this truly generous Hero relinquish'd the Right he had of disposing of his Prisoner, and instead of sacrificing his Life to his just and reasonable Vengeance, he gave a Proof of his admirable Virtue and Clemency by dismissing him in Safety, as you have done. However, added she, I hope you have made him swear upon your Sword, that he will never make a second Attempt upon my Liberty. I perceive, pursued she, seeing Mr. *Glanville* continued silent, with his Eyes bent on the Ground, for indeed he was ashamed to look up; that you would willingly avoid the Praise due to the heroic Action you have just performed—Nay, I suppose you are resolved to keep it secret, if possible; yet I must tell you, that you will not escape the Glory due to it. Glory is as necessarily the Result of a virtuous Action, as Light is an Effect of the Sun which causeth it, and has no Dependance on any other Cause; since a virtuous Action continues still the same, tho' it be done without Testimony; and Glory, which is, as one may say, born with it, constantly attends it, tho' the Action be not known.

I protest, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, that's very prettily said.

In my Opinion, Sir, pursued *Arabella*, if any thing can weaken the Glory of a good Action, 'tis the Care a Person takes to make it known: As if one did not do Good for the Sake of Good, but for the Praise that generally follows it. Those then that are govern'd by
fo

so interested a Motive, ought to be considered as sordid rather than generous Persons; who making a Kind of Traffick between Virtue and Glory, barter just so much of the one for the other, and expect, like other Merchants, to make Advantage by the Exchange.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was charm'd into an Extacy at this sensible Speech of *Arabella's*, forgot in an Instant all her Absurdities. He did not fail to express his Admiration of her Understanding in Terms that brought a Blush into her fair Face, and obliged her to lay her Commands upon him to cease his excessive Commendations. Then making a Sign to them to leave her alone, Mr. *Glanville*, who understood her, took his Father and Sister down Stairs, leaving *Arabella* with her faithful *Lucy*, whom she immediately commanded to give her a Relation of what had happened to her from the Time of her swooning till she recovered.

CHAP. XIV.

A Dialogue between Arabella and Lucy, in which the latter seems to have the Advantage.

WHY, Madam, said *Lucy*, all I can tell your Ladyship is, that we were all excessively frightened, to be sure, when you fainted, especially myself; and that we did what we could to recover you— And so accordingly your Ladyship did recover.

What's this to the Purpose? said *Arabella*, perceiving she stop'd here. I know that I fainted, and 'tis also very plain that I recover'd again—I ask you what happened to me in the intermediate Time between my Fainting and Recovery. Give me a faithful Relation of all the Accidents, to which by my Fainting I am quite a Stranger; and which no doubt, are very considerable——

Indeed, Madam, replied *Lucy*, I have given your Ladyship a faithful Relation of all I can remember.

When, resum'd *Arabella* surpriz'd?

This Moment, Madam, said *Lucy*.

Why, sure thou dream'st, Wench, replied she, Hast thou told me how I was seiz'd and carry'd off! How I was rescued again? And—

No, indeed, Madam, interrupted *Lucy*, I don't dream; I never told your Ladyship that you was carry'd off.

Well, said *Arabella*, and why dost thou not satisfy my Curiosity? Is it not fit I should be acquainted with such a momentous Part of my History?

I can't, indeed, and please your Ladyship, said *Lucy*.

What, can'st thou not? said *Arabella*, enrag'd at her Stupidity.

Why, Madam, said *Lucy*, sobbing, I can't make a History of nothing.

Of nothing, Wench, resumed *Arabella*, in a greater Rage than before: Dost thou call an Adventure to which thou was a Witness, and borest haply so great a Share in, nothing?—An Adventure which hereafter will make a considerable

derable Figure in the Relation of my Life, dost thou look upon as trifling and of no Consequence?

No, indeed I don't, Madam, said *Lucy*.

Why then, pursued *Arabella*, dost thou wilfully neglect to relate it? Suppose, as there is nothing more likely, thou wert commanded by some Persons of considerable Quality, or haply some great Princes and Princesses, to recount the Adventures of my Life, would'st thou omit a Circumstance of so much Moment?

No indeed, Madam, said *Lucy*.

I am glad to hear thou art so discreet, said *Arabella*; and pray do me the Favour to relate this Adventure to me, as thou would'st do to those Princes and Princesses, if thou wert commanded.

Here, *Arabella* making a full Stop, fixed her Eyes upon her Woman, expecting every Moment she would begin the desired Narrative— But finding she continued silent longer than she thought was necessary for recalling the several Circumstances of the Story into her Mind,

I find, said she, it will be necessary to caution you against making your Audience wait too long for your Relation; it looks as if you was to make a studied Speech, not a simple Relation of Facts, which ought to be free from all Affectation of Labour and Art; and be told with that graceful Negligence which is so becoming to Truth.

This I thought proper to tell you, added she, that you may not fall into that Mistake when you are called upon to relate my Adventures — Well, now if you please to begin——

What, pray, Madam, said *Lucy*?

What, repeated *Arabella*? Why, the Adventures which happened to me so lately. Relate to me every Circumstance of my being carried away, and how my Deliverance was effected by my Cousin.

Indeed, Madam, said *Lucy*, I know nothing about your Ladyship's being carried away.

Begone, cried *Arabella*, losing all Patience at her Obstinacy, get out of my Presence this Moment. Wretch, unworthy of my Confidence and Favour, thy Treason is too manifest, thou art brib'd by that presumptuous Man to conceal all the Circumstances of his Attempt from my Knowledge, to the End that I may not have a full Conviction of his Guilt.

Lucy, who never saw her Lady so much offended before, and knew not the Occasion of it, burst into Tears; which so affected the tender Heart of *Arabella*, that losing insensibly all her Anger, she told her with a Voice soften'd to a Tone of the utmost Sweetness and Condescension, that provided she would confess how far she had been prevail'd upon by his rich Presents, to forget her Duty, she would pardon and receive her again into Favour—

Speak, added she, and be not afraid, after this Promise, to let me know what Mr. *Tinsel* requir'd of thee, and what were the Gifts with which he purchas'd thy Services; doubtless, he presented thee with Jewels of a considerable Value——

Since your Ladyship, said *Lucy* sobbing, has promis'd not to be angry, I don't care if I do tell

tell your Ladyship what he gave me. He gave me this Half Guinea, Madam, indeed he did; but for all that, when he would come into your Chamber, I struggled with him, and cry'd out, for fear he should carry your Ladyship away——

Arabella, lost in Astonishment and Shame at hearing of so inconsiderable a Present made to her Woman, the like of which not one of her Romances could furnish her, order'd her immediately to withdraw, not being willing she should observe the Confusion this strange Bribe had given her.

After she had been gone some Time, she endeavour'd to compose her Looks, and went down to the Dining-Room, where Sir *Charles* and his Son and Daughter had been engag'd in a Conversation concerning her, the Particulars of which may be found in the first Chapter of the next Book.

The End of the Seventh BOOK.





THE
Female QUIXOTE.

BOOK VIII.

CHAP. I.

*Contains the Conversation refer'd to in
 the last Chapter of the preceding Book.*



MISS Glanville, who with a malicious Pleasure had secretly triumph'd in the Extravagances her beautiful Cousin had been guilty of, was now sensibly disappointed to find they had had so little Effect on her Father and Brother; for instead of reflecting upon the Absurdities to which they had been a Witness, Mr. Glanville artfully pursu'd the Subject *Arabella* had just before been expatiating upon, taking notice frequently of some Observations of hers,

and by a well contriv'd Repetition of her Words, oblig'd his Father a second Time to declare that his Niece had spoken extremely well.

Mr. *Glanville* taking the Word, launch'd out into such Praises of her Wit, that Miss *Glanville*, no longer able to listen patiently, reply'd,

'Twas true Lady *Bella* sometimes said very sensible Things ; that 'twas a great Pity she was not always in a reasonable Way of thinking, or that her Intervals were not longer—

Her Intervals, Miss, said *Glanville*, pray what do you mean by that Expression?—

Why, pray, said Miss *Glanville*, don't you think my Cousin is sometimes a little wrong in the Head?

Mr. *Glanville* at these Words starting from his Chair, took a Turn a-cross the Room in great Discomposure, then stopping all of a sudden, and giving his Sister a furious Look——
Charlotte, said he, don't give me Cause to think you are envious of your Cousin's superior Excellencies——

Envious! repeated Miss *Glanville*, I envious of my Cousin — I vow I should never have thought of that— Indeed, Brother, you are much mistaken ; my Cousin's superior Excellencies never gave me a Moment's Disturbance-- Tho' I must confess her unaccountable Whims have often excited my Pity—

No more of this, *Charlotte*, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, as you value my Friendship —
No more of it——

Why, really Son, said Sir *Charles*, my Niece has very strange Whimsies sometimes. How it came into her Head to think Mr. *Tinsel* would attempt

attempt to carry her away, I can't imagine? For after all, he only prest rather too rudely into her Chamber, for which, as you see, I have forbidden his Visits.

That was of a Piece, said Miss *Glanville* sneeringly to her Brother, with her asking you if you had made Mr. *Tinsel* swear upon your Sword, that he would never again attempt to carry her away; and applauding you for having given him his Liberty, as the generous *Atermens* did on the same Occasion.

I would advise you, *Charlotte*, said Mr. *Glanville*, not to aim at repeating your Cousin's Words, till you know how to pronounce them properly.

Oh! that's one of her superior Excellencies, said Miss *Glanville*.

Indeed, Miss, said *Glanville* very provokingly, she is superior to you in many Things; and as much so in the Goodness of her Heart, as in the Beauty of her Person——

Come, come, *Charles*, said the Baronet, who observ'd his Daughter sat swelling and biting her Lip at this Reproach, personal Reflections are better avoided. Your Sister is very well, and not to be disparag'd; tho, to be sure, Lady *Bella* is the finest Woman I ever saw in my Life.

Miss *Glanville*, was if possible, more disgusted at her Father's Palliation than her Brother's Reproaches; and, in order to give a Loose to her Passion, accus'd Mr *Glanville* of a Decrease in his Affection for her, since he had been in Love with her Cousin; and having found this Excuse for her Tears, very freely gave vent to them—

Mr.

Mr. *Glanville* being softned by this Sight, sacrificed a few Compliments to her Vanity, which soon restor'd her to her usual Tranquillity; then turning the Discourse on his beloved *Arabella*, pronounc'd a Panegyrick on her Virtues and Accomplishments of an Hour long; which, if it did not absolutely persuade his Sister to change her Opinion, it certainly convinc'd his Father, that his Niece was not only perfectly well in her Understanding, but even better than most others of her Sex.

Mr. *Glanville* had just finish'd her Eulogium, when *Arabella* appear'd; Joy danc'd in his Eyes at her Approach; he gaz'd upon her with a Kind of conscious Triumph in his Looks; her consummate Loveliness justifying his Passion, and being in his Opinion, more than an Excuse for all her Extravagancies.

CHAP. II.

In which our Heroine, as we presume, shews herself in two very different Lights.

ARABELLA, who at her Entrance had perceiv'd some Traces of Uneasiness upon Miss *Glanville*'s Countenance, tenderly ask'd her the Cause; to which that young Lady answering in a cold and reserv'd Manner. Mr. *Glanville*, to divert her Reflexions on it, very freely accus'd himself of having given his Sister some Offence. To be sure, Brother, said Miss *Glanville*,

*vill*e, you are very vehement in your Temper, and are as violently carry'd away about Things of little Importance as of the greatest; and then, whatever you have a Fancy for, you love so obstinately.

I am oblig'd to you, Miss, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, for endeavouring to give Lady *Bella* so unfavourable an Opinion of me—

I assure you, said *Arabella*, Miss *Glanville* has said nothing to your Disadvantage: For, in my Opinion, the Temperament of great Minds ought to be such as she represents yours to be. For there is nothing at so great a Distance from true and heroick Virtue, as that Indifference which obliges some People to be pleas'd with all Things or nothing: Whence it comes to pass, that they neither entertain great Desires of Glory, nor Fear of Infamy; that they neither love nor hate; that they are wholly influenc'd by Custom, and are sensible only of the Afflictions of the Body, their Minds being in a Manner insensible—

To say the Truth, I am inclin'd to conceive a greater Hope of a Man, who in the Beginning of his Life is hurry'd away by some evil Habit, than one that fastens on nothing: The Mind that cannot be brought to detest Vice, will never be persuaded to love Virtue; but one who is capable of loving or hating irreconcilably, by having, when young, his Passions directed to proper Objects, will remain fix'd in his Choice of what is good. But with him who is incapable of any violent Attraction, and whose Heart is chilled by a general Indifference, Precept or Example will have no Force—

And

And Philosophy itself, which boasts it hath Remedies for all Indispositions of the Soul, never had any that can cure an indifferent Mind.—Nay, added she, I am persuaded that Indifference is generally the inseparable Companion of a weak and imperfect Judgment. For it is so natural to a Person to be carry'd towards that which he believes to be good, that if indifferent People were able to judge of things, they would fasten on something. But certain it is, that this Lukewarmness of Soul, which sends forth but feeble Desires, sends also but feeble Lights; so that those who are guilty of it, not knowing any thing clearly, cannot fasten on any thing with Perseverance.

Mr. *Glanville*, when *Arabella* had finish'd this Speech, cast a triumphing Glance at his Sister, who had affected great Inattention all the while she had been speaking. Sir *Charles*, in his Way, express'd much Admiration of her Wit, telling her, if she had been a Man, she would have made a great Figure in Parliament, and that her Speeches might have come perhaps to be printed in time.

This Compliment, odd as it was, gave great Joy to *Glanville*, when the Conversation was interrupted by the Arrival of Mr. *Selvin*, who had slipt away unobserv'd at the Time that *Arabella's* Indisposition had alarm'd them, and now came to enquire after her Health; and also if an Opportunity offer'd to set her right with Regard to the Suspensions she had entertain'd of his designing to pay his Addresses to her.

Arabella, as soon as he had sent in his Name, appear'd to be in great Disturbance; and upon his

his Entrance, offer'd immediately to withdraw, telling Mr. *Glanville*, who would have detain'd her, that she found no Place was likely to secure her from the Persecutions of that Gentleman.

Glanville star'd, and look'd strangely perplex'd at this Speech ; Miss *Glanville* smil'd, and poor *Selvin*, with a very silly Look—hem'd two or three times, and then with a faltering Accent said, Madam, I am very much concern'd to find your Ladyship resolv'd to persist in——

Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, my Resolutions are unalterable. I told you so before, and am surpriz'd, after the Knowledge of my Intentions, you presume to appear in my Presence again, from whence I had so positively banish'd you.

Pray, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, what has Mr. *Selvin* done to disoblige you ?

Sir, reply'd *Arabella*, Mr. *Selvin*'s Offence can admit of no other Reparation than that which I requir'd of him, which was a voluntary Banishment from my Presence : And in this, pursu'd she, I am guilty of no more Severity to you, than the Princess *Udofia* was to the unfortunate *Thrasimedes*. For the Passion of this Prince having come to her Knowledge, notwithstanding the Pains he took to conceal it, this fair and wise Princess thought it not enough to forbid his speaking to her, but also banish'd him from her Presence ; laying a peremptory Command upon him, never to appear before her again till he was perfectly cur'd of that unhappy Love he had entertain'd for her—Imitate there-

therefore the meritorious Obedience of this poor Prince, and if that Passion you profess for me—

How, Sir, interrupted *Sir Charles*, Do you make Love to my Niece then?—

Sir, replied *Mr. Selvin*, who was strangely confounded at *Arabella's* Speech, tho' I really admire the Perfections this Lady is possess'd of, yet I assure you, upon my Honour, I never had a Thought of making any Addresses to her; and I can't imagine why her Ladyship persists in accusing me of such Presumption.

So formal a Denial, after what *Arabella* had said, extremely perplex'd *Sir Charles*, and fill'd *Mr. Glanville* with inconceivable Shame—

Miss Glanville enjoy'd their Disturbance, and full of an ill-natur'd Triumph, endeavour'd to look *Arabella* into Confusion: But that Lady not being at all discompos'd by this Declaration of *Mr. Selvin's*, having accounted for it already, replied with great Calmness,

Sir, 'Tis easy to see thro' the Artifice of your disclaiming any Passion for me—Upon any other Occasion questionless, you would rather sacrifice your Life, than consent to disavow these Sentiments, which unhappily for your Peace you have entertain'd. At present the Desire of continuing near me, obliges you to lay this Constraint upon yourself; however you know *Thrasimedes* fell upon the same Stratagem to no Purpose. The rigid *Udessa* saw thro' the Disguise, and would not dispense with herself from banishing him from *Rome*, as I do you from *England*—

How, Madam! interrupted *Selvin* amaz'd—

Yes,

Yes, Sir, replied *Arabella* hastily, nothing less can satisfy what I owe to the Consideration of my own Glory.

Upon my Word, Madam, said *Selvin*, half angry, and yet strongly inclin'd to laugh, I don't see the Necessity of my quitting my native Country, to satisfy what you owe to the Consideration of your own Glory. Pray, how does my staying in *England* affect your Ladyship's Glory?

To answer your Question with another, said *Arabella*, Pray how did the Stay of *Thrasimedes* in *Rome*, affect the Glory of the Empress *Udofia*?

Mr. Selvin was struck dumb with this Speech, for he was not willing to be thought so deficient in the Knowledge of History, as not to be acquainted with the Reasons why *Thrasimedes* should not stay in *Rome*.

His Silence therefore seeming to *Arabella* to be a tacit Confession of the Justice of her Commands, a Sentiment of Compassion for this unfortunate Lover, intruded itself into her Mind; and turning her bright Eyes, full of a soft Complacency upon *Selvin*, who star'd at her as if he had lost his Wits—

I will not, said she, wrong the Sublimity of your Passion for me so much, as to doubt your being ready to sacrifice the Repose of your own Life to the Satisfaction of mine: Nor will I do so much Injustice to your Generosity, as to suppose the Glory of obeying my Commands, will not in some Measure soften the Rigour of your Destiny—I know not whether it may be lawful for me to tell you, that your Misfortune
does

Chap. 3. QUIXOTE. 215

does really cause me some Affliction ; but I am willing to give you this Consolation, and also to assure you, that to whatever Part of the World your Despair will carry you, the good Wishes and Compassion of *Arabella* shall follow you——

Having said this, with one of her fair Hands she cover'd her Face, to hide the Blushes which so compassionate a Speech had caus'd—Holding the other extended with a careless Air, supposing he would kneel to kiss it, and bathe it with his Tears, as was the Custom on such melancholy Occasions, her Head at the same Time turned another Way, as if reluctantly and with Confusion she granted this Favour.—But after standing a Moment in this Posture, and finding her Hand untouch'd, she concluded Grief had depriv'd him of his Senses, and that he would shortly fall into a Swoon as *Thrasymedes* did : And to prevent being a Witness of so doleful a Sight, she hurry'd out of the Room without once turning about, and having reach'd her own Apartment, sunk into a Chair, not a little affected with the deplorable Condition in which she had left her suppos'd miserable Lover.

CHAP. III.

The Contrast continued.

THE Company she had left behind her being all, except Mr. *Glanville*, to the last Degree surpriz'd at her strange Words and Actions,

Actions, continued mute for several Minutes after she was gone, staring upon one another, as if each wish'd to know the other's Opinion of such an unaccountable Behaviour. At last Miss *Glanville*, who observed her Brother's Back was towards her, told Mr. *Selvin* in a low Voice, that she hop'd he would call and take his Leave of them before he set out for the Place where his Despair would carry him.—

Mr. *Selvin*, in spite of his natural Gravity, could not forbear laughing at this Speech of Miss *Glanville*'s, which shock'd her Brother, and not being able to stay where *Arabella* was ridicul'd, nor intitled to resent it, which would have been a manifest Injustice on that Occasion, he retir'd to his own Apartment to give vent to that Spleen which in those Moments made him out of Humour with all the World.

Sir *Charles*, when he was gone, indulg'd himself in a little Mirth on his Niece's Extravagance, protesting he did not know what to do with her. Upon which Miss *Glanville* observ'd, that it was a Pity there were not such Things as Protestant Nunneries; giving it as her Opinion, that her Cousin ought to be confin'd in one of those Places, and never suffer'd to see any Company, by which Means she would avoid exposing herself in the Manner she did now.

Mr. *Selvin*, who possibly thought this a reasonable Scheme of Miss *Glanville*'s, seem'd by his Silence to assent to her Opinion; but Sir *Charles* was greatly displeas'd with his Daughter for expressing herself so freely; alledging that *Arabella*, when she was out of those Whims, was a very sensible young Lady, and sometimes

talk'd

talk'd as learnedly as a Divine. To which Mr. *Selvin* also added, that she had a great Knowledge of History, and had a most surprising Memory; and after some more Discourse to the same Purpose, he took his Leave, earnestly entreating Sir *Charles* to believe that he never entertain'd any Design of making his Addresses to Lady *Bella*.

In the mean Time, that Lady after having given near half an Hour to those Reflexions which occur to Heroines in the same Situation with herself, call'd for *Lucy*, and order'd her to go to the Dining-Room, and see in what Condition Mr. *Selvin* was, telling her she had certainly left him in a Swoon, as also the Occasion of it; and bid her give him all the Consolation in her Power.

Lucy, with Tears in her Eyes at this Recital, went down as she was order'd, and entering the Room without any Ceremony, her Thoughts being wholly fix'd on the melancholy Circumstance her Lady had been telling her; she look'd eagerly round the Room without speaking a Word, till Sir *Charles* and Miss *Glanville*, who thought she had been sent with some Message from *Arabella*, ask'd her both at the same Instant, What she wanted? —

I came, Sir, said *Lucy*, repeating her Lady's Words, to see in what Condition Mr. *Selvin* is in, and to give him all the Solation in my Power.

Sir *Charles*, laughing heartily at this Speech, ask'd her what she could do for Mr. *Selvin*? To which she reply'd, she did not know; but

her Lady had told her to give him all the Satisfaction in her Power.

Consolation thou would'st say, I suppose, said Sir *Charles*.

Yes, Sir, said *Lucy* curtesying. Well, Child, added he, go up and tell your Lady, Mr. *Selvin* does not need any Consolation.

Lucy accordingly return'd with this Message, and was met at the Chamber-Door by *Arabella*, who hastily asked her if Mr. *Selvin* was recover'd from his Swoon: To which *Lucy* reply'd that she did not know; but that Sir *Charles* bid her tell her Ladyship, Mr. *Selvin* did not need any Consolation.

Oh Heavens! cry'd *Arabella*, throwing herself into a Chair as pale as Death—He is dead, he has fallen upon his Sword, and put an End to his Life and Miseries at once—Oh! how unhappy am I, cry'd she, bursting into Tears, to be the Cause of so cruel an Accident—Was ever any Fate so terrible as mine—Was ever Beauty so fatal—Was ever Rigour so unfortunate—How will the Quiet of my future Days be disturbed by the sad Remembrance of a Man whose Death was caused by my Disdain—But why, resum'd she after a little Pause—Why do I thus afflict myself for what has happened by an unavoidable Necessity? Nor am I singular in the Misfortune which has befallen me—Did not the sad *Perinthus* die for the beautiful *Panthea*—Did not the Rigour of *Barsina* bring the miserable *Oxyatres* to the Grave—And the Severity of *Statira* make *Oroondates* fall upon his Sword in her Presence, tho' happily he escap'd being kill'd by it—Let us then not afflict ourselves

unreasonably

unreasonably at this sad Accident — Let us lament as we ought the fatal Effects of our Charms — But let us comfort ourselves with the Thought that we have only acted conformable to our Duty.

Arabella having pronounc'd these last Words with a solemn and lofty Accent, order'd *Lucy*, who listen'd to her with Eyes drown'd in Tears, to go down and ask if the Body was remov'd — for added she, all my Constancy will not be sufficient to support me against that pitiful Sight.

Lucy accordingly deliver'd her Message to Sir *Charles* and Miss *Glanville*, who were still together, discoursing on the fantastical Turn of *Arabella*, when the Knight, who could not possibly comprehend what she meant by asking if the Body was removed, bid her tell her Lady he desired to speak with her.

Arabella, upon receiving this Summons, set herself to consider what could be the Intent of it. If Mr. *Selvin* be dead, said she, what Good can my Presence do among them? Surely it cannot be to upbraid me with my Severity, that my Uncle desires to see me — No, it would be unjust to suppose it. Questionless my unhappy Lover is still struggling with the Pangs of Death, and for a Consolation in his last Moments, implores the Favour of resigning up his Life in my Sight. Pausing a little at these Words, she rose from her Seat with a Resolution to give the unhappy *Selvin* her Pardon before he dy'd. Meeting Mr. *Glanville* as he was returning from his Chamber to the Dining-Room, she told him, she hop'd the Charity she was going to discover

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towards

towards his Rival, would not give him any Uneasiness; and preventing his Reply by going hastily into the Room, he follow'd her dreading some new Extravagance, yet not able to prevent it, endeavour'd to conceal his Confusion from her Observation — *Arabella*, after breathing a gentle Sigh, told Sir *Charles*, that she was come to grant Mr. *Selwin* her Pardon for the Offence he had been guilty of, that he might depart in Peace.

Well, well, said Sir *Charles*, he is departed in Peace without it.

How, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, is he dead then already? Alas! Why had he not the Satisfaction of seeing me before he expir'd, that his Soul might have departed in Peace? He would have been assur'd not only of my Pardon, but Pity also; and that Assurance would have made him happy in his last Moments.

Why, Niece, interrupted Sir *Charles* staring, you surprize me prodigiously: Are you in earnest?

Questionless I am, Sir, said she, nor ought you to be surpriz'd at the Concern I express for the Fate of this unhappy Man, nor at the Pardon I propos'd to have granted him; since herein I am justified by the Example of many great and virtuous Princesses, who have done as much, nay, haply more than I intended to have done, for Persons whose Offences were greater than Mr. *Selwin's*.

I am very sorry, Madam, said Sir *Charles*, to hear you talk in this Manner: 'Tis really enough to make one suspect you are——

You

You do me great Injustice, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, if you suspect me to be guilty of any unbecoming Weakness for this Man: if barely expressing my Compassion for his Misfortunes be esteem'd so great a Favour, what would you have thought if I had supported his Head on my Knees while he was dying, shed Tears over him, and discover'd all the Tokens of a sincere Affliction for him?

Good God! said Sir *Charles*, lifting up his Eyes, Did any body ever hear of any thing like this?

What, Sir, said *Arabella*, with as great an Appearance of Surprize in her Countenance as his had discover'd, Do you say you never heard of any thing like this? Then you never heard of the Princess of *Media*, I suppose——

No, not I, Madam, said Sir *Charles* peevishly.

Then, Sir, resum'd *Arabella*, permit me to tell you, that this fair and virtuous Princess condescended to do all I have mention'd for the fierce *Labynt*, Prince of *Assyria*; who tho' he had mortally offended her by stealing her away out of the Court of the King her Father, nevertheless, when he was wounded to Death in her Presence, and humbly implor'd her Pardon before he died, she condescended as I have said, to support him on her Knees, and shed Tears for his Disaster — I could produce many more Instances of the like Compassion in Ladies almost as highly born as herself, tho' perhaps their Quality was not quite so illustrious, she being the Heiress of two powerful Kingdoms. Yet to mention only these——

Good Heavens ! cry'd Mr. *Glanville* here, being quite out of Patience, I shall go distracted——

Arabella surpriz'd at this Exclamation, look'd earnestly at him for a Moment--and then ask'd him, Whether any thing she had said had given him Uneasiness ?

Yes, upon my Soul, Madam, said *Glanville*, so vex'd and confus'd that he hardly knew what he said——

I am sorry for it, reply'd *Arabella* gravely, and also am greatly concern'd to find that in Generosity you are so much exceeded by the illustrious *Cyrus* ; who was so far from taking Umbrage at *Mandana's* Behaviour to the dying Prince, that he commended her for the Compassion she had shewn him. So also did the brave and generous *Oroondates*, when the fair *Statira*——

By Heavens ! cry'd *Glanville* rising in a Passion, there's no hearing this. Pardon me, Madam, but upon my Soul, you'll make me hang myself.

Hang yourself, repeated *Arabella*, sure you know not what you say ? You meant, I suppose, that you'll fall upon your Sword. What Hero ever threatned to give himself so vulgar a Death ? But pray let me know the Cause of your Despair, so sudden and so violent.

Mr. *Glanville* continuing in a Sort of sullen Silence, *Arabella* raising her Voice went on :

Tho' I do not conceive myself oblig'd to give you an Account of my Conduct, seeing that I have only permitted you yet to hope for my Favour ; yet I owe to myself and my own Honour

Chap. 3. QUIXOTE. 223

Honour the Justification I am going to make. Know then, that however suspicious my Compassion for Mr. *Selvin* may appear to your mistaken Judgment, yet it has its Foundation only in the Generosity of my Disposition, which inclines me to pardon the Fault when the unhappy Criminal repents; and to afford him my Pity when his Circumstances require it. Let not therefore the Charity I have discover'd towards your Rival, be the Cause of your Despair, since my Sentiments for him, were he living, would be what they were before; that is, full of Indifference, nay, haply Disdain. And suffer not yourself to be so carried away by a violent and unjust Jealousy, as to threaten your own Death, which if you really had any Ground for your Suspicions, and truly lov'd me, would come unsought for, tho' not undesir'd—For indeed, was your Despair reasonable. Death would necessarily follow it; for what Lover can live under so desperate a Misfortune. In that Case you may meet Death undauntedly when it comes, nay, embrace it with Joy; but truly the killing one's self is but a false Picture of true Courage, proceeding rather from Fear of a further Evil, than Contempt of that you fly to: For if it were a Contempt of Pain, the same Principle would make you resolve to bear patiently and fearlessly all Kinds of Pains; and Hope being of all other the most contrary Thing to Fear, this being an utter Banishment of Hope, seems to have its Ground in Fear.

CHAP. IV.

In which Mr. Glanville makes an unsuccessful Attempt upon Arabella.

ARABELLA, when she had finish'd these Words, which banish'd in part Mr. Glanville's Confusion, went to her own Apartment, follow'd by Miss Glanville, to whom she had made a Sign for that Purpose; and throwing herself into a Chair, burst into Tears, which greatly surprizing Miss Glanville, she prest her to tell her the Cause.

Alas! reply'd Arabella, have I not Cause to think myself extremely unhappy? The deplorable Death of Mr. Selvin, the Despair to which I see your Brother reduc'd, with the fatal Consequences which may attend it, fills me with a mortal Uneasiness.

Well, said Miss Glanville, your Ladyship may make yourself quite easy as to both these Matters; for Mr. Selvin is not dead, nor is my Brother in Despair that I know of.

What do you say, Miss, interrupted Arabella, is not Mr. Selvin dead? Was the Wound he gave himself not mortal then?

I know of no Wound that he gave himself, not I, said Miss Glanville; what makes your Ladyship suppose he gave himself a Wound? Lord bless me, what strange Thoughts come into your Head.

Truly I am rejoic'd to hear it, reply'd Arabella; and in order to prevent the Effects of his Despair, I'll instantly dispatch my Commands to him to live.

I dare answer for his Obedience, Madam, said Miss *Glanville* smiling.

Arabella then gave Orders for Paper and Pens to be brought her, and seeing Mr. *Glanville* enter the Room, very formally acquainted him with her Intention, telling him, that he ought to be satisfy'd with the Banishment to which she had doom'd his unhappy Rival, and not require his Death, since he had nothing to fear from his Pretensions.

I assure you, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, I am perfectly easy upon that Account: And in order to spare you the Trouble of sending to Mr. *Selwin*, I may venture to assure you that he is in no Danger of dying.

'Tis impossible, Sir, reply'd *Arabella*, according to the Nature of Things, 'tis impossible but he must already be very near Death— You know the Rigour of my Sentence, you know——

I know, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, that Mr. *Selwin* does not think himself under a Necessity of obeying your Sentence; and has the Impudence to question your Authority for banishing him from his native Country.

My Authority, Sir, said *Arabella* strangely surpriz'd, is founded upon the absolute Power he has given me over him.

He denies that, Madam, said *Glanville*, and says that he neither can give, nor you exercise an absolute Power over him; since you are both accountable to the King, whose Subjects you are, and both restrain'd by the Laws under whose Sanction you live.

Arabella's apparent Confusion at these Words giving Mr. *Glanville* Hopes that he had fallen upon a proper Method to cure her of some of her strange Notions, he was going to pursue his Arguments, when *Arabella* looking a little sternly upon him,

The Empire of Love, said she, like the Empire of Honour, is govern'd by Laws of its own, which have no Dependence upon, or Relation to any other.

Pardon me, Madam, said *Glanville*, if I presume to differ from you. Our Laws have fix'd the Boundaries of Honour as well as those of Love.

How is that possible, reply'd *Arabella*, when they differ so widely, that a Man may be justify'd by the one, and yet condemn'd by the other? For Instance, pursued she, you are not permitted by the Laws of the Land to take away the Life of any Person whatever; yet the Laws of Honour oblige you to hunt your Enemy thro' the World, in order to sacrifice him to your Vengeance. Since it is impossible then for the same Actions to be at once just and unjust, it must necessarily follow, that the Law which condemns it, and that which justifies it is not the same, but directly opposite—And now, added she, after a little Pause, I hope I have entirely clear'd up that Point to you.

You have indeed, Madam, reply'd Mr. *Glanville*, proved to a Demonstration, that what is called Honour is something distinct from Justice, since they command Things absolutely opposite to each other.

Arabella

Arabella without reflecting on this Inference, went on to prove the independent Sovereignty of Love, which, said she, may be collected from all the Words and Actions of those Heroes who were inspir'd by this Passion. We see it in them, pursued she, triumphing not only over all natural and avow'd Allegiance, but superior even to Friendship, Duty, and Honour itself. This the Actions of *Oroondates*, *Artaxerxes*, *Spiridates*, and many other illustrious Princes sufficiently testify.

Love requires a more unlimited Obedience from its Slaves, than any other Monarch can expect from his Subjects; an Obedience which is circumscrib'd by no Laws whatever, and dependent upon nothing but itself.

I shall live, Madam, says the renowned Prince of *Scythia* to the divine *Statira*, I shall live, since it is your Command I should do so; and Death can have no Power over a Life which you are pleas'd to take Care of—

Say only that you wish I should conquer, said the great *Juba* to the incomparable *Cleopatra*, and my Enemies will be already vanquish'd—Victory will come over to the Side you favour—and an Army of a hundred thousand Men will not be able to overcome the Man who has your Commands to conquer—

How mean and insignificant, pursued she, are the Titles bestow'd on other Monarchs compar'd with those which dignify the Sovereigns of Hearts, such as divine Arbiters of my Fate, Visible Divinity, Earthly Goddesses, and many others equally sublime—

Mr. *Glanville* losing all Patience at her obstinate Folly, interrupted her here with a Question quite foreign to the Subject she was discussing, and soon after quitting her Chamber, retir'd to his own, more than ever despairing of her Recovery.

C H A P. V.

In which is introduc'd a very singular Character.

MISS *Glanville*, whose Envy and Dislike of her lovely Cousin was heighten'd by her Suspicions that she disputed with her the Possession of Sir *George's* Heart, she having been long in reality a great Admirer of that gay Gentleman, was extremely delighted with the Ridicule her absurd Behaviour had drawn upon her at *Bath*, which she found by Enquiry was thro' Mr. *Tinsel's* Representation grown almost general.

In order therefore to be at Liberty to go to the Publick Places un-eclips'd by the superior Beauty of *Arabella*, she acquainted her Father and Brother with Part of what she had heard, which determin'd them to prevent that young Lady's Appearance in Publick while they staid at *Bath*; this being no difficult Matter to bring about, since *Arabella* only went to the Rooms or Parade in Compliance with the Invitation of her Cousins.

Miss

Chap. 5. QUIXOTE. 229

Miss *Glanville* being by these Means rid of a Rival too powerful even to contend with, went with more than usual Gaiety to the Assembly, where the Extravagancies of *Arabella* afforded a perpetual Fund for Diversion. Her more than passive Behaviour upon this Occasion, banishing all Restraint among those she convers'd with, the Jest circulated very freely at *Arabella's* Expence. Nor did Miss *Glanville* fail to give new Poignancy to their Sarcasms, by artfully deploring the bent of her Cousin's Studies, and enumerating the many Absurdities they had made her guilty of.

Arabella's uncommon Beauty had gain'd her so many Enemies among the Ladies that compos'd this Assembly, that they seem'd to contend with each other who should ridicule her most. The celebrated Countess of — being then at *Bath*, approach'd a Circle of these fair Defamers, and listning a few Moments to the contemptuous Jests they threw out against the absent Beauty, declar'd herself in her Favour; which in a Moment, such was the Force of her universally acknowledg'd Merit, and the Deference always pay'd to her Opinion, silenc'd every pretty Impertinent around her.

This Lady, who among her own Sex had no Superior in Wit, Elegance, and Ease, was inferior to very few of the other in Sense, Learning, and Judgment. Her Skill in Poetry, Painting, and Musick, tho' incontestably great, was number'd among the least of her Accomplishments. Her Candour, her Sweetness, her Modesty and Benevolence, while they secur'd her from the Darts of Envy, render'd her superior

perior to Praise, and made the one as unnecessary as the other ineffectual.

She had been a Witness of the Surprise *Arabella's* extraordinary Appearance had occasion'd, and struck with that as well as the uncommon Charms of her Person, had prest near her with several others of the Company, when she was discoursing in the Manner we have related.

A Person of the Countess's nice Discernment could not fail of observing the Wit and Spirit, which tho' obscur'd, was not absolutely hid under the Absurdity of her Notions. And this Discovery adding Esteem to the Compassion she felt for the fair Visionary, she resolv'd to rescue her from the ill-natur'd Raillery of her Sex; praising therefore her Understanding, and the Beauty of her Person with a Sweetness and Generosity peculiar to herself, she accounted in the most delicate Manner imaginable for the Singularity of her Notions, from her Studies, her Retirement, her Ignorance of the World, and her lively Imagination. And to abate the Keeness of their Sarcasms, acknowledg'd, that she herself had, when very young, been deep read in Romances; and but for an early Acquaintance with the World, and being directed to other Studies, was likely to have been as much a Heroine as *Lady Bella*.

Miss Glanville, tho' she was secretly vex'd at this Defence of her Cousin, was however under a Necessity of seeming oblig'd to the Countess for it: And that Lady expressing a Desire to be acquainted with *Lady Bella*, *Miss Glanville* respectfully

Chap. 5. QUIXOTE. 231

respectfully offer'd to attend her Cousin to her Lodgings, which the Countess as respectfully declin'd, saying, As *Lady Bella* was a Stranger, she would make her the first Visit.

Miss *Glanville* at her Return gave her Brother an Account of what had happen'd at the Assembly, and fill'd him with an inconceivable Joy at the Countess's Intention. He had always been a zealous Admirer of that Lady's Character, and flatter'd himself that the Conversation of so admirable a Woman would be of the utmost Use to *Arabella*.

That very Night he mention'd her to his beloved Cousin; and after enumerating all her fine Qualities, declar'd that she had already conceiv'd a Friendship for her, and was solicitous of her Acquaintance.

I think myself extremely fortunate, replied *Arabella*, in that I have (tho' questionless undeservedly) acquir'd the Amity of this lovely Person; and I beg you, pursued she to Miss *Glanville*, to tell her, that I long with Impatience to embrace her, and to give her that Share in my Heart which her transcendent Merit deserves.

Miss *Glanville* only bow'd her Head in Answer to this Request, giving her Brother at the same Time a significant Leer; who tho' used to *Arabella's* Particularities, could not help being a little confounded at the heroic Speech she had made.

C H A P. VI.

*Containing something which at first Sight
may possibly puzzle the Reader.*

THE Countess was as good as her Word, and two Days after sent a Card to *Arabella*, importing her Design to wait on her that Afternoon.

Our Heroine expected her with great Impatience, and the Moment she enter'd the Room flew towards her with a graceful Eagerness, and straining her in her Arms, embrac'd her with all the Rervour of a long absent Friend.

Sir Charles and *Mr. Glanville* were equally embarrass'd at the Familiarity of this Address; but observing that the Countess seem'd not to be surpriz'd at it, but rather to receive it with Pleasure, they were soon compos'd.

You cannot imagine, lovely Stranger, said *Arabella* to the Countess, as soon as they were seated, with what Impatience I have long'd to behold you, since the Knowledge I have receiv'd of your rare Qualities, and the Friendship you have been pleas'd to honour me with—And I may truly protest to you, that such is my Admiration of your Virtues, that I would have gone to the farthest Part of the World to render you that which you with so much Generosity have condescended to bestow upon me.

Sir Charles star'd at this extraordinary Speech, and not being able to comprehend a Word of it, was concern'd to think how the Lady to whom it was address'd would understand it.

Mr. Glanville

Chap. 6. QUIXOTE. 233

Mr. *Glanville* look'd down, and bit his Nails in extreme Confusion ; but the Countess who had not forgot the Language of Romance, return'd the Compliment in a Strain as heroic as hers.

The Favour I have receiv'd from Fortune, said she, in bringing me to the Happiness of your Acquaintance, charming *Arabella*, is so great, that I may rationally expect some terrible Misfortune will befall me : Seeing that in this Life our Pleasures are so constantly succeeded by Pains, that we hardly ever enjoy the one without suffering the other soon after.

Arabella was quite transported to hear the Countess express herself in Language so conformable to her own ; but Mr. *Glanville* was greatly confounded, and began to suspect she was diverting herself with his Cousin's Singularities ; And Sir *Charles* was within a little of thinking her as much out of the Way as his Niece.

Misfortunes, Madam, said *Arabella*, are too often the Lot of excellent Persons like yourself. The sublimest among Mortals both for Beauty and Virtue have experienc'd the Frowns of Fate. The Sufferings of the divine *Statira* or *Cassandra*, for she bore both Names, the Persecutions of the incomparable *Gleopatra*, the Distresses of the beautiful *Candace*, and the Afflictions of the fair and generous *Mandana*, are Proofs that the most illustrious Persons in the World have felt the Rage of Calamity.

It must be confess'd, said the Countess, that all those fair Princesses you have nam'd, were for a while extremely unfortunate : Yet in the Catalogue of these lovely and afflicted Persons
you

you have forgot one who might with Justice dispute the Priority of Sufferings with them all—I mean the beautiful *Elisa*, Princess of *Parthia*.

Pardon me, Madam, reply'd *Arabella*, I cannot be of your Opinion. The Princess of *Parthia* may indeed justly be rank'd among the Number of unfortunate Persons, but she can by no means dispute the melancholy Precedence with the divine *Cleopatra*—For in fine, Madam, what Evils did the Princess of *Parthia* suffer which the fair *Cleopatra* did not likewise endure, and some of them haply in a greater Degree? If *Elisa* by the tyrannical Authority of the King her Father, saw herself upon the Point of becoming the Wife of a Prince she detested, was not the beautiful Daughter of *Antony*, by the more unjustifiable Tyranny of *Augustus*, likely to be forced into the Arms of *Tyberius*, a proud and cruel Prince, who was odious to the whole World as well as to her? If *Elisa* was for some time in the Power of Pyrates, was not *Cleopatra* Captive to an inhuman King, who presented his Sword to the fair Breast of that divine Princess worthy the Adoration of the whole Earth? And in fine, if *Elisa* had the Grief to see her dear *Artaban* imprison'd by the Order of *Augustus*, *Cleopatra* beheld with mortal Agonies, her beloved *Coriolanus* inclos'd amidst the Guards of that enrag'd Prince, and doom'd to a cruel Death.

'Tis certain, Madam, reply'd the Countess, that the Misfortunes of both these Princesses were very great, tho' as you have shew'd me with some Inequality: And when one reflects upon the dangerous Adventures to which Per-

sons

Chap. 6. QUIXOTE. 235

sons of their Quality were expos'd in those Times, one cannot help rejoicing that we live in an Age in which the Customs, Manners, Habits, and Inclinations differ so widely from theirs, that 'tis impossible such Adventures should even happen.

Such is the strange Alteration of Things, that some People I dare say at present, cannot be persuaded to believe there ever were Princesses wandering thro' the World by Land and Sea in mean Disguises, carry'd away violently out of their Father's Dominions by insolent Lovers—Some discover'd sleeping in Forests, other shipwreck'd on desolate Islands, confin'd in Castles, bound in Chariots, and even struggling amidst the tempestuous Waves of the Sea, into which they had cast themselves to avoid the brutal Force of their Ravishers. Not one of these Things having happen'd within the Compass of several thousand Years, People unlearn'd in Antiquity would be apt to deem them idle Tales, so improbable do they appear at present.

Arabella, tho' greatly surpriz'd at this Discourse, did not think proper to express her Thoughts of it. She was unwilling to appear absolutely ignorant of the present Customs of the World, before a Lady whose good Opinion she was ardently desirous of improving. Her Prepossessions in favour of the Countess made her receive the new Lights she held out to her with Respect, tho' not without Doubt and Irresolution. Her Blushes, her Silence, and down-cast Eyes gave the Countess to understand Part of her Thoughts; who for fear of alarming her too much for that Time, dropt the Subject,

236 *The FEMALE* Book VIII.

Subject, and turning the Conversation on others more general, gave *Arabella* an Opportunity of mingling in it with that Wit and Vivacity which was natural to her when Romances were out of the Question.

C H A P. VII.

In which, if the Reader has not anticipated it, he will find an Explanation of some seeming Inconsistencies in the foregoing Chapter.

THE Countess, charm'd with the Wit and good Sense of *Arabella*, could not conceal her Admiration, but express it in Terms the most obligingly imaginable: And *Arabella*, who was excessively delighted with her, return'd the Compliments she made her with the most respectful Tenderness.

In the midst of these mutual Civilities, *Arabella* in the Style of Romance, intreated the Countess to favour her with the Recital of her Adventures.

At the Mention of this Request, that Lady convey'd so much Confusion into her Countenance, that *Arabella* extremely embarrass'd by it, tho' she knew not why, thought it necessary to apologize for the Disturbance she seem'd to have occasion'd in her.

Pardon me, Madam, reply'd the Countess recovering herself, if the Uncommonness of your Request made a Moment's Reflexion necessary
to

to convince me that a young Lady of your Sense and Delicacy could mean no Offence to Decorum by making it. The Word Adventures carries in it so free and licentious a Sound in the Apprehensions of People at this Period of Time, that it can hardly with Propriety be apply'd to those few and natural Incidents which compose the History of a Woman of Honour. And when I tell you, pursued she with a Smile, that I was born and christen'd, had a useful and proper Education, receiv'd the Addresses of my Lord——through the Recommendation of my Parents, and marry'd him with their Consents and my own Inclination, and that since we have liv'd in great Harmony together, I have told you all the material Passages of my Life, which upon Enquiry you will find differ very little from those of other Women of the same Rank, who have a moderate Share of Sense, Prudence and Virtue.

Since you have already, Madam, replied *Arabella* blushing, excus'd me for the Liberty I took with you, it will be unnecessary to tell you it was ground'd upon the Customs of antient Times, when Ladies of the highest Rank and sublimest Virtue, were often expos'd to a Variety of cruel Adventures which they imparted in Confidence to each other, when Chance brought them together.

Custom, said the Countess smiling, changes the very Nature of Things, and what was honourable a thousand Years ago, may probably be look'd upon as infamous now——A Lady in the heroic Age you speak of, would not be thought to possess any great Share of Merit, if she had not
been

been many times carried away by one or other of her insolent Lovers: Whereas a Beauty in this could not pass thro' the Hands of several different Ravishers, without bringing an Imputation on her Chastity.

The same Actions which made a Man a Hero in those Times, would constitute him a Murderer in These—And the same Steps which led him to a Throne Then, would infallibly conduct him to a Scaffold Now.

But Custom, Madam, said *Arabella*, cannot possibly change the Nature of Virtue or Vice: And since Virtue is the chief Characteristic of a Hero, a Hero in the last Age will be a Hero in this—Tho' the Natures of Virtue or Vice cannot be changed, replied the Countess, yet they may be mistaken; and different Principles, Customs, and Education, may probably change their Names, if not their Natures.

Sure, Madam, said *Arabella* a little moved, you do not intend by this Inference to prove *Oroondates*, *Artaxerxes*, *Juba*, *Artaban*, and the other Heroes of Antiquity, bad Men?

Judging them by the Rules of Christianity, and our present Notions of Honour, Justice, and Humanity, they certainly are, replied the Countess.

Did they not possess all the necessary Qualifications of Heroes, Madam, said *Arabella*, and each in a superlative Degree?—Was not their Valour invincible, their Generosity unbounded, and their Fidelity inviolable?

It cannot be denied, said the Countess, but that their Valour was invincible; and many thousand Men less courageous than themselves,
felt

felt the fatal Effects of that invincible Valour, which was perpetually seeking after Occasions to exert itself. *Oroondates* gave many extraordinary Proofs of that unbounded Generosity so natural to the Heroes of his Time. This Prince being sent by the King his Father, at the Head of an Army, to oppose the *Persian* Monarch, who had unjustly invaded his Dominions, and was destroying the Lives and Properties of his Subjects; having taken the Wives and Daughters of his Enemy Prisoners, had by these Means an Opportunity to put a Period to a War so destructive to his Country: Yet out of a Generosity truly heroic, he releas'd them immediately without any Conditions; and falling in Love with one of those Princesses, secretly quitted his Father's Court, resided several Years in that of the Enemy of his Father and Country, engag'd himself to his Daughter, and when the War broke out again between the two Kings, fought furiously against an Army in which the King his Father was in Person, and shed the Blood of his future Subjects without Remorse; tho' each of those Subjects, we are told, would have sacrific'd his Life to save that of their Prince, so much was he belov'd. Such are the Actions which immortalize the Heroes of Romance, and are by the Authors of those Books styl'd glorious, godlike, and divine. Yet judging of them as Christians, we shall find them impious and base, and directly opposite to our present Notions of moral and relative Duties.

'Tis certain therefore, Madam, added the Countess with a Smile, that what was Virtue in those

those Days, is Vice in ours : And to form a Hero according to our Notions of 'em at present, 'tis necessary to give him Qualities very different from *Oroondates*.

The secret Charm in the Countenance, Voice, and Manner of the Countess, join'd to the Force of her Reasoning, could not fail of making some Impression on the Mind of *Arabella*; but it was such an Impression as came far short of Conviction. She was surpriz'd, embarrass'd, perplex'd, but not convinc'd. Heroism, romantic Heroism, was deeply rooted in her Heart; it was her Habit of thinking, a Principle imbib'd from Education. She could not separate her Ideas of Glory, Virtue, Courage, Generosity, and Honour, from the false Representations of them in the Actions of *Oroondates*, *Juba*, *Artaxerxes*, and the rest of the imaginary Heroes. The Countess's Discourse had rais'd a Kind of Tumult in her Thoughts, which gave an Air of Perplexity to her lovely Face, and made that Lady apprehensive she had gone too far, and lost that Ground in her Esteem, which she had endeavour'd to acquire by a Conformity to some of her Notions and Language. In this however, she was mistaken; *Arabella* felt a Tenderness for her that had already the Force of a long contracted Friendship, and an Esteem little less than Veneration.

When the Countess took Leave, the Professions of *Arabella*, tho' deliver'd in the Language of Romance, were very sincere and affecting, and were return'd with an equal Degree of Tenderness by the Countess, who had conceiv'd a more than ordinary Affection for her.

Mr. Glanville

Mr. *Glanville*, who could have almost worshipp'd the Countess for the generous Design he saw she had entertain'd, took an Opportunity as he handed her to her Chair, to intreat in a Manner as earnestly as polite, that she would continue the Happiness of her Acquaintance to his Cousin; which with a Smile of mingled Dignity and Sweetness she assur'd him of.

C H A P. VIII.

Which concludes Book the Eighth.

MR. *Glanville* at his Return to the Dining-Room, finding *Arabella* retir'd, told his Father in an Rapture of Joy, that the charming Countess would certainly make a Convert of *Lady Bella*.

Methinks, said the Baronet, she has as strange Whims in her Head as my Niece. Ad's heart what a deal of Stuff did she talk about! A Parcel of Herues as she calls them, with confounded hard Names—In my Mind she is more likely to make *Lady Bella* worse than better.

Mr. *Glanville*, a little vex'd at his Father's Mis-apprehension, endeavour'd with as much Delicacy as he could, to set him right with Regard to the Countess; so that he brought him at last to confess she manag'd the Thing very well.

The Countess, who had resolv'd to take *Arabella* openly into her Protection, was thinking on Means to engage her to appear at the

Assembly, whither she propos'd to accompany her in a modern Dress. But her good Intentions towards our lovely Heroine were suspended by the Account she receiv'd of her Mother's Indisposition, which commanded her immediate Attendance on her at her Seat in—

Her sudden Departure gave *Arabella* an extreme Uneasiness, and proved a cruel Disappointment to Mr. *Glanville*, who had founded all his Hopes of her Recovery on the Conversation of that Lady.

Sir *Charles* having Affairs that requir'd his Presence in *London*, propos'd to his Niece the leaving *Bath* in a few Days, to which she consented; and accordingly they set out for *London* in *Arabella's* Coach and Six, attended by several Servants on Horseback, her Women having been sent away before in the Stage.

Nothing very remarkable happen'd during this Journey, so we shall not trouble our Readers with several small Mistakes of *Arabella's*, such as her supposing a neat Country Girl who was riding behind a Man, to be some Lady or Princess in Disguise, forc'd away by a Lover she hated, and intreating Mr. *Glanville* to attempt her Rescue; which occasion'd some little Debate between her and Sir *Charles*, who could not be persuaded to believe it was as she said, and forbid his Son to meddle in other People's Affairs. Several of these Sort of Mistakes, as we said before, we omit; and will therefore, if our Reader pleases, bring our Heroine without further Delay to *London*.

The End of the Eighth Book.

T H E



THE
Female QUIXOTE.

BOOK IX.

CHAP. I.

In which is related an admirable Adventure.



MISS Glanville, whose Spirits were greatly exhilarated at their Entrance into *London*, that Seat of Magnificence and Pleasure, congratulated her Cousin upon the Entertainment she would receive from the new and surprizing Objects which every Day for a considerable Time would furnish her with; and ran over the Catalogue of Diversions with such a Volubility of Tongue, as drew a gentle Reprimand from her Father, and made her keep a full-n Silence 'till they were set down In

St. James's Square, the Place of their Residence in Town.

Sir *Charles* having order'd his late Lady's Apartment to be prepar'd for the Accommodation of his Niece; as soon as the first Civilities were over, she retired to her Chamber, where she employ'd herself in giving her Women Directions for placing her Books, of which she had brought a moderate Quantity to *London*, in her Closet.

Miss *Glanville* as soon as she had dispatch'd away some hundred Cards to her Acquaintance, to give them Notice she was in Town, attended *Arabella* in her own Apartment; and as they sat at the Tea she began to regulate the Diversions of the Week, naming the Drawing-Room, Park, Concert, *Ranelagh*, Lady ——— Assembly, the Dutchess of — Rout, *Vaux-Hall*, and a long &c. of Visits; at which *Arabella*, with an Accent that express'd her Surprise, ask'd her, if she suppos'd she intended to stay in Town three or four Years——

Law, Cousin, said Miss *Glanville*, all this is but the Amusement of a few Days.

Amusement, do you say, replied *Arabella*, methinks it seems to be the sole Employment of those Days: And what you call the Amusement, must of Necessity be the Business of Life.

You are always so grave, Cousin, said Miss *Glanville*, one does not know what to say to you. However, I shan't press you to go to Public Places against your Inclination, yet you'll condescend to receive a few Visits, I suppose?

Yes, replied *Arabella*, and if among the Ladies whom I shall see, I find any like the amiable

ble Countess of——, I shall not scruple to enter into the most tender Amity with them.

The Countess of——is very well, to be sure, said Miss *Glanville*, yet I don't know how it is, she does not suit my Taste — She is very particular in a great many Things, and knows too much for a Lady, as I heard my Lord *Trifle* say one Day: Then she is quite unfashionable: She hates Cards, keeps no Assembly, is seen but seldom at Publick Places; and in my Opinion, as well as in a great many others, is the dullest Company in the World. I'm sure I met her at a Visit a little before I went down to your Seat, and she had not been a quarter of an Hour in the Room, before she set a whole Circle of Ladies a yawning.

Arabella, tho' she had a sincere Contempt for her Cousin's Manner of thinking, yet always politely conceal'd it; and vex'd as she was at her Sneers upon the Countess, she contented herself with gently defending her, telling her at the same Time, that till she met with a Lady who had more Merit than the Countess, she should always possess the first Place in her Esteem.

Arabella, who had from her Youth adopted the Resentments of her Father, refus'd to make her Appearance at Court, which Sir *Charles* gently intimated to her; yet being not wholly divested of the Curiosity natural to her Sex, she condescended to go *incog.* to the Gallery on a Ball Night, accompanied by Mr. *Glanville* and his Sister, in order to behold the Splendor of the *British* Court.

As her Romances had long familiariz'd her Thoughts to Objects of Grandeur and Magnificence, she was not so much struck as might have been expected, with those that now presented themselves to her View. Nor was she a little disappointed to find that among the Men she saw none whose Appearance came up to her Ideas of the Air and Port of an *Ariaban*, *Oroondates*, or *Juba*; or any of the Ladies, who did not in her Opinion, fall short of the Perfections of *Elisa*, *Mandana*, *Statira*, &c. 'Twas remarkable too, that she never enquir'd how often the Princesses had been carried away by love-captivated Monarchs, or how many Victories the King's Sons had gain'd; but seem'd the whole Time she was there to have suspended all her Romantick Ideas of Glory, Beauty, Gallantry, and Love.

Mr. *Glanville* was highly pleas'd with her compos'd Behaviour, and a Day or two after intreated her to allow him the Honour of shewing her what was remarkable and worthy of her Observation in this great Metropolis. To this she also consented, and for the greater Privacy began their Travels in a hir'd Coach.

Part of several Days were taken up in this Employment; but Mr. *Glanville* had the Mortification to find she was full of Allusions to her Romances upon every Occasion, such as her asking the Person who shews the Armoury at the *Tower*, the Names of the Knights to whom each Suit belong'd, and wondering there were no Devices on the Shields or Plumes of Feathers in the Helmets: She observ'd that the *Lion Lyfsmachus* kill'd, was, according to the History of
that

that Prince, much larger than any of those she was shew'd in the *Tower*, and also much fiercer: Took Notice that *St. Paul's* was less magnificent in the Inside, than the Temple in which *Cyrus*, when he went to *Mandana*, heard her return Thanks for his suppos'd Death: Enquir'd if it was not customary for the King and his whole Court to sail in Barges upon the *Thames*, as *Augustus* used to do upon the *Tyber*, whether they had not Musick and Collations in the Park, and where they celebrated the Jests and Tournaments.

The Season for *Vaux-Hall* being not yet over, she was desirous of once seeing a Place, which by the Description she had heard of it, greatly resembled the Gardens of *Lucullus* at *Rome*, in which the Emperor, with all the Princes and Princesses of his Court were so nobly entertain'd, and where so many galliant Conversations had pass'd among those admirable Persons.

The Singularity of her Dress, for she was cover'd with her Veil, drew a Number of Gazers after her, who prest round her with so little Respect, that she was greatly embarrass'd, and had Thoughts of quitting the Place, delightful as she own'd it, immediately, when her Attention was wholly engross'd by an Adventure in which she soon interested herself very deeply.

An Officer of Rank in the Sea Service had brought his Mistress disguis'd in a Suit of Man's or rather Boy's Cloaths, and a Hat and Feather, into the Gardens. The young Creature being a little intoxicated with the Wine she had taken too freely, was thrown so much off her

Guard as to give Occasion to some of the Company to suspect her Sex; and a gay Fellow, in order to give them some Diversion at her Expence, pretending to be affronted at something she said, drew his Sword upon the disguis'd Fair One, which so alarm'd her, that she shriek'd out, She was a Woman, and ran for Protection to her Lover, who was so disorder'd with Liquor, that he was not able to defend her.

Miss *Glanville*, ever curious and inquisitive, demanded the Cause why the Company ran in Crouds to that particular Spot; and receiv'd for Answer, That a Gentleman had drawn his Sword upon a Lady disguis'd in a Man's Habit.

Oh Heav'ns! cry'd *Arabella*, this must certainly be a very notable Adventure. The Lady has doubtless some extraordinary Circumstances in her Story, and haply upon Enquiry, her Misfortunes will be found to resemble those which oblig'd the beautiful *Aspasia* to put on the same Disguise, who was by that Means murder'd by the cruel *Zenodorus* in a Fit of Jealousy at the Amity his Wife express'd for her. But can I not see this unfortunate Fair One, added she, pressing in Spite of Mr. *Glanville's* Intreaties thro' the Croud—I may haply be able to afford her some Consolation.

Mr. *Glanville* finding his Persuasions were not regarded, follow'd her with very little Difficulty: For her Veil falling back in her Hurry, she did not mind to replace it, and the Charms of her Face, join'd to the Majesty of her Person, and Singularity of her Dress, attracting every Person's Attention and Respect, they made Way for her to pass, not a little surpriz'd
at

at the extreme Earnestness and Solemnity that appear'd in her Countenance upon an Event so diverting to every one else.

The disguis'd Lady whom she was endeavouring to approach, had thrown herself upon a Bench in one of the Boxes, trembling still with the Apprehension of the Sword, tho' her Antagonist was kneeling at her Feet, making Love to her in Mock-Heroicks for the Diversion of the Company.

Her Hat and Peruke had fallen off in her Fright, and her Hair which had been turn'd up under it, hung now loosely about her Neck, and gave such an Appearance of Woe to a Face, which notwithstanding the Paleness that Terror had overspread it with, was really extremely pretty, that *Arahella* was equally struck with Compassion and Admiration of her.

Lovely Unknown, said she to her with an Air of extreme Tenderness, tho' I am a Stranger both to your Name and History, yet your Aspect persuadeth me your Quality is not mean, and the Condition and Disguise in which I behold you, shewing that you are unfortunate, permit me to offer you all the Assurances in my Power, seeing that I am mov'd thereto by my Compassion for your Distress, and that Esteem which the Sight of you most necessarily inspire.

Mr. *Glanville* was struck dumb with Confusion at this strange Speech, and at the Whispers and Scoffs it occasion'd among the Spectators. He attempted to take hold of her Hand, in order to lead her away, but she disengag'd herself from him with a Frown of Displeasure; and taking no Notice of Miss *Glanville*, who whisper'd

with great Emotion, Lord, Cousin, how you expose yourself! I press nearer to the beautiful Disguis'd, and again repeated her Offers of Service.

The Girl being perfectly recover'd from her Intoxication by the Fright she had been in, gaz'd upon *Arabella* with a Look of extreme Surprise: Yet being mov'd to respect by the Dignity of her Appearance, and strange as her Words seem'd to be by the obliging Purport of them, and the affecting Earnestness with which they were deliver'd, she rose from her Seat and thank'd her, with an Accent full of Regard and Submission.

Fair Maid, said *Arabella*, taking her Hand, let us quit this Place, where your Discovery may probably subject you to more Dangers: If you will be pleas'd to put yourself into my Protection, and acquaint me with the History of your Misfortunes; I have Interest enough with a valiant Person who shall undertake to free you from your Persecutions, and re-establish the Repose of your Life.

The kneeling Hero, who as well as every one else that were present, had gaz'd with Astonishment at *Arabella* during all this Passage; perceiving she was about to rob him of the disguis'd Fair, seiz'd hold of the Hand she had at Liberty, and swore he would not part with her.

Mr. *Glanville* almost mad with Vexation, endeavour'd to get *Arabella* away.

Are you mad, Madam, said he in a Whisper, to make all this Rout about a Prostitute? Do you see how every Body stares at you? What will they think—For Heav'n's sake let us be gone.

What,

What, Sir, replied *Arabella*, in a Rage, Are you base enough to leave this admirable Creature in the Power of that Man, who is questionless her Ravisher ; and will you not draw your Sword in her Defence ?

Hey day ! cry'd the Sea-Officer, wak'd out of his stupid Dose by the Clamour about him: What's the Matter here—What are you doing? Where's my *Lucy* ? Zoons ! Sir, said he to the young Fellow who held her, What Business have you with my *Lucy* ? And uttering a dreadful Oath, drew out his Sword, and stagger'd towards his gay Rival, who observing the Weakness of his Antagonist, flourish'd with his Sword to shew his Courage and frighten the Ladies, who all ran away screaming. *Arabella* taking Miss *Glanville* under the Arm, cried out to Mr. *Glanville* as she left the Place, to take Care of the distress'd Lady, and while the two Combatants were disputing for her, to carry her away in Safety.

But Mr. *Glanville* without regarding this Intjunction, hasten'd after her ; and to pacify her, told her the Lady was rescu'd by her favourite Lover, and carry'd off in Triumph.

But are you sure, said *Arabella*, it was not some other of her Ravishers who carry'd her away, and not the Person whom she has haply favour'd with her Affection ! May not the same Thing have happen'd to her, as did to the beautiful *Candace*, Queen of *Ethiopia* ; who while two of her Ravishers were fighting for her, a third whom she took for her Deliverer, came and carry'd her away.

But she went away willingly, I assure you, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*: Pray don't be in any Concern about her——

If she went away willingly with him, reply'd *Arabella*, 'tis probable it may not be another Ravisher: And yet if this Person that rescu'd her happen'd to be in Armour, and the Vizor of his Helmet down, she might be mistaken as well as *Queen Candace*.

Well, well, he was not in Armour, Madam, said *Glanville* almost beside himself with Vexation at her Folly——

You seem to be disturb'd, Sir, said *Arabella* a little surpriz'd at his peevish Tone: Is there any Thing in this Adventure which concerns you? Nav, now I remember, you did not offer to defend the Beautiful Unknown. I am not willing to impute your In-action upon such an Occasion, to Want of Courage or Generosity; perhaps you are acquainted with her History, and from this Knowledge refus'd to engage in her Defence.

Mr. *Glanville* perceiving the Company gather from all Parts to the Walk they were in, told her he would acquaint her with all he knew concerning the disguis'd Lady when they were in the Coach on their Return Home; and *Arabella* impatient for the promis'd Story, propos'd to leave the Gardens immediately, which was gladly comply'd with by Mr. *Glanville*, who heartily repented his having carry'd her thither.

CHAP. II.

Which ends with a very unfavourable Prediction for our Heroine.

AS soon as they were seated in the Coach she did not fail to call upon him to perform his Promise: But Mr. *Glanville*, excessively out of Humour at her exposing herself in the Gardens, reply'd, without considering whether he should not offend her, That he knew no more of the disguis'd Lady than any body else in the Place.

How, Sir, reply'd *Arabella*, Did you not promise to relate her Adventures to me? And would you have me believe you knew no more of them than the rest of the Cavaliers and Ladies in the Place?

Upon my Soul, I don't, Madam, said *Glanville*; yet what I know of her is sufficient to let me understand she was not worth the Consideration you seem'd to have for her.

She cannot sure be more indiscreet than the fair and unfortunate *Hermione*, reply'd *Arabella*; who like her put on Man's Apparel, through Despair at the ill Success of her Passion for *Alexander*—And certain it is, that tho' the beautiful *Hermione* was guilty of one great Error which lost her the Esteem of *Alexander*, yet she had a high and noble Soul; as was manifest by her Behaviour and Words when she was murder'd by the Sword of *Demetrius*. Oh! Death, cry'd she, as she was falling, how sweet do I find thee,

thee, and how much and how earnestly have I desir'd thee!

Oh Lord! oh Lord! cry'd Mr. *Glanville* hardly sensible of what he said, Was there ever any Thing so intolerable?

You pity the unhappy *Hermione*, Sir? said *Arabella* interpreting his Exclamation her own Way. Indeed she is well worthy of your Compassion. And if the bare Recital of the Words she utter'd at receiving her Death's Wound affects you so much, you may guess what would have been your Agonies, had you been *Demetrius* that gave it her.

Here Mr. *Glanville* groaning aloud thro' Impatience at her Absurdities —

This Subject affects you deeply, I perceive, said *Arabella*. There is no Question but you would have acted in the same Circumstance, as *Demetrius* did. Yet let me tell you, the Extravagancy of his Rage and Despair for what he had innocently committed, was imputed to him as a great Imbecillity, as was also the violent Passion he conceiv'd soon after for the Fair *Deidamia*. You know the Accident which brought that fair Princess into his Way.

Indeed, I do not, Madam, said *Glanville* peevishly.

Well, then I'll tell you, said *Arabella*, but pausing a little:

The Recital I have engag'd myself to make, added she, will necessarily take up some Hours Time, as upon Reflexion I have found: So if you will dispense with my beginning it at present, I will satisfy your Curiosity To-morrow, when I may be able to pursue it without Interruption.

To this Mr. *Glanville*, made no other Answer than a Bow with his Head ; and the Coach a few Moments after arriving at their own House, he led her to her Apartment, firmly resolv'd never to attend her to any more Publick Places while she continued in the same ridiculous Folly.

Sir *Charles*, who had several Times been in doubt whether *Arabella* was not really disorder'd in her Senses ; upon Miss *Glanville*'s Account of her Behaviour at the Gardens, concluded she was absolutely mad, and held a short Debate with himself, Whether he ought not to bring a Commission of Lunacy against her, rather than marry her to his Son, whom he was persuaded could never be happy with a Wife so unaccountably absurd. Tho' he only hinted at this to Mr. *Glanville*, in a Conversation he had with him while his Dissatisfaction was at its Height, concerning *Arabella*, yet the bare Supposition that his Father ever thought of such a Thing, threw the young Gentleman into such Agonies, that Sir *Charles* to compose him, protested he would do nothing in relation to his Niece that he would not approve of. Yet he expostulated with him on the Absurdity of her Behaviour, and the Ridicule to which she expos'd herself wherever she went ; appealing to him, whether in a Wife he could think those Follies supportable, which in a Mistress occasion'd him so much Confusion.

Mr. *Glanville*, as much in Love as he was, felt all the Force of this Inference, and acknowledg'd to his Father, That he could not think of marrying *Arabella*, till the Whims her Romances

mances had put into her Head, were eraz'd by a better Knowledge of Life and Manners. But he added with a Sigh, That he knew not how this Reformation would be effected; for she had such a strange Facility in reconciling every Incident to her own fantastick Ideas, that every new Object added Strength to the fatal Deception she laboured under.

C H A P. III.

In which Arabella meets with another admirable Adventure.

OUR lovely Heroine had not been above a Fortnight in *London*, before the gross Air of that smoaky Town affected her Health so much, that Sir *Charles* propos'd to her to go for a few Weeks to *Richmond*, where he hir'd a House elegantly furnish'd for her Reception.

Miss *Glanville* had been too long out of that darling City, to pay her the Compliment of attending her constantly at *Richmond*; yet she promis'd to be as often as possible with her: And Sir *Charles*, having Affairs that could not dispense with his Absence from Town, plac'd his Steward in her House, being a Person whose Prudence and Fidelity he could rely upon; and he, with her Women, and some other menial Servants, made up her Equipage.

As it was not consistent with Decorum for Mr. *Glanville* to reside in her House, he contented himself with riding to *Richmond* generally every

Chap. 3. QUIXOTE. 257

every Day : And as long as *Arabella* was pleas'd with that Retirement, he resolv'd not to press her Return to Town till the Countess of—— arriv'd, in whose Conversation he grounded all his Hopes of her Cure.

At that Season of the Year *Richmond* not being quite deserted by Company, *Arabella* was visited by several Ladies of Fashion ; who charm'd with her Affability, Politeness, and good Sense, were strangely perplex'd how to account for some Peculiarities in her Dress and Manner of thinking.

Some of the younger Sort from whom *Arabella's* extraordinary Beauty took away all Pretensions to Equality on that Score, made themselves extremely merry with her Oddnesses, as they call'd them, and gave broad Intimations that her Head was not right.

As for *Arabella*, whose Taste was as delicate, Sentiments as refin'd, and Judgment as clear as any Person's could be who believ'd the Authenticity of *Scudery's* Romances, she was strangely disappointed to find no Lady with whom she could converse with any tolerable Pleasure : And that instead of *Clelia's*, *Statira's*, *Mandana's*, &c. she found only Miss *Glanville's* among all she knew.

The Comparison she drew between such as these and the charming Countess of——whom she had just begun to be acquainted with at *Bath*, increas'd her Regret for the Interruption that was given to so agreeable a Friendship : And it was with infinite Pleasure Mr. *Glanville* heard her repeatedly wish for the Arrival of that admirable Lady (as she always call'd her) in Town.

Not

Not being able to relish the insipid Conversation of the young Ladies that visited her at *Richmond*, her chief Amusement was to walk in the Park there; which because of its Rural Privacy, was extremely agreeable to her Inclinations.

Here she indulg'd Contemplation, leaning on the Arm of her faithful *Lucy*, while her other Women walk'd at some Distance behind her, and two Men Servants kept her always in Sight.

One Evening when she was returning from her usual Walk, she heard the Sound of a Woman's Voice, which seem'd to proceed from a Tuft of Trees that hid her from her View. And stopping a Moment, distinguish'd some plaintive Accents, which increasing her Curiosity, she advanc'd towards the Place, telling *Lucy*, she was resolv'd if possible to discover who the distress'd Lady was, and what was the Subject of her Affliction.

As she drew nearer with softly treading Steps, she could distinguish through the Branches of the Trees, now despoil'd of great part of their Leaves, two Women seated on the Ground, their Backs towards her, and one of them with her Head gently reclin'd on the other's Shoulder, seem'd by her mournful Action to be weeping; for she often put her Handkerchief to her Eyes, breathing every Time a Sigh, which, as *Arabella* phras'd it, seem'd to proceed from the deepest Recesses of her Heart.

This Adventure, more worthy indeed to be styl'd an Adventure, than all our Fair Heroine had ever yet met with, and so conformable to what she had read in Romances, fill'd her Heart with eager Expectation. She made a Sign to
Lucy

Lucy to make no Noise, and creeping still closer towards the Place where this afflicted Person sat, she heard her distinctly utter these Words, which however were often interrupted with her Sighs.

Ah! *Ariamenes*, whom I to my Misfortune have too much loved, and whom to my Misfortune I fear I shall never sufficiently hate, since that Heav'n and thy cruel Ingratitude hath ordain'd that thou shalt never be mine, and that so many sweet and dear Hopes are for ever taken from me, return me at least, ungrateful Man, return me those Testimonies of my innocent Affection, which were sometimes so dear and precious to thee. Return me those Favours, which all innocent as they were, are become Criminal by thy Crime. Return me, Cruel Man, return me those Reliques of my Heart which thou detainest in Despight of me, and which, notwithstanding thy Infidelity, I cannot recover.

Here her Tears interrupting her Speech, *Arabella* being impatient to know the History of this afflicted Person, came softly round to the other Side, and shewing herself, occasion'd some Disturbance to the sad Unknown; who rising from her Seat, with her Face averted, as if asham'd of having so far disclos'd her Sorrows in a Stranger's Hearing, endeavour'd to pass by her un-notic'd.

Arabella perceiving her Design, stop'd her with a very graceful Action, and with a Voice all compos'd of Sweetness, earnestly conjur'd her to relate her History.

Think

Think not, Lovely Unknown, said she (for she was really very pretty) that my Endeavours to detain you proceed from an indiscreet Curiosity. 'Tis true, some Complaints which have fallen from your fair Mouth, have rais'd in me a Desire to be acquainted with your Adventures; but this Desire has its Foundation in that Compassion your Complaints have fill'd me with: And if I wish to know your Misfortunes, 'tis only with a View of affording you some Consolation.

Pardon me, Madam, said the Fair Afflicted, gazing on *Arabella* with many Signs of Admiration, if my Confusion at being over-heard in a Place I had chosen to bewail my Misfortunes, made me be guilty of some Appearance of Rudeness, not seeing the admirable Person I wanted to avoid. But, pursued she, hesitating a little, those Characters of Beauty I behold in your Face, and the Gracefulness of your Deportment convincing me you can be of no ordinary Rank, I will the less scruple to acquaint you with my Adventures, and the Cause of those Complaints you have heard proceed from my Mouth.

Arabella assuring her, that whatever her Misfortunes were, she might depend upon all the Assistance in her Power, seated herself near her at the Foot of the Tree where she had been sitting, and giving *Lucy* Orders to join the rest of her Women, and stay at a Distance till she made a Sign to them to advance, she prepar'd to listen to the Adventures of the Fair Unknown, who after some little Pause, began to relate them in this Manner.

C H A P. IV.

In which is related the History of the Princess of Gaul.

MY Name, Madam, is *Cynecia*, my Birth illustrious enough, seeing that I am the Daughter of a Sovereign Prince, who possesses a large and spacious Territory in what is now called Antient *Gaul*.

What, Madam, interrupted *Arabella*, Are you a Princess then?

Questionless I am, Madam, replied the Lady; and a Princess happy and prosperous, till the Felicity of my Life was interrupted by the perfidious *Ariamenes*.

Pardon me, Madam, interrupted *Arabella* again, that my Ignorance of your Quality made me be deficient in those Respects which are due to your high Birth, and which notwithstanding those Characters of Greatness I might read in the Lineaments of your Visage, I yet neglected to pay——

Alas! Madam, said the Stranger, that little Beauty which the Heavens bestow'd on me only to make me wretched, as by the Event it has proved, has long since taken its Flight, and together with my Happiness, I have lost that which made me Unhappy. And certain it is, Grief has made such Ravages among what might once have been thought tolerable in my Face, that I should not be surpriz'd if my being no longer Fair, should make you with Difficulty believe I ever was so.

Arabella after a proper Compliment in Answer to this Speech, intreated the Princess to go on with her History, who hesitating a little, comply'd with her Request.

Be pleas'd to know then, Madam, said she, that being bred up with all imaginable Tenderness in my Father's Court, I had no sooner arriv'd to my Sixteenth Year than I saw myself surrounded with Lovers; who nevertheless, such was the Severity with which I behav'd myself, conceal'd their Passions under a respectful Silence, well knowing Banishment from my Presence was the least Punishment they had to expect, if they presum'd to declare their Sentiments to me.

I liv'd in this Fashion, Madam, for Two Years longer, rejoicing in the Insensibility of my own Heart, and triumphing in the Sufferings of others, when my Tranquillity was all at once interrupted by an Accident which I am going to relate to you.

The Princess stopt here to give Vent to some Sighs which a cruel Remembrance forc'd from her; and continuing in a deep Muse for five or six Minutes, resum'd her Story in this Manner.

It being my Custom to walk in a Forest adjoining to one of my Father's Summer Residences, attended only by my Women, one Day when I was taking this Amusement, I perceiv'd at some Distance a Man lying on the Ground; and impell'd by a sudden Curiosity, I advanc'd towards this Person, whom upon a nearer View I perceiv'd to have been wounded very much, and fainted away through
Loss

Loss of Blood. His Habit being very rich, I concluded by that he was of no mean Quality: But when I had look'd upon his Countenance, pale and languishing as it was, methought there appear'd so many Marks of Greatness, accompany'd with a Sweetness so happily blended, that my Attention was engag'd in an extraordinary Manner, and interested me so powerfully in his Safety, that I commanded some of my Women to run immediately for proper Assistance, and convey him to the Castle, while I directed others to throw some Water in his Face, and to apply some Linen to his Wounds, to stop the Bleeding.

These charitable Cares restor'd the wounded Stranger to his Senses; he open'd his Eyes, and turning them slowly to the Objects around him, fix'd at last their languishing Looks on me: When mov'd, as it should seem, to some Respect by what he saw in my Countenance, he rose with some Difficulty from the Ground, and bowing almost down to it again, by that Action seem'd to pay me his Acknowledgments for what he suppos'd I had done for his Preservation.

His extreme Weakness having oblig'd him to creep towards a Tree, against the Back of which he supported himself. I went nearer to him, and having told him the Condition in which I found him, and the Orders I had dispatch'd for Assistance, requested him to acquaint me with his Name and Quality, and the Adventure which had brought him into that Condition.

My Name, Madam, answer'd he, is *Ariamenes*, my Birth is Noble enough; I have spent some Years in my Travels, and was returning to

to my native Country, when passing thro' this Forest I was seiz'd with an Inclination to sleep. I had ty'd my Horse to a Tree, and retiring some few Paces off, stretch'd myself at the Foot of a large Oak whose Branches promis'd me an agreeable Shade. I had not yet clos'd my Eyes, when the Slumber I invited was dissipated by the Sound of some Voices near me.

A Curiosity, not natural to me, made me listen to the Discourse of these Persons, whom by the Tone of their Voices, tho' I could not see them, I knew to be Men.

In short, Madam, I was a Witness to a most horrible Scheme which they concerted together; my Weakness will not I permit me to enter into an exact Detail of all I heard: The Result of their Conference was, To seize the Princess of this Country and carry her off.

Here, pursued *Cynacia*, I interrupted the Stranger with a loud Cry, which giving him to understand who I was, he apologiz'd in the most graceful Manner imaginable for the little Respect he had hitherto paid me.

I then intreated him to tell me, If he had any Opportunity of hearing the Name of my design'd Ravisher; to which he reply'd, that he understood it to be *Taxander*.

This Man, Madam, was one of my Father's Favourites, and had been long secretly in Love with me.

Ariamenes then inform'd me, that being inflam'd with Rage against these impious Villains, he rose from the Ground, re-mounted his Horse, and defy'd the two Traytors aloud, threatening them with Death, unless they abandon'd their impious Design.

Taxander

Taxander made no Answer, but rush'd furiously upon him, and had the Baseness to suffer his wicked Associate to assist him; But the valiant *Ariamenes*, tho' he spoke modestly of his Victory, yet gave me to understand that he had made both the Villains abandon their wicked Enterprize, with their Lives; and that dismounting, in order to see if they were quite dead, he found himself so faint with the Wounds he had received from them both, that he had not Strength to re-mount his Horse; but crawling on, in Hopes of meeting with some Assistance, fainted away at last through Weariness and Loss of Blood.

While he was giving me this Account, the Chariot I had sent for arrived, and having made him such Acknowledgments as the Obligation I had received from him demanded, I caus'd him to get into the Chariot, and sending one with him to acquaint the Prince my Father with all that had happen'd, and the Merit of the valiant Stranger, I returned the same Way I came with my Women, my Thoughts being wholly engross'd by this Unknown.

The Service he had done me filled me with a Gratitude and Esteem for him, which prepar'd my Heart for those tender Sentiments I afterwards entertain'd, to the Ruin of my Repose.

I will not tire your Patience, Madam, with a minute Detail of all the succeeding Passages of my Story; it shall suffice to tell you, That *Ariamenes* was received with extraordinary Marks of Esteem by my Father; that his Cure was soon compleated; and that having vow'd himself to my Service, and declar'd an unal-

terable Passion for me, I permitted him to love me, and gave him that Share in my Heart, which I fear not all his Infidelities will ever deprive him of.

His Attachment to me was soon suspected by *Taxander's* Relations, who having secretly vow'd his Ruin, endeavour'd to discover if I had admitted his Addresses, and having made themselves Masters of our Secrets, by means of the Treachery of one of my Women, procur'd Information to be given to my Father of our mutual Passion.

Alas! what Mischiefs did not this fatal Discovery produce: My Father, enrag'd to the last Degree at this Intelligence, confin'd me to my Apartments, and order'd *Ariamenes* to leave his Dominions within three Days.

Spare me, Madam, the Repetition of what pass'd at our last sad Interview, which by large Bribes to my Guards he obtain'd.

His Tears, his Agonies, his Vows of everlasting Fidelity, so sooth'd my Melancholy at parting with him, and persuaded me of his Constancy, that I waited for several Months with perfect Tranquillity for the Performance of the Promise he made me, to do my Father such considerable Services in the War he was engag'd in with one of his Neighbours, as should oblige him to give me to him for his Reward.

But, alas! two Years roll'd on without bringing back the unfaithful *Ariamenes*. My Father died, and my Brother who succeeded him, being about to force me to marry a Prince whom I detested, I secretly quitted the Court, and attended only by this faithful Confidant whom

you behold with me, and some few of my trusty Domesticks, I came hither in Search of *Ariamenes*, he having told me this Country was the Place of his Birth.

Polenar, the most prudent and faithful of my Servants, undertook to find out the ungrateful *Ariamenes*, whom yet I was willing to find Excuses for ; but all his Enquiries were to no Effect ; the Name of *Ariamenes* was not known in this Part of the World.

Tir'd out with unsuccessful Enquiries, I resolv'd to seek out some obscure Place, where I might in secret lament my Misfortunes, and expect the End of them in Death. My Attendants found me out such a Retreat as I wanted, in a neighbouring Village, which they call *Twickenham*, I think, from whence I often make Excursions to this Park, attended only as you see ; and here indulge myself in Complaints upon the Cruelty of my Destiny.

The sorrowful *Cynecia* here ended her Story, to which in the Course of her Relation she had given a great many Interruptions through the Violence of her Grief : And *Arabella*, after having said every Thing she could think on to alleviate her Affliction, earnestly entreated her to accept of an Asylum at her House ; where she should be treated with all the Respect due to her illustrious Birth.

The afflicted Lady, tho' she respectfully declin'd this Offer, yet express'd a great Desire of commencing a strict Amity with our fair Heroine, who on her Part, made her the most tender Protestations of Friendship.

The Evening being almost clos'd, they parted with great Reluctancy on both Sides; mutually promising to meet in the same Place the next Day.

Cynecia, having enjoin'd her new Friend absolute Secrecy, *Arabella* was under a Necessity of keeping this Adventure to herself. And tho' she long'd to tell Mr. *Glanville*, who came to visit her the next Day, that the Countess was extremely mistaken, when she maintain'd there were no more wandering Princesses in the World, yet the Engagement she had submitted to, kept her silent.

CHAP. V.

A very mysterious Chapter.

ARABELLA, who impatiently long'd for the Hour of meeting the fair Princess, with whom she was extremely delighted, consulted her Watch so often, and discovered so much Restlessness and Anxiety, that Mr. *Glanville* began to be surpriz'd; and the more, as she peremptorily commanded him not to attend her in her Evening Walk. This Prohibition, which, tho' he durst not dispute, he secretly resolv'd to disobey; and as soon as she set out for the Park with her usual Attendants, he slipp'd out by a Back-door, and keeping her in his Sight, himself unseen, he ventur'd to watch her Motions.

As

As he had expected to unravel some great Mystery, he was agreeably disappointed to find she continued her Walk in the Park with great Composure; and tho' she was soon join'd by the imaginary Princess, yet conceiving her to be some young Lady, with whom she had commenced an Acquaintance at *Richmond*, his Heart was at Rest; and for fear of displeasing her, he took a contrary Path from that she was in, that he might not meet her, yet resolv'd to stay till he thought she would be inclin'd to return, and then shew himself, and conduct her Home. A Solicitude for which he did not imagine she need be offended.

The two Ladies being met, after reciprocal Compliments, the Princess intreated *Arabella* to relate her Adventures; who not being willing to violate the Laws of Romance, which require an unbounded Confidence upon these Occasions, began very succinctly to recount the History of her Life; which, as she manag'd it, contain'd Events almost as Romantick and Incredible as any in her Romances; winding them up with a Confession that she did not hate Mr. *Glanville*, whom she acknowledg'd to be one of the most faithful and zealous of Lovers.

Cynecia with a Sigh, congratulated her upon the Fidelity of a Lover, who by her Description, was worthy the Place he possess'd in her Esteem: And expressing a Wish, that she could see, unobserv'd by him, this gallant and generous Person, *Arabella*, who that Moment espy'd him at a Distance, yet advancing towards them, told her, with a Blush that overspread all her Face, That her Curiosity might be satisfied in

the Manner she wish'd, for yonder, added she, is the Person we have been talking of.

Cynecia, at these Words, looking towards the Place where her fair Friend had directed; no sooner cast her Eyes upon Mr. *Glanville*, than giving a loud Cry, she sunk into the Arms of *Arabella*, who, astonish'd and perplex'd as she was, eagerly held them out to support her.

Finding her in a Swoon, she dispatch'd *Lucy*, who was near her, to look for some Water to throw in her Face; but that Lady, breathing a deep Sigh, open'd her languishing Eyes, and fixing a melancholy Look upon *Arabella*,

Ah! Madam, said she, wonder not at my Affliction and Surprize, since in the Person of your Lover I behold the ungrateful *Ariamenes*.

Oh Heavens! my fair Princess, replied *Arabella*, What is it you say? Is it possible *Glanville* can be *Ariamenes*?

He, cried the afflicted Princess with a disorder'd Accent, He whom I now behold! and whom you call *Glanville*, was once *Ariamenes*, the perjurd, the ungrateful *Ariamenes*. Adieu, Madam, I cannot bear his Sight; I will hide myself from the World for ever; nor need you fear a Rival or an Enemy in the unfortunate *Cynecia*, who, if possible, will cease to love the unfaithful *Ariamenes*, and will never hate the beautiful *Arabella*.

Saying this, without giving her Time to answer, she took hold of her Confidant by the Arm, and went away with so much Swiftneſs, that she was out of Sight before *Arabella* was enough recover'd from her Astonishment to be able to intreat her Stay.

Our

Our charming Heroine, ignorant till now of the true State of her Heart, was surpriz'd to find it assaulted at once by all the Passions which attend disappointed Love. Grief, Rage, Jealousy, and Despair made so cruel a War in her gentle Bosom, that, unable either to express or to conceal the strong Emotions with which she was agitated, she gave Way to a violent Burst of Tears, leaning her Head upon *Lucy's* Shoulder, who wept as heartily as her Lady, tho' ignorant of the Cause of her Affliction.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was now near enough to take Notice of her Posture, came running with eager Haste to see what was the Matter; when *Arabella*, rous'd from her Extacy of Grief by the Sound of his Steps, lifted up her Head, and seeing him approach,

Lucy, cried she, trembling with the Violence of her Resentment, Tell that Traitor to keep out of my Sight. Tell him, I forbid him ever to appear before me again. And, tell him, added she, with a Sigh that shook her whole tender Frame, All the Blood in his Body is too little to wash away his Guilt, or to pacify my Indignation.

Then hastily turning away, she ran towards her other Attendants, who were at some Distance; and joining her Women, proceeded directly Home.

Mr. *Glanville*, amaz'd at this Action, was making after her as fast as he could, when *Lucy* crossing in his Way, cried out to him to stop.

My Lady, said she, bid me tell you, Trai-

tor

Hey day! interrupted *Glanville*, What the Devil does the Girl mean?

Pray, Sir, said she, let me deliver my Message: I shall forget if you speak to me till I have said it all—Stay, let me see, What comes next?

No more Traitor, I hope, said *Glanville*.

No, Sir, said *Lucy*; but there was something about washing in Blood, and you must keep out of her Sight, and not appear before the Nation—Oh dear! I have forgot it half: My Lady was in such a piteous Taking, I forgot it, I believe, as soon as she said it. What shall I do?—

No Matter, said *Glanville*, I'll overtake her, and ask—

No, no, Sir, said *Lucy*, Pray don't do that, Sir, my Lady will be very angry: I'll venture to ask her to tell me over again, and come back and let you know it.

But tell me, reply'd *Glanville*, Was any thing the Matter with your Lady? She was in a piteous Taking, you say.

Oh dear! yes, Sir, said *Lucy*; but I was not bid to say any thing about that. To be sure, my Lady did cry sadly, and sigh'd as if her Heart would break; but I don't know what was the Matter with her.

Well, said *Glanville*, excessively shock'd at this Intelligence, Go to your Lady; I am going Home—You may bring me her Message to my own Apartment.

Lucy did as she was desir'd; and Mr. *Glanville*, impatient as he was to unravel the Mystery, yet dreading lest his Presence should make

Arabella

Arabella be guilty of some Extravagance before the Servants who were with her, he follow'd slowly after her, resolving, if possible, to procure a private Interview with the lovely Visionary, for whose Sorrow, tho' he suspected it was owing to some ridiculous Cause, he could not help being affected.

CHAP. VI.

Not much plainer than the former.

ARABELLA, who had walk'd as fast as her Legs would carry her, got Home before *Lucy* could overtake her, and retiring to her Chamber, gave Way to a fresh Burst of Grief, and bewail'd the Infidelity of *Glanville* in Terms besitting a *Clelia* or *Mandana*.

As soon as she saw *Lucy* enter, she started from her Chair with great Emotion.

Thou comest, said she, I know, to intercede for that ungrateful Man, whose Infidelity I am weak enough to lament: But open not thy Mouth, I charge thee, in his Defence.

No, indeed, Madam, said *Lucy*.

Nor bring me any Account of his Tears, his Desperation, or his Despair, said *Arabella*, since questionless he will feign them all to deceive me.

Here *Glanville*, who had watch'd *Lucy's* coming, and had follow'd her into *Arabella's* Apartment, appear'd at the Door.

Oh Heavens ! cried *Arabella*, lifting up her fine Eyes, Can it be that this disloyal Man, unaw'd by the Discovery of his Guilt, again presumes to approach me !——

Dearest Cousin, said *Glanville*, What is the Meaning of all this ? — How have I disoblig'd you ? — What is my Offence ? I beseech you, tell me.

Ask the inconstant *Ariamenes*, replied *Arabella*, the Offence of the ungrateful *Glanville*. The Betrayer of *Cynecia* can best answer that Question to the Deceiver of *Arabella*. And the Guilt of the one can only be compar'd to the Crimes of the other.

Good God ! interrupted Mr. *Glanville* fretting excessively, What am I to understand by all this ? On my Soul, Madam, I don't know the Meaning of one Word you say.

Oh Dissembler ! said *Arabella*, Is it thus that thou would'st impose upon my Incredulity ? Does not the Name of *Ariamenes* make thee tremble then ? And can'st thou hear that of *Cynecia* without Confusion ?

Dear Lady *Bella*, said *Glanville* smiling, What are these Names to me ?

False Man, interrupted *Arabella*, Dost thou presume to sport with thy Crimes then ? Are not the Treacheries of *Ariamenes* the Crimes of *Glanville* ? Could *Ariamenes* be false to the Prin-

• This Enigmatical Way of speaking upon such Occasions, is of great Use in the voluminous *French Romances* ; since the Doubt and Confusion it is the Cause of, both to the Accus'd and Accuser, gives Rise to a great Number of succeeding Mistakes, and consequently Adventures.

cels of *Gaul*, and can *Glanville* be innocent towards *Arabella*?

Mr. *Glanville*, who had never heard her in his Opinion, talk so ridiculously before, was so amaz'd at the incomprehensible Stuff she utter'd with so much Emotion, that he began to fear her Intellects were really touch'd. This Thought gave him a Concern that spread itself in a Moment over his Countenance. He gaz'd on her with a fix'd Attention, dreading, yet wishing she would speak again; equally divided between his Hopes that her next Speech would remove his Suspicion, and his Fears, that it might more confirm them.

Arabella taking Notice of his pensive Posture, turn'd away her Head, lest, by beholding him, she should relent, and treat him with less Severity than she had intended; making at the same Time a Sign to him to be gone.

Indeed, Lady *Bella*, said *Glanville* who understood her perfectly well, I cannot leave you in this Temper. I must know how I have been so unfortunate as to offend you.

Arabella, no longer able to contain herself, burst into Tears at this Question: With one Hand she made repeated Signs to him to be gone, with the other she held her Handkerchief to her Eyes, vex'd and asham'd of her Weakness.

But Mr. *Glanville*, excessively shock'd at this Sight, instead of leaving her, threw himself on his Knees before her, and taking her Hand, which he tenderly prest to his Lips,

Good God! my dearest Cousin, said he, How you distract me by this Behaviour! Sure

something extraordinary must be the Matter. What can it be that thus afflicts you?—Am I the Cause of these Tears?—Can I have offended you so much?—Speak, dear Madam—Let me know my Crime. Yet may I perish if I am conscious of any towards you——

Disloyal Man, said *Arabella* disengaging her Hand from his, Does then the Crime of *Ariamenes* seem so light in thy Apprehension, that thou can'st hope to be thought innocent by *Arabella*? No, no, ungrateful Man, the unfortunate *Cynecia* shall have no Cause to say, that I will triumph in her Spoils. I myself will be the Minister of her Revenge; and *Glanville* shall suffer for the Crime of *Ariamenes*.

Who the Devil is this *Ariamenes*, cry'd *Glanville* rising in a Passion? And why am I to suffer for his Crime, pray? For Heav'n's Sake, dear Cousin, don't let your Imagination wander thus. Upon my Soul, I don't believe there is any such Person as *Ariamenes* in the World.

Vile Equivocator, said *Arabella*; *Ariamenes*, tho' dead to *Cynecia*, is alive to the deluded *Arabella*. The Crimes of *Ariamenes* are the Guilt of *Glanville*: And if the one has made himself unworthy of the Princess of *Gaul*, by his Perfidy and Ingratitude, the other by his Baseness and Deceit, merits nothing but Contempt and Detestation from *Arabella*.

Frenzy, by my Soul, cry'd *Glanville* muttering between his Teeth: This is downright Frenzy. What shall I do?——

Hence, from my Presence, resum'd *Arabella*, false and ungrateful Man; persecute me no more with the hateful Offers of thy Love. From
this

this Moment I banish thee from my Thoughts for ever ; and neither as *Glanville* or as *Ariamenes*, will I ever behold thee more.

Stay, dear Cousin, said *Glanville* holding her (for she was endeavouring to rush by him, unwilling he should see the Tears that had overspread her Face as she pronounc'd those Words) hear me, I beg you, but one Word. Who is it you mean by *Ariamenes* ?—Is it me ?—Tell me, Madam, I beseech you—This is some horrid Mistake—You have been impos'd upon by some villainous Artifice — Speak, dear Lady *Bella*—Is it me you mean by *Ariamenes* ? For so your last Words seem'd to hint.

Arabella, without regarding what he said, struggled violently to force her Hand from his : and finding him still earnest to detain her, told him with an enrag'd Voice, That she would call for Help, if he did not unhand her directly.

Poor *Glanville*, at this Menace, submissively dropt her Hand ; and the Moment she was free, she flew out of the Room, and locking herself up in her Closet, sent her Commands to him by one of her Women, whom she call'd to her, to leave her Apartment immediately.

C H A P. VII.

Containing indeed no great Matters, but being a Prelude to greater.

MR. *Glanville*, who stood fix'd like a Statue in the Place where *Arabella* had left him, was rous'd by this Message, which tho' palliated a little

a little by the Girl that deliver'd it, who was not quite so punctual as *Lucy*, nevertheless fill'd him with extreme Confusion. He obey'd however immediately, and retiring to his own Apartment, endeavour'd to recall to his Memory all *Lady Bella* had said.

The Ambiguity of her Stile, which had led him into a Suspicion he had never entertain'd before, her last Words had partly explain'd, if as he understood she did, she meant him by *Ariamenes*. Taking this for granted, he easily conceiv'd some Plot grounded on her Romantic Notions had been laid, to prepossess her against him.

Sir *George's* Behaviour to her rush'd that Moment into his Thoughts: He instantly recollected all his Fooleries, his History, his Letter, his Conversation, all apparently copied from those Books she was so fond of, and probably done with a View to some other Design upon her.

These Reflections, join'd to his new-awak'd Suspicions, that he was in Love with her, convinc'd him he was the Author of their present Misunderstanding; and that he had impos'd some new Fallacy upon *Arabella*, in order to promote a Quarrel between them.

Fir'd almost to Madness at this Thought, he stamp'd about his Room, vowing Revenge upon Sir *George*, execrating Romances, and cursing his own Stupidity, for not discovering Sir *George* was his Rival, and knowing his plotting Talent, not providing against his Artifices.

His first Resolutions were, to set out immediately for Sir *George's* Seat, and force him to confess the Part he had acted against him: But a Moment's

Moment's Consideration convinc'd him, that was not the most probable Place to find him in, since it was much more likely he was waiting the Success of his Schemes in *London*, or perhaps at *Richmond*.

Next to satiating his Vengeance, the Pleasure of detecting him in such a Manner, that he could not possibly deny or palliate his Guilt, was next his Heart.

He resolv'd therefore to give it out, that he was gone to *London*, to make *Lady Bella* believe it was in Obedience to her Commands that he had left her, with a Purpose not to return till he had clear'd his Innocence; but, in Reality, to conceal himself in his own Apartment, and see what Effects his reputed Absence would produce.

Having thus taken his Resolution, he sent for Mr. *Roberts* his Father's Steward, to whose Care he had entrusted *Lady Bella* in her Retirement, and acquainting him with Part of his Apprehensions with Regard to Sir *George's* Attempts upon his Cousin; he imparted to him his Design of staying conceal'd there, in order to discover more effectually those Attempts, and to preserve *Lady Bella* from any Consequence of them.

Mr. *Roberts* approv'd of his Design; and assur'd him of his Vigilance and Care, both in concealing his Stay, and also in giving him Notice of every Thing that pass'd.

Mr. *Glanville* then wrote a short Billet to *Arabella*, expressing his Grief for her Displeasure, his Departure in Obedience to her Orders, and his Resolution not to appear in her Presence,
till

till he could give her convincing Proofs of his Innocence.

This Letter he sent by *Roberts*, which *Arabella* condescended to read, but would return no Answer.

Mr. *Glanville* then mounting his Horse, which *Roberts* had order'd to be got ready, rode away, and leaving him at a House he sometimes put up at, return'd on Foot, and was let in by Mr. *Roberts* at the Garden-door, and conducted unseen to his Chamber.

While he pass'd that Night and great Part of the next Day, meditating on the Treachery of Sir *George*, and soothing his Uneasiness with the Hopes of Revenge, *Arabella*, no less disquieted, mused on the Infidelity of her Lover, the Despair of *Cynecia*, and the Impossibility of her ever being happy. Then ransacking her Memory for Instances in her Romances of Ladies equally unfortunate with herself, she would sometimes compare herself to one Lady, sometimes to another, adapting their Sentiments, and making Use of their Language in her Complaints.

Great Part of the Day being spent in this Manner, the uneasy Restlessness of her Mind made her wish to see *Cynecia* again. She long'd to ask her a hundred Questions about the unfaithful *Ariamenes*, which the Suddenness of her Departure, and her own Astonishment prevented her from doing, when she made that fatal Discovery, which had cost her so much Uneasiness.

Sometimes a faint Hope would arise in her Mind that *Cynecia* might be mistaken, thro' the great Resemblance that possibly was between *Ariamenes* and *Glanville*.

She

She remember'd that *Mandana* had been deceiv'd by the Likeness of *Cyrus* to *Spitridates*; and concluded that illustrious Prince inconstant, because *Spitridates*, whom she took for *Cyrus*, saw her carried away, without offering to rescue her.

Dwelling with Eagerness upon this Thought, because it afforded her a temporary Relief from others more tormenting, she resolved to go to the Park, tho' she had but little Hopes of finding *Cynecia* there; supposing it but too probable, that the Disturbance which the Sight, or fancied Sight of *Ariamenes* had given her, would confine her for some Days to her Chamber. Yet however small the Probability was of meeting with her, she could not resist the impatient Desire she felt of going to seek her.

Dispensing therefore with the Attendance of any other Servant but *Lucy*, she left her Apartment, with a Design of resuming her usual Walk, when she was met, at her stepping out of the Door, by Lady *L—*'s three Daughters, (who had visited her during her Residence at *Richmond*) and another young Lady.

These Ladies, who to vary the Scene of their Rural Diversions, were going to cross over to *Twickenham*, and walk there, prest Lady *Bella* to accompany them. Our melancholy Heroine refus'd them at first, but upon their repeated Importunity, recollecting that the Princess of *Gaul* had informed her she resided there, she consented to go, in Hopes some favourable Chance might bring her in their Way, or discover the Place of her Retreat, when she could easily find some Excuse for leaving her Companions, and going to her.

Mr.

Mr. *Roberts*, who according to his Instructions, narrowly watch'd *Arabella's* Motions, finding she did not command his Attendance as usual, resolv'd however to be privately of this Party. He had but just Time to run up and acquaint Mr. *Glanville*, and then follow'd the Ladies at a Distance, who taking Boat, pass'd over to *Twickenham*, which he also did as soon as he saw them landed.

CHAP. VIII.

Which acquaints the Reader with two very extraordinary Accidents.

MR. *Glanville*, who did not doubt but *Roberts* would bring him some Intelligence, sat waiting with anxious Impatience for his Return. The Evening drew on apace, he number'd the Hours, and began to grow uneasy at *Arabella's* long Stay. His Chamber-Window looking into the Garden, he thought he saw his Cousin, cover'd with her Veil as usual, hasten down one of the Walks; his Heart leap'd at this transient View, he threw up the Sash, and looking out, saw her very plainly strike into a cross Walk, and a Moment after saw Sir *George*, who came out of a little Summer-house, at her Feet. Transported with Rage at this Sight, he snatch'd up his Sword, flew down the Stairs into the Garden, and came running like a Madman up the Walk in which the Lovers were. The Lady observing him first, for Sir *George's* Back was towards him,

him, shriek'd aloud, and not knowing what she did, ran towards the House, crying for Help, and came back as fast, yet not Time enough to prevent Mischief: For Mr. *Glanville*, actuated by an irresistible Fury, cried out to Sir *George* to defend himself, who had but just Time to draw his Sword, and make an ineffectual Pass at Mr. *Glanville*, when he receiv'd his into his Body, and fell to the Ground.

Mr. *Glanville* losing his Resentment insensibly, at the Sight of his Rival's Blood, threw down his Sword, and endeavour'd to support him; while the Lady, who had lost her Veil in her running, and to the great Astonishment of Mr. *Glanville*, prov'd to be his Sister, came up to them, with Tears and Exclamations, blaming herself for all that had happen'd. Mr. *Glanville*, with a Heart throbbing with Remorse for what he had done, gaz'd on his Sister with an accusing Look, as she hung over the wounded Baronet with streaming Eyes, sometimes wringing her Hands, then clasping them together in an Agony of Grief.

Sir *George* having Strength enough left to observe her Disorder, and the generous Concern of *Glanville*, who holding him in his Arms, intreated his Sister to send for proper Assistance, Dear *Charles*, said he, you are too kind, I have us'd you very ill, I have deserved my Death from your Hand—You know not what I have been base enough to practise against you—If I can but live to clear your Innocence to Lady *Bella*, and free you from the Consequences of this Action, I shall die satisfy'd—

His

His Strength failing him at these Words, he fainted away in Mr. *Glanville's* Arms; who tho' now convinc'd of his Treachery, was extremely shock'd at the Condition he saw him in.

Miss *Glanville* renewing her Tears and Exclamations at this Sight, he was oblig'd to lay Sir *George* gently upon the Ground, and ran to find out somebody to send for a Surgeon, and to help him to convey him into the House.

In his Way he was met by Mr. *Roberts*, who was coming to seek him; and with a Look of Terror and Confusion told him, Lady *Bella* was brought Home extremely ill—that her Life had been in Danger, and that she was but just recover'd from a terrible fainting Fit.

Mr. *Glanville*, tho' greatly alarm'd at this News, forgot not to take all possible Care of Sir *George*; directing *Roberts* to get some Person to carry him into the House, and giving him Orders to procure proper Assistance, flew to Lady *Bella's* Apartment.

Her Women had just put her to Bed, raving as in a strong Delirium. Mr. *Glanville* approach'd her, and finding she was in a violent Fever, dispatch'd a Man and Horse immediately to Town, to get Physicians, and to acquaint his Father with what had happen'd.

Mr. *Roberts*, upon the Surgeon's Report that Sir *George* was not mortally wounded, came to inform him of this good News, but he found him incapable of listening to him, and in Agonies not to be exprest. 'Twas with Difficulty they forc'd him out of *Arabella's* Chamber into his own; where throwing himself upon his Bed, he refus'd to see or speak to any Body, till he

he was told Sir *Charles* and the Physicians were arriv'd.

He then ran eagerly to hear their Opinions of his beloved Cousin, which he soon discover'd, by their significant Gestures and half-pronounc'd Words, to be very bad. They comforted him however, with Hopes that she might recover, and insisting upon her being kept very quiet, oblig'd him to quit the Room. While all the necessary Methods were taken to abate the Violence of the Disease, Sir *Charles*, who had been inform'd by his Steward of his Son's Duel with Sir *George*, was amaz'd to the last Degree at two such terrible Accidents.

Having seen his Son to his Chamber, and recommended him to be patient and compos'd, he went to visit the young Baronet, and was not a little surpriz'd to find his Daughter sitting at his Bed's Head, with all the Appearance of a violent Affliction.

Indeed Miss *Glanville's* Cares were so wholly engross'd by Sir *George*, that she hardly ever thought of her Cousin *Arabella*, and had just step'd into her Chamber while the Surgeons were dressing Sir *George's* Wound, and renew'd her Attendance upon him as soon as that was over.

Miss *Glanville*, however, thought proper to make some trifling Excuses to her Father for her Solicitude about Sir *George*. And the young Baronet, on whom the Fear of Death produc'd its usual Effects, and made him extremely concern'd for the Errors of his past Life, and very desirous of attoning for them, if possible, assur'd Sir *Charles*, that if he liv'd he would

would offer himself to his Acceptance for a Son-in-law; declaring that he had basely trifled with the Esteem of his Daughter, but that she had wholly subdued him to herself by her forgiving Tenderness.

Sir Charles was very desirous of knowing the Occasion of his Quarrel with his Son; but Sir George was too weak to hold any farther Conversation; upon which Sir Charles, after a short Visit retir'd, taking Miss Glanville along with him.

That the Reader, whose Imagination is no doubt upon the Stretch to conceive the Meaning of these Two extraordinary Incidents, may be left no longer in Suspense, we think proper to explain them both in the following Chapter, that we may in the next pursue our History without Interruption.

CHAP. IX.

Which will be found to contain Information absolutely necessary for the right understanding of this History.

OUR fair and afflicted Heroine, accompanied by the Ladies we have mention'd, having cross'd the River, pursu'd their Walk upon its winding Banks, entertaining themselves with the usual Topicks of Conversation among young Ladies, such as their Winnings and Losings at *Brag*, the Prices of Silks, the newest Fashions, the best Hair-Cutter, the Scandal at the last Assembly, &c.

Arabella

Arabella was so disgusted with this (as she thought) insipid Discourse, which gave no Relief to the Anxiety of her Mind, but added a Kind of Fretfulness and Impatience to her Grief, that she resolv'd to quit them, and with *Lucy*, go in quest of the Princess of *Gaul's* Retreat.

The Ladies, however, insisted upon her not leaving them; and her Excuse that she was going in Search of an unfortunate Unknown, for whom she had vow'd a Friendship, made them all immediately resolve to accompany her, extremely diverted with the Oddity of the Design, and sacrificing her to their Mirth by sly Leers, Whispers, stifled Laughs, and a thousand little sprightly Sallies, which the disconsolate *Arabella* took no Notice of, so deeply were her Thoughts engag'd.

Tho' she knew not which Way to direct her Steps, yet concluding the melancholy *Cynecia* would certainly chuse some very solitary Place for her Residence, she rambled about among the least frequented Paths, follow'd by the young Ladies, who ardently desir'd to see this unfortunate unknown; tho' at *Arabella's* earnest Request, they promis'd not to shew themselves to the Lady, who, she inform'd them, for very urgent Reasons, was oblig'd to keep herself conceal'd.

Fatiguing as this Ramble was to the delicate Spirits of *Arabella's* Companions, they were enabled to support it by the Diversion her Behaviour afforded them.

Every Peasant she met, she enquir'd if a Beautiful Lady disguis'd did not dwell somewhere thereabout.

To

To some she gave a Description of her Person, to others an Account of the Domesticks that were with her; not forgetting her Dress, her Melancholy, and the great Care she took to keep herself conceal'd.

These strange Enquiries, with the strange Language in which they were made, not a little surpriz'd the good People to whom she address'd herself, yet mov'd to Respect by the majestick Loveliness of her Person, they answer'd her in the Negative, without any Mixture of Scoff and Impertinence.

How unfavourable is Chance, said *Arabella* fretting at the Disappointment, to Persons who have any Reliance upon it! This Lady that I have been in Search of so long without Success, may probably be found by others who do not seek her, whose Presence she may wish to avoid, yet not be able.

The young Ladies finding it grew late, express'd their Apprehensions at being without any Attendants; and desir'd *Arabella* to give over her Search for that Day. *Arabella* at this Hint of Danger, enquir'd very earnestly, If they apprehended any Attempts to carry them away? And without staying for an Answer, urg'd them to walk Home as fast as possible, apologizing for the Danger into which she had so indiscreetly drawn both them and herself; yet added her Hopes, that, if any Attempt should be made upon their Liberty, some generous Cavalier would pass by who would rescue them: A Thing so common, that they had no Reason to despair of it.

Arabella

Arabella construing the Silence with which her Companions heard these Assurances, into a Doubt of their being so favoured by Fortune, proceeded to inform them of several Instances wherein Ladies met with unexpected Relief and Deliverance from Ravishers.

She mentioned particularly the Rescue of *Statira* by her own Brother, whom she imagin'd for many Years dead; that of the Princess *Berenice* by an absolute Stranger, and many others, whose Names, Characters and Adventures she occasionally run over; all which the young Ladies heard with inconceivable Astonishment. And the Detail had such an Effect upon *Arabella's* Imagination, bewilder'd as it was in the Follies of Romances, that 'spying three or four Horsemen riding along the Road towards them, she immediately concluded they would be all seiz'd and carried off.

Possess'd with this Belief, she utter'd a loud Cry, and flew to the Water-side, which alarming the Ladies, who could not imagine what was the Matter, they ran after her as fast as possible.

Arabella stop'd when she came to the Water-side, and looking round about, and not perceiving any Boat to waft them over to *Richmond*, a Thought suddenly darted into her Mind, worthy those ingenious Books which gave it Birth.

Turning therefore to the Ladies, who all at once were enquiring the Cause of her Fright;

'Tis now, my fair Companions, said she, with a solemn Accent, that the Destinies have furnish'd you with an Opportunity of displaying in a Manner truly Heroick, the Sublimity

290 *The FEMALE* Book IX.

of your Virtue, and the Grandeur of your Courage to the World.

The Action we have it in our Power to perform will immortalize our Fame, and raise us to a Pitch of Glory equal to that of the renown'd *Clelia* herself.

Like her, we may expect Statues erected to our Honour : Like her, be propos'd as Patterns to Heroines in ensuing Ages : And like her, perhaps, meet with Sceptres and Crowns for our Reward.

What that beauteous *Roman* Lady perform'd to preserve herself from Violation by the impious *Sextus*, let us imitate to avoid the Violence our intended Ravishers yonder come to offer us.

Fortune, which has thrown us into this Exigence, presents us the Means of gloriously escaping : And the Admiration and Esteem of all Ages to come, will be the Recompence of our noble Daring.

Once more, my fair Companions, If your Honour be dear to you, if an immortal Glory be worth your seeking, follow the Example I shall set you, and equal with me the *Roman Clelia*.

Saying this, she plung'd into the *Thames*, intending to swim over it, as *Clelia* did the *Tyber*.

The young Ladies, who had listened with silent Astonishment at the long Speech she had made them, the Purport of which not one of them understood, scream'd out aloud at this horrid Spectacle, and wringing their Hands, ran backwards and forwards like distracted Persons, crying for Help. *Lucy* tore her Hair, and was in the utmost Agony of Grief, when
Mr.

Mr. *Roberts*, who, as we have said before, kept them always in Sight, having observ'd *Arabella* running towards the Water-side, follow'd them as fast as he could, and came Time enough up to see her frantick Action. Jumping into the River immediately after her, he caught hold of her Gown, and drew her after him to the Shore. A Boat that Instant appearing, he put her into it, senseless, and to all Appearance dead. He and *Lucy* supporting her, they were wafted over in a few Moments to the other Side: Her House being near the River, Mr. *Roberts* carry'd her in his Arms to it; and as soon as he saw her shew Signs of returning Life, left her to the Care of the Women, who made haste to put her into a warm Bed, and ran to find out Mr. *Glanville*, as we have related.

There remains now only to account for Sir *George* and Miss *Glanville*'s sudden Appearance, which happen'd, gentle Reader, exactly as follows.

Miss *Glanville*, having set out pretty late in the Afternoon, with a Design of staying all Night at *Richmond*, as her Chaise drove up *Kew-Lane*, saw one of her Cousin's Women, *Deborah* by Name, talking to a Gentleman, whom, notwithstanding the Disguise of a Horseman's Coat, and a Hat slouch'd over his Face, she knew to be Sir *George Bellmour*.

This Sight alarming her Jealousy, and renewing all her former Suspicions, that her Cousin's Charms rival'd hers in his Heart, as soon as she alighted, finding *Arabella* was not at Home, she retir'd in great Anguish of Mind to her Chamber, revolving in her Mind every

Particular of Sir *George's* Behaviour to her Cousin in the Country, and finding new Cause for Suspicion in every Thing she recollected, and reflecting upon the Disguise in which she saw him, and his Conference with her Woman, she concluded herself had all along been the Dupe of his Artifice, and her Cousin the real Object of his Love.

This Thought throwing her into an Extremity of Rage, all her tenderest Emotions were lost in the Desire of Revenge. She imagin'd to herself so much Pleasure from exposing his Treachery, and putting it out of his Power to deny it, that she resolv'd, whatever it cost her, to have that Satisfaction.

Supposing therefore *Deborah* was now return'd, she rung her Bell, and commanded her Attendance on her in her Chamber.

The stern Brow with which she receiv'd her, frighten'd the Girl, conscious of her Guilt, into a Disposition to confess all, even before she was tax'd with any thing.

Miss *Glanville* saw her Terror, and endeavour'd to heighten it, by entering at once into Complaints and Exclamations against her, threatening to acquaint her Father with her Plots to betray her Lady, and assuring her of a very severe Punishment for her Treachery.

The Girl, terrify'd extremely at these Menaces, begg'd Miss *Glanville*, with Tears, to forgive her, and not to acquaint Sir *Charles* or her Lady, with her Fault; adding, that she would confess all, and never while she liv'd, do such a Thing again.

Miss *Glanville* would make her no Promises, but urg'd her to confess: Upon which *Deborah* sobbing,

fobbing, own'd, That for the Sake of the Presents Sir *George* had made her, she consented to meet him privately from Time to Time, and give him an Account of every Thing that pass'd with Regard to her Lady; not thinking there was any Harm in it. That according to his Desires, she had constantly acquainted him with all her Lady's Motions, when, and where she went, how she and Mr. *Glanville* agreed, and a hundred other Things which he enquir'd about. That that Day in particular, he had intreated her to procure him the Means of an Interview with her Lady, if possible; and understanding Mr. *Glanville* was not at *Richmond*, she had let him privately into the Garden, where she hop'd to prevail upon her Lady to go.

What, said Miss *Glanville* surpriz'd, Is Sir *George* waiting for my Cousin in the Garden then?

Yes, indeed, Madam, said *Deborah*: But I'll go and tell him to wait no longer; and never speak to him again, if your Ladyship will but be pleas'd to forgive me.

Miss *Glanville* having taken her Resolution, not only promis'd *Deborah* her Pardon, but also a Reward, provided she would contrive it so, that she might meet Sir *George* instead of her Cousin.

The Girl, having the true Chamber-Maid Spirit of Intrigue in her, immediately propos'd her putting on one of her Lady's Veils; which as it was now the Close of the Evening, would disguise her sufficiently; to which Miss *Glanville*, transported with the Thoughts of thus having an Opportunity of convincing Sir *George* of his

Perfidy, and reproaching him for it, consented, and bid her bring it without being observ'd into her Chamber.

Deborah informing her, that *Sir George* was conceal'd in the Summer-House, as soon as she had equip'd herself with *Arabella's* Veil, she went into the Walk that led to it; and *Sir George*, believing her to be that Lady, hasten'd to throw himself at her Feet, and had scarce got through half a Speech he had study'd for his present Purpose, when *Mr. Glanville* gave a fatal Interruption to his Hericks, in the Manner we have already related.

C H A P. X.

A short Chapter indeed, but full of Matter.

R*ICHMOND* was now a Scene of the utmost Confusion and Distress. *Arabella's* Fever was risen to such a Height, that she was given over by the Physicians; and *Sir George's* Wounds, tho' not judg'd mortal at first, yet by the great Effusion of Blood had left him in so weak a Condition, that he was thought to be in great Danger.

Sir Charles, almost distracted with the Fears of the Consequences of *Sir George's* Death, intreated his Son to quit the Kingdom; but *Mr. Glanville*, protesting he would rather die than leave *Arabella* in that Illness, he was oblig'd to give Bail for his Appearance, in case *Sir George* dy'd: This Affair, notwithstanding all Endeavours to prevent it, having made a great Noise.

Poor

Poor Sir *Charles*, oppress'd as he was with the Weight of all these Calamities, was yet oblig'd to labour incessantly to keep up the Spirits of his Son and Daughter. The settled Despair of the one, and the silent swelling Grief of the other, cut him to the Heart. He omitted no Arguments his Paternal Affection suggested to him, to moderate their Affliction. Mr. *Glanville* often endeavour'd to assume a Composure he was very far from feeling, in order to satisfy his Father. But Miss *Glanville*, looking upon herself to be the Cause of Sir *George's* Misfortune, declar'd, She should be miserable all her Life, if he died.

Arabella in her lucid Intervals, being sensible of her Danger, prepar'd for Death, with great Piety and Constancy of Mind, having solemnly assur'd Mr. *Glanville* of her Forgiveness, who would not at that Time enter into an Explanation of the Affair which had given her Offence for fear of perplexing her. She permitted his Presence often in her Chamber, and desir'd with great Earnestness the Assistance of some worthy Divine in her Preparations for Death. The Pious and Learned Doctor——at Sir *Charles's* Intimation of his Niece's Desire, came constantly twice a Day to attend her. Her Fever, by a favourable Crisis, and the great Skill of her Physicians, left her in a Fortnight; but this violent Distemper had made such a Ravage in her delicate Constitution, and reduc'd her so low that there seem'd very little Probability of her Recovery. Doctor——, in whom her unfeign'd Piety, her uncommon Firmness of Mind, had created a great Esteem and Tenderness for

her, took all Opportunities of comforting, exhorting, and praying by her. The Occasion of her Illness being the Subject of every body's Conversation at *Richmond*, he gently hinted it to her, and urg'd her to explain her Reasons for so extravagant an Action.

In the Divine Frame *Arabella* was then in, this Action appear'd to her rash and vain-glorious, and she acknowledg'd it to be so to her pious Monitor: Yet she related the Motives which induc'd her to it, the Danger she was in of being carry'd away, the Parity of her Circumstances then with *Clelia*, and her emulous Desire of doing as much to preserve her Honour as that renown'd *Roman* Lady did for hers.

The good Doctor was extremely surpriz'd at this Discourse: He was beginning to think her again delirious; but *Arabella* added to this Account such sensible Reasoning on the Nature of that Fondness for Fame, which prompted her to so rash an Undertaking, that the Doctor left her in strange Embarrassment, not knowing how to account for a Mind at once so enlighten'd, and so ridiculous.

Mr. *Glanville*, meeting him as he came out of her Chamber, the Doctor took this Opportunity to acknowledge the Difficulties *Arabella's* inconsistent Discourse had thrown him into. Mr. *Glanville* taking him into his own Apartment, explain'd the Nature of that seeming Inconsistency, and expatiated at large upon the Disorders Romances had occasion'd in her Imagination; several Instances of which he recounted, and fill'd the Doctor with the greatest Astonishment and Concern. He lamented pathetically

thetically the Ruin such a ridiculous Study had brought on so noble a Mind; and assur'd Mr. *Glanville*, he would spare no Endeavours to rescue it from so shocking a Delusion.

Mr. *Glanville* thank'd him for his good Design, with a Transport which his Fears of his Cousin's Danger almost mingled with Tears; and the Doctor and he agreed to expect for some few Days longer an Alteration for the better in the Health of her Body, before he attempted the Cure of her Mind. Mr. *Glanville*'s extreme Anxiety had made him in Appearance neglect the repentant Sir *George*, contenting himself with constantly sending twice a Day to enquire after his Health, but had not yet visited him.

No sooner had the Physicians declared that *Arabella* was no longer in Danger, than his Mind being freed from that tormenting Load of Suspence under which it had labour'd while her Recovery was yet doubtful, he went to Sir *George*'s Chamber, who by reason of his Weakness, tho' he was also upon the Recovery, still kept his Bed.

Sir *George*, tho' he ardently wish'd to see him, yet conscious of the Injuries he had both done and design'd him, could not receive his Visit without extreme Confusion: But entering into the Cause of their Quarrel, as soon as he was able to speak, he freely acknowledg'd his Fault, and all the Steps he had taken to supplant him in *Arabella*'s Affection.

Mr. *Glanville* understanding by this Means, that he had brib'd a young Actress to personate a Princess forsaken by him; and had taught her all that Heap of Absurdity with which she had impos'd upon *Arabella*, as has been related, desir'd

only by Way of Reparation, That when his Cousin was in a Condition to be spoken to upon that Subject, he would condescend to own the Fraud to her ; which Sir *George* faithfully promising, an Act of Oblivion pass'd on Mr. *Glanville's* Side for all former Injuries, and a solemn Assurance from Sir *George* of inviolable Friendship for the future. An Assurance, however, which Mr. *Glanville* would willingly have dispens'd with : For tho' not of a vindictive Temper, it was one of his Maxims, That a Man who had once betray'd him, it would be an Error in Policy ever to trust again.

C H A P. XI.

Being in the Author's Opinion, the best Chapter in this History.

THE good Divine, who had the Cure of *Arabella's* Mind greatly at Heart, no sooner perceiv'd that the Health of her Body was almost restor'd, and that he might talk to her without the Fear of any Inconvenience, than he introduc'd the Subject of her throwing herself into the River, which he had before lightly touch'd upon, and still declar'd himself dissatisfy'd with.

Arabella, now more dispos'd to defend this Point than when languishing under the Pressure of Pain and Dejection of Mind, endeavour'd by Arguments founded upon Romantick Heroism, to prove, That it was not only reasonable and just, but also great and glorious, and exactly conformable to the Rules of Heroick Virtue.

The

The Doctor listen'd to her with a mix'd Emotion, between Pity, Reverence, and Amazement: And tho' in the Performance of his Office he had been accusom'd to accommodate his Notions to every Understanding, and had therefore accumulated a great Variety of Topicks and Illustrations; yet he found himself now engag'd in a Controversy for which he was not so well prepar'd as he imagin'd, and was at a Loss for some leading Principle, by which he might introduce his Reasonings, and begin his Confutation.

Tho' he saw much to praise in her Discourse, he was afraid of confirming her Obstinacy by Commendation: And tho' he also found much to blame, he dreaded to give Pain to a Delicacy he rever'd.

Perceiving however, that *Arabella* was silent, as if expecting his Reply, he resolv'd not to bring upon himself the Guilt of abandoning her to her Mistake, and the Necessity of speaking forc'd him to find something to say.

Tho' it is not easy, Madam, said he, for any one that has the Honour of conversing with your Ladyship to preserve his Attention free to any other Idea, than such as your Discourse tends immediately to impress, yet I have not been able while you was speaking, to refrain from some very mortifying Reflections on the Imperfection of all human Happiness, and the uncertain Consequences of all those Advantages which we think ourselves not only at Liberty to desire, but oblig'd to cultivate.

Tho' I have known some Dangers and Distresses, reply'd *Arabella* gravely, yet I did not imagine myself such a Mirror of Calamity as

300 *The FEMALE* Book IX.
could not be seen without Concern. If my Life has not been eminently fortunate, it has yet escap'd the great Evils of Persecution, Captivity, Shipwrecks and Dangers, to which many Ladies far more illustrious both by Birth and Merit than myself, have been expos'd. And indeed tho' I have sometimes rais'd Envy, or possibly incurr'd Hatred, yet I have no Reason to believe I was ever beheld with Pity before.

The Doctor saw he had not introduc'd his Discourse in the most acceptable Manner ; but it was too late to repent.

Let me not, Madam, said he, be censur'd before I have fully explain'd my Sentiments.

That you have been envy'd, I can readily believe: For who that gives Way to natural Passions has not Reason to envy the Lady *Arabella*? But that you have been hated, I am indeed less willing to think, tho' I know how easily the greater Part of Mankind hate those by whom they are excell'd.

If the Misery of my Condition, reply'd *Arabella*, has been able to excite that Melancholy your first Words seem'd to imply, Flattery will contribute very little towards the Improvement of it. Nor do I expect from the Severity of the Sacerdotal Character, any of those Praises, which I hear perhaps with too much Pleasure, from the rest of the World.

Having been so lately on the Brink of that State, in which all Distinctions but that of Goodness are destroy'd, I have not recover'd so much Levity, but that I would yet rather hear Instructions than Compliments.

If therefore you have observ'd in me any dangerous Tenets, corrupt Passions, or criminal

nal Desires, I conjure you discover me to myself. Let no false Civility restrain your Admonitions. Let me know this Evil which can strike a good Man with Horror, and which I dread the more, as I do not feel it.

I cannot suppose that a Man of your Order would be alarm'd at any other Misery than Guilt: Nor will I think so meanly of him whose Direction I have intreated, as to imagine he can think Virtue unhappy, however overwhelm'd by Disasters or Oppression.

Keep me therefore no longer in Suspence: I expect you will exert the Authority of your Function, and I promise you on my Part, Sincerity and Submission.

The good Man was now compleatly embarrass'd; he saw his Meaning mistaken, but was afraid to explain it, lest he should seem to pay Court by a cowardly Retraction: He therefore paus'd a little, and *Arabella* supposed he was studying for such Expressions as might convey Censure without Offence.

Sir, said she, if you are not yet satisfy'd of my Willingness to hear your Reproofs, let me evince my Docility, by intreating you to consider yourself as dispens'd from all Ceremony upon this Occasion.

Your Imaginations, Madam, reply'd the Doctor, are too quick for Language; you conjecture too soon, what you do not wait to hear: and reason upon Suppositions which cannot be allow'd you.

When I mention'd my Reflections upon human Misery, I was far from concluding your Ladyship miserable, compar'd with the rest of
Man-

Mankind ; and though contemplating the abstracted Idea of possible Felicity, I thought that even You might be produc'd as an Instance that it is not attainable in this World, I did not impute the Imperfection of your State to Wickedness, but intended to observe, That though even Virtue be added to external Advantages, there will yet be something wanting to Happiness.

Whoever sees you, Madam, will immediately say, That nothing can hinder you from being the happiest of Mortals, but Want of Power to understand your own Advantages. And whoever is admitted to your Conversation, will be convinc'd that you enjoy all that Intellectual Excellence can confer ; yet I see you harass'd with innumerable Terrors and Perplexities, which never disturb the Peace of Poverty or Ignorance.

I cannot discover, said *Arabella*, how Poverty or Ignorance can be privileg'd from Casualty or Violence, from the Ravisher, the Robber, or the Enemy. I should hope rather that if Wealth and Knowledge can give nothing else, they at least confer Judgment to foresee Danger, and Power to oppose it.

They are not indeed, return'd the Doctor, secur'd against real Misfortunes, but they are happily defended from wild Imaginations : They do not suspect what cannot happen, nor figure Ravishers at a Distance, and leap into Rivers to escape them.

Do you suppose then, said *Arabella*, that I was frighted without Cause ?

It is certain, Madam, reply'd he, that no Injury was intended you.

Disin-

Chap. II. QUIXOTE. 303

Disingenuity, Sir, said *Arabella*, does not become a Clergyman—I think too well of your Understanding to imagine your Fallacy deceives yourself: Why then should you hope that it will deceive me?

The Laws of Conference require that the Terms of the Question and Answer be the same.

I ask, if I had not Cause to be frightened? Why then am I answer'd that no Injury was intended?

Human Beings cannot penetrate Intentions, nor regulate their Conduct but by exterior Appearances. And surely there was sufficient Appearance of intended Injury, and that the greatest which my Sex can suffer.

Why, Madam, said the Doctor, should you still persist in so wild an Assertion?

A coarse Epithet, said *Arabella*, is no Confutation. It rests upon you to shew, That in giving Way to my Fears, even supposing them groundless, I departed from the Character of a reasonable Person.

I am afraid, replied the Doctor, of a Dispute with your Ladyship, not because I think myself in Danger of Defeat, but because being accustom'd to speak to Scholars with Scholastick Ruggedness, I may perhaps depart in the Heat of Argument, from that Respect to which you have so great a Right, and give Offence to a Person I am really afraid to displease.

But, if you will promise to excuse my Ardour, I will endeavour to prove that you have been frightened without Reason.

I should be content, replied *Arabella*, to obtain Truth upon harder Terms, and therefore intreat you to begin.

The

The Apprehension of any future Evil, Madam, said the Divine, which is called Terror, when the Danger is from natural Causes, and Suspicion, when it proceeds from a moral Agent, must always arise from Comparison.

We can judge of the Future only by the Past, and have therefore only Reason to fear or suspect, when we see the same Causes in Motion which have formerly produc'd Mischief, or the same Measures taken as have before been preparatory to a Crime.

Thus, when the Sailor in certain Latitudes sees the Clouds rise, Experience bids him expect a Storm. When any Monarch levies Armies, his Neighbours prepare to repel an Invasion.

This Power of Prognostication, may, by Reading and Conversation, be extended beyond our own Knowledge: And the great Use of Books, is that of participating without Labour or Hazard the Experience of others.

But upon this Principle how can you find any Reason for your late Fright.

Has it ever been known, that a Lady of your Rank was attack'd with such Intentions, in a Place so publick, without any Preparations made by the Violator for Defence or Escape?

Can it be imagin'd that any Man would so rashly expose himself to Infamy by Failure, and to the Gibbet by Success?

Does there in the Records of the World appear a single Instance of such hopeless Villany?

It is now Time, Sir, said *Arabella*, to answer your Questions, before they are too many to be remembered.

The Dignity of my Birth can very little defend me against an Insult to which the Heiresses
of

of great and powerful Empires, the Daughters of valiant Princes, and the Wives of renowned Monarchs, have been a thousand Times exposed.

The Danger which you think so great, would hardly repel a determin'd Mind ; for in Effect, Who would have attempted my Rescue, seeing that no Knight or valiant Cavalier was within View ?

What then should have hinder'd him from placing me in a Chariot ? Driving it into the pathless Desert ? And immuring me in a Castle, among Woods and Mountains ? Or hiding me perhaps in the Caverns of a Rock ? Or confining me in some Island of an immense Lake ?

From all this, Madam, interrupted the Clergyman, he is hinder'd by Impossibility.

He cannot carry you to any of these dreadful Places, because there is no such Castle, Desert, Cavern, or Lake.

You will pardon me, Sir, said *Arabella*, if I recur to your own Principles:

You allow that Experience may be gain'd by Books : And certainly there is no Part of Knowledge in which we are oblig'd to trust them more than in Descriptive Geography.

The most restless Activity in the longest Life, can survey but a small Part of the habitable Globe : And the rest can only be known from the Report of others.

Universal Negatives are seldom safe, and are least to be allow'd when the Disputes are about Objects of Sense ; where one Position cannot be inferr'd from another.

That there is a Castle, any Man who has seen it may safely affirm. But you cannot with
equal

306 *The FEMALE* Book IX.

equal Reason, maintain that there is no Castle, because you have not seen it.

Why should I imagine that the Face of the Earth is alter'd since the Time of those Heroines, who experienc'd so many Changes of uncouth Captivity?

Castles indeed, are the Works of Art; and are therefore subject to Decay. But Lakes, and Caverns, and Desarts, must always remain.

And why, since you call for Instances, should I not dread the Misfortunes which happen'd to the divine *Clelia*, who was carry'd to one of the Isles of the *Thrasymenian* Lake?

Or those which beset the beautiful *Candace*, Queen of *Ethiopia*, whom the Pyrate *Zenodorus* wander'd with on the Seas?

Or the Accidents which imbitter'd the Life of the incomparable *Cleopatra*?

Or the Persecutions which made that of the fair *Elisa* miserable?

Or, in fine, the various Distresses of many other fair and virtuous Princesses: Such as those which happen'd to *Olympia*, *Bellamira*, *Parisatis*, *Berenice*, *Amalazantha*, *Agione*, *Albysinda*, *Placidia*, *Arfinoe*, *Deidamia*, and a thousand others I could mention.

To the Names of many of these illustrious Sufferers I am an absolute Stranger, replied the Doctor.

The rest I faintly remember some Mention of in those contemptible Volumes, with which Children are sometimes injudiciously suffer'd to amuse their Imaginations; but which I little expected to hear quoted by your Ladyship in a serious Discourse.

And

And though I am very far from catching Occasions of Resentment, yet I think myself at Liberty to observe, That if I merited your Censure for one indelicate Epithet, we have engag'd on very unequal Terms, if I may not likewise complain of such contemptuous Ridicule as you are pleas'd to exercise upon my Opinions by opposing them with the Authority of Scriblers, not only of Fictions, but of senseless Fictions; which at once vitiate the Mind, and pervert the Understanding; and which if they are at any Time read with Safety, owe their Innocence only to their Absurdity.

From these Books, Sir, said *Arabella*, which you condemn with so much Ardour, though you acknowledge yourself little acquainted with them, I have learnt not to recede from the Conditions I have granted, and shall not therefore censure the Licence of your Language, which glances from the Books upon the Readers.

These Books, Sir, thus corrupt, thus absurd, thus dangerous alike to the Intellect and Morals, I have read; and that I hope without Injury to my Judgment, or my Virtue.

The Doctor, whose Vehemence had hinder'd him from discovering all the Consequences of his Position, now found himself entangled, and reply'd in a submissive Tone,

I confess, Madam, my Words imply an Accusation very remote from my Intention.

It has always been the Rule of my Life, not to justify any Words or Actions because they are mine.

I am asham'd of my Negligence, I am sorry for my Warmth, and intreat your Ladyship to par-

pardon a Fault which I hope never to repeat.

The Reparation, Sir, said *Arabella* smiling, over-balances the Offence, and by thus daring to own you have been in the Wrong, you have rais'd in me a much higher Esteem for you.

Yet I will not pardon you, added she, without enjoining you a Penance for the Fault you own you have committed; and this Penance shall be to prove,

First, That these Histories you condemn are Fictions.

Next, That they are absurd.

And Lastly, That they are Criminal.

The Doctor was pleas'd to find a Reconciliation offer'd upon so very easy Terms, with a Person whom he beheld at once with Reverence and Affection, and could not offend without extreme Regret.

He therefore answered with a very chearful Composure:

To prove those Narratives to be Fictions, Madam, is only difficult, because the Position is almost too evident for Proof.

Your Ladyship knows, I suppose to what Authors these Writings are ascrib'd?

To the *French* Wits of the last Century, said *Arabella*.

And at what Distance, Madam, are the Facts related in them from the Age of the Writer?

I was never exact in my Computation, replied *Arabella*; but I think most of the Events happen'd about two thousand Years ago.

How then, Madam, resum'd the Doctor, could these Events be so minutely known to Writers so far remote from the Time in which they happened?

By

By Records, Monuments, Memoirs, and Histories, answered the Lady.

But by what Accident, then, said the Doctor smiling, did it happen these Records and Monuments were kept universally secret to Mankind till the last Century?

What brought all the Memoirs of the remotest Nations and earliest Ages only to *France*?

Where were they hidden that none could consult them but a few obscure Authors?

And whither are they now vanished again that they can be found no more?

Arabella having sat silent a while, told him, That she found his Questions very difficult to be answer'd; and that though perhaps the Authors themselves could have told whence they borrowed their Materials, she should not at present require any other Evidence of the first Assertion:

But allow'd him to suppose them Fictions, and requir'd now that he should shew them to be absurd.

Your Ladyship, return'd he, has, I find, too much Understanding to struggle against Demonstration, and too much Veracity to deny your Convictions; therefore some of the Arguments by which I intended to shew the Falseness of these Narratives may be now used to prove their Absurdity.

You grant them, Madam, to be Fictions?

Sir, interrupted *Arabella* eagerly, You are again infringing the Laws of Disputation.

You are not to confound a Supposition of which I allow you only the present Use, with an unlimited and irrevocable Concession.

I am too well acquainted with my own Weakness

ness to conclude an Opinion false, merely because I find myself unable to defend it.

But I am in haste to hear the Proof of the other Positions, not only because they may perhaps supply what is deficient in your Evidence of the first, but because I think it of more Importance to detect Corruption than Fiction.

Though indeed Falshood is a Species of Corruption, and what Falshood is more hateful than the Falshood of History.

Since you have drawn me back, Madam, to the first Question, returned the Doctor, Let me know what Arguments your Ladyship can produce for the Veracity of these Books.

That there are many Objections against it, you yourself have allowed, and the highest moral Evidence of Falshood appears when there are many Arguments against an Assertion, and none for it.

Sir, replied *Arabella*, I shall never think that any Narrative, which is not confuted by its own Absurdity, is without one Argument at least on its Side; there is a Love of Truth in the human Mind, if not naturally implanted, so easily obtained from Reason and Experience, that I should expect it universally to prevail where there is no strong Temptation to Deceit; we hate to be deceived, we therefore hate those that deceive us; we desire not to be hated, and therefore know that we are not to deceive. Shew me an equal Motive to Falshood, or confess that every Relation has some Right to Credit.

This may be allowed, Madam, said the Doctor, when we claim to be credited, but that seems not to be the Hope or Intention of these Writers.

Surely Sir, replied *Arabella*, you must mistake

Chap. 11. QUIXOTE. 311

take their Design; he that writes without Intention to be credited, must write to little Purpose; for what Pleasure or Advantage can arise from Facts that never happened? What Examples can be afforded by the Patience of those who never suffered, or the Chastity of those who were never solicited? The great End of History, is to shew how much human Nature can endure or perform. When we hear a Story in common Life that raises our Wonder or Compassion, the first Confutation stills our Emotions, and however we were touched before, we then chase it from the Memory with Contempt as a Trifle, or with Indignation as an Imposture. Prove, therefore, that the Books which I have hitherto read as Copies of Life, and Models of Conduct, are empty Fictions, and from this Hour I deliver them to Moths and Mould; and from this Time forward consider their Authors as Wretches who cheated me of those Hours I ought to have dedicated to Application and Improvement, and betrayed me to a Waste of those Years in which I might have laid up Knowledge for my future Life.

Shakespear, said the Doctor, calls just Resentment the Child of Integrity, and therefore I do not wonder, that what Vehemence the Gentleness of your Ladyship's Temper allows, should be exerted upon this Occasion. Yet though I cannot forgive these Authors for having destroyed so much valuable Time, yet I cannot think them intentionally culpable, because I cannot believe they expected to be credited. Truth is not always injured by Fiction.

An

An admirable * Writer of our own Time, has found the Way to convey the most solid Instructions, the noblest Sentiments, and the most exalted Piety, in the pleasing Dress of a † Novel, and, to use the Words of the greatest ‡ Genius in the present Age, “Has taught the “ Passions to move at the Command of Virtue.” The Fables of *Æsop*, though never I suppose believed, yet have been long considered as Lectures of moral and domestic Wisdom, so well adapted to the Faculties of Man, that they have been received by all civilized Nations; and the *Arabs* themselves have honoured his Translator with the Appellation of *Lecman* the Wise.

The Fables of *Æsop*, said *Arabella*, are among those of which the Absurdity discovers itself, and the Truth is comprised in the Application; but what can be said of those Tales which are told with the solemn Air of historical Truth, and if false convey no Instruction?

That they cannot be defended, Madam, said the Doctor, it is my Purpose to prove, and it to evince their Falshood be sufficient to procure their Banishment from your Ladyship's Closet, their Day of Grace is near an End. How is any oral, or written Testimony, confuted or confirmed?

By comparing it, says the Lady, with the Testimony of others, or with the natural Effects and standing Evidence of the Facts related, and sometimes by comparing it with itself.

If then your Ladyship will abide by this last, returned he, and compare these Books with
antient

* *Richardson.*

† *Clarissa.*

‡ The Author of the Rambler.

Chap. II. QUIXOTE. 313

antient Histories, you will not only find innumerable Names, of which no Mention was ever made before, but Persons who lived in different Ages, engaged as the Friends or Rivals of each other. You will perceive that your Authors have parcelled out the World at Discretion, erected Palaces, and established Monarchies wherever the Conveniency of their Narrative required them, and set Kings and Queens over imaginary Nations. Nor have they considered themselves as invested with less Authority over the Works of Nature, than the Institutions of Men; for they have distributed Mountains and Desarts, Gulphs and Rocks, wherever they wanted them, and whenever the Course of their Story required an Expedient, raised a gloomy Forest, or overflowed the Regions with a rapid Stream.

I suppose, said *Arabella*, you have no Intention to deceive me, and since, if what you have asserted be true, the Cause is undefensibler, I shall trouble you no longer to argue on this Topic, but desire now to hear why, supposing them Fictions, and intended to be received as Fictions, you censure them as absurd?

The only Excellence of Falshood, answered he, is its Resemblance to Truth; as therefore any Narrative is more liable to be confuted by its Inconsistency with known Facts, it is at a greater Distance from the Perfection of Fiction; for there can be no Difficulty in framing a Tale, if we are left at Liberty to invert all History and Nature for our own Conveniency. When a Crime is to be concealed, it is easy to cover it with an imaginary Wood. When

Virtue is to be rewarded, a Nation with a new Name may, without any Expence of Invention, raise her to the Throne. When *Ariosto* was told of the Magnificence of his Palaces, he answered, that the Cost of poetical Architecture was very little; and still less is the Cost of Building without Art, than without Materials. But their historical Failures may be easily passed over, when we consider their physical or philosophical Absurdities; to bring Men together from different Countries does not shock with every inherent or demonstrable Absurdity, and therefore when we read only for Amusement, such Improprieties may be born: But who can forbear to throw away the Story that gives to one Man the Strength of Thousands; that puts Life or Death in a Smile or a Frown; that recounts Labours and Sufferings to which the Powers of Humanity are utterly unequal; that disfigures the whole Appearance of the World, and represents every Thing in a Form different from that which Experience has shewn. It is the Fault of the best Fictions, that they teach young Minds to expect strange Adventures and sudden Vicissitudes, and therefore encourage them often to trust to Chance. A long Life may be passed without a single Occurrence that can cause much Surprise, or produce any unexpected Consequence of great Importance; the Order of the World is so established, that all human Affairs proceed in a regular Method, and very little Opportunity is left for Sallies or Hazards, for Assault or Rescue; but the Brave and the Coward, the Sprightly

Sprightly and the Dull, suffer themselves to be carried alike down the Stream of Custom.

Arabella, who had for some Time listened with a Wish to interrupt him, now took Advantage of a short Pause. I cannot imagine, Sir, said she, that you intend to deceive me, and therefore I am inclined to believe that you are yourself mistaken, and that your Application to Learning has hindered you from that Acquaintance with the World, in which these Authors excelled. I have not long conversed in Public, yet I have found that Life is subject to many Accidents. Do you count my late Escape for nothing? Is it to be numbered among daily and cursory Transactions, that a Woman flies from a Ravisher into a rapid Stream?

You must not, Madam, said the Doctor, urge as an Argument the Fact which is at present the Subject of Dispute.

Arabella blushing at the Absurdity she had been guilty of, and not attempting any Subterfuge or Excuse, the Doctor found himself at Liberty to proceed:

You must not imagine, Madam, continued he, that I intend to arrogate any Superiority, when I observe that your Ladyship must suffer me to decide, in some Measure authoritatively, whether Life is truly described in those Books; the Likeness of a Picture can only be determined by a Knowledge of the Original. You have yet had little Opportunity of knowing the Ways of Mankind, which cannot be learned but from Experience, and of which the highest Understanding, and the lowest, must enter the

World in equal Ignorance. I have lived long in a public Character, and have thought it my Duty to study those whom I have undertaken to admonish or instruct. I have never been so rich as to affright Men into Disguise and Concealment, nor so poor as to be kept at a Distance too great for accurate Observation. I therefore presume to tell your Ladyship, with great Confidence, that your Writers have instituted a World of their own, and that nothing is more different from a human Being, than Heroes or Heroines.

I am afraid, Sir, said *Arabella*, that the Difference is not in Favour of the present World.

That, Madam, answered he, your own Penetration will enable you to judge when it shall have made you equally acquainted with both: I have no Desire to determine a Question, the Solution of which will give so little Pleasure to Purity and Benevolence.

The Silence of a Man who loves to praise is a Censure sufficiently severe, said the Lady. May it never happen that you should be unwilling to mention the Name of *Arabella*. I hope wherever Corruption prevails in the World, to live in it with Virtue, or, if I find myself too much endanger'd, to retire from it with Innocence. But if you can say so little in Commendation of Mankind, how will you prove these Histories to be vicious, which if they do not describe real Life, gives us an Idea of a better Race of Beings than now inhabit the World.

It is of little Importance, Madam, replied the Doctor, to decide whether in the real or
fictitious

fictitious Life, most Wickedness is to be found. Books ought to supply an Antidote to Example, and if we retire to a Contemplation of Crimes, and continue in our Closets to inflame our Passions, at what time must we rectify our Words, or purify our Hearts? The immediate Tendency of these Books which your Ladyship must allow me to mention with some Severity, is to give new Fire to the Passions of Revenge and Love; two Passions which, even without such powerful Auxiliaries, it is one of the severest Labours of Reason and Piety to suppress, and which yet must be suppressed if we hope to be approved in the Sight of the only Being whose Approbation can make us happy. I am afraid your Ladyship will think me too serious. I have already learned too much from you, said *Arabella*, to presume to instruct you, yet suffer me to caution you never to dishonour your sacred Office by the Lowliness of Apologies. Then let me again observe, resumed he, that these Books soften the Heart to Love, and harden it to Murder. That they teach Women to exact Vengeance, and Men to execute it; teach Women to expect not only Worship, but the dreadful Worship of human Sacrifices. Every Page of these Volumes is filled with such extravagance of Praise, and expressions of Obedience as one human Being ought not to hear from another; or with Accounts of Battles, in which thousands are slaughtered for no other Purpose than to gain a Smile from the haughty Beauty, who sits a calm Spectatress of the Ruin and Desolation, Bloodshed and Misery, incited by herself.

by confessing the ridiculous Farce he had invented to deceive her, might restore him to her good Opinion, and add to the Doctor's solid Arguments the poignant Sting of Ridicule which she would then perceive she had incurred.

Sir *George* being now able to leave his Chamber, and *Arabella* well enough recovered to admit a Visit in hers, Mr. *Glanville* intreated his Father to wait on her, and get Permission for Sir *George* to attend her upon a Business of some Consequence. Sir *Charles* no sooner mentioned this Request, than *Arabella* after a little Hesitation complied with it. As she had been kept a Stranger to all the Particulars of Mr. *Glanville*'s Quarrels with the young Baronet, her Thoughts were a little perplex'd concerning the Occasion of this Visit, and her Embarrassment was considerably increased by the Confusion which she perceived in the Countenance of Sir *George*. It was not without some Tokens of a painfully suppress'd Reluctance that Sir *George* consented to perform his Promise, when Mr. *Glanville* claim'd it, but the Disadvantages that would attend his Breach of it, dejected and humbled as he now was, presenting themselves in a forcible manner to his Imagination, confirmed his wavering Resolutions. And since he found himself obliged to be his own Accuser, he endeavoured to do it with the best Grace he could. Acknowledging therefore to Lady *Bella* all the Artifices her Deception by Romances had given him Encouragement to use upon her, and explaining very explicitly the last with relation to the pretended Princess of *Gaul*, he submissively asked her Pardon

Chap. 12. QUIXOTE. 321

don for the Offence it would now give her, as well as for the Trouble it had formerly.

Arabella struck with inconceivable Confusion, having only bowed her Head to his Apology, desired to be left alone, and continued for near two Hours afterwards wholly absorb'd in the most disagreeable Reflections on the Absurdity of her past Behaviour, and the Contempt and Ridicule to which she now saw plainly she had exposed herself. The Violence of these first Emotions having at length subsided, she sent for Sir *Charles*, and Mr. *Glanville*, and having with a noble Ingenuity expatiated upon the Follies her vitiated Judgment had led her into, she apologized to the first, for the frequent Causes she had given him of Uneasiness; and, turning to Mr. *Glanville*, whom she beheld with a Look of mingled Tendernefs and Modesty, To give you myself, said she with all my remaining Imperfections, is making you but a poor Present in return for the Obligations your generous Affection has laid me under to you; yet since I am so happy as to be desired for a Partner for Life by a Man of your Sense and Honour, I will endeavour to make myself as worthy as I am able of such a favourable Distinction.

Mr. *Glanville* kissed the Hand she gave him with an emphatic Silence, while Sir *Charles*, in the most obliging Manner imaginable, thanked her for the Honour she conferred both on himself and Son by this Alliance.

Sir *George*, entangled in his own Artifices, saw himself under a Necessity of confirming the Promises he had made to Miss *Glanville* during his Fit of Penitence, and was accordingly married

ried to that young Lady, at the same Time that Mr. *Glanville* and *Arabella* were united.

We chuse, Reader, to express this Circumstance, though the same, in different Words, as well to avoid Repetition, as to intimate that the first mentioned Pair were indeed only married in the common Acceptation of the Word; that is, they were privileged to join Fortunes, Equipages, Titles, and Expence; while Mr. *Glanville* and *Arabella* were united, as well in these, as in every Virtue and laudable Affection of the Mind.

F I N I S.



